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Collier's

THE KLY

September 23, 1939

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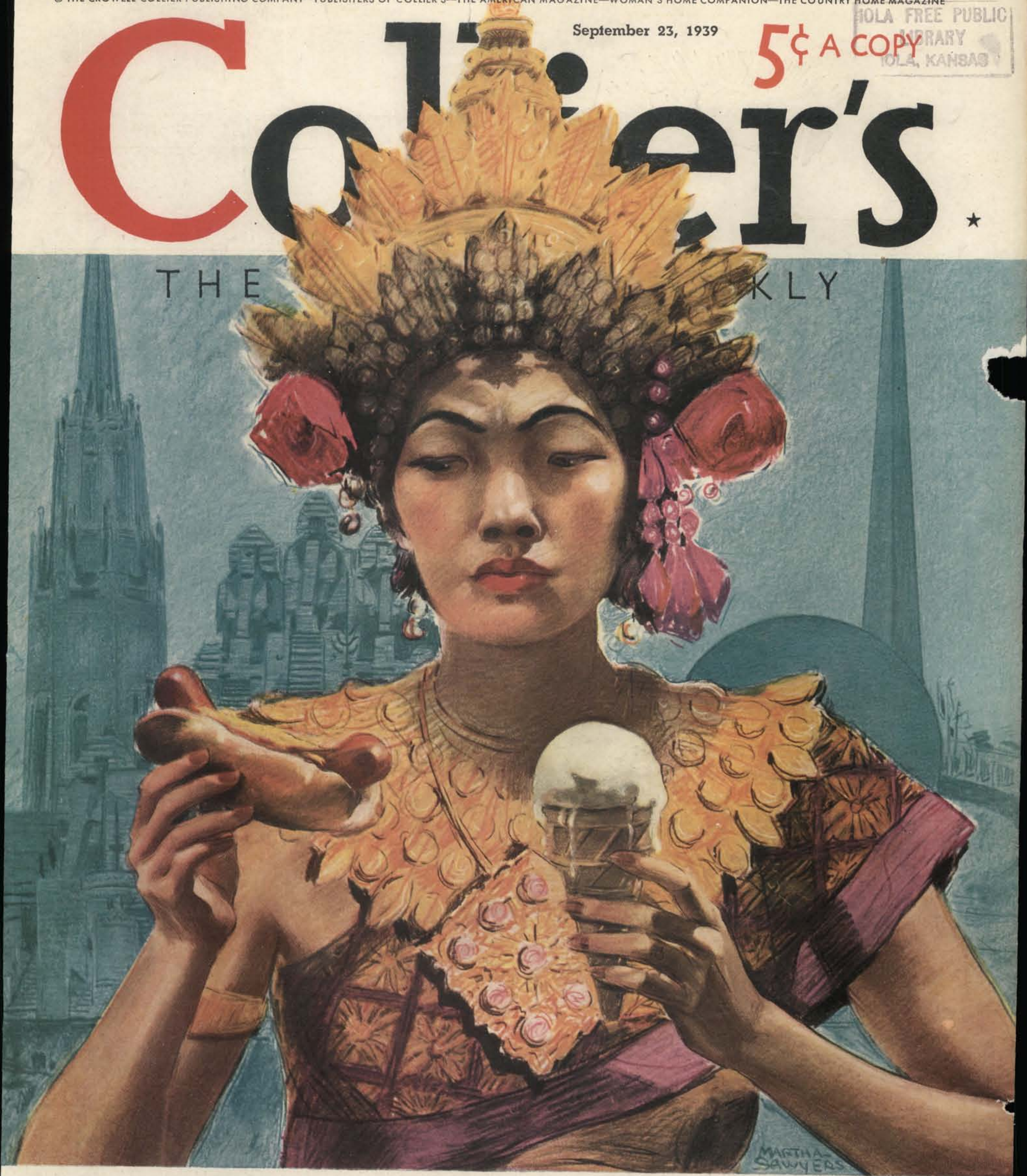

"THE WORLD IS LIKE THAT"-- A NEW NOV

KATHLEEN NO

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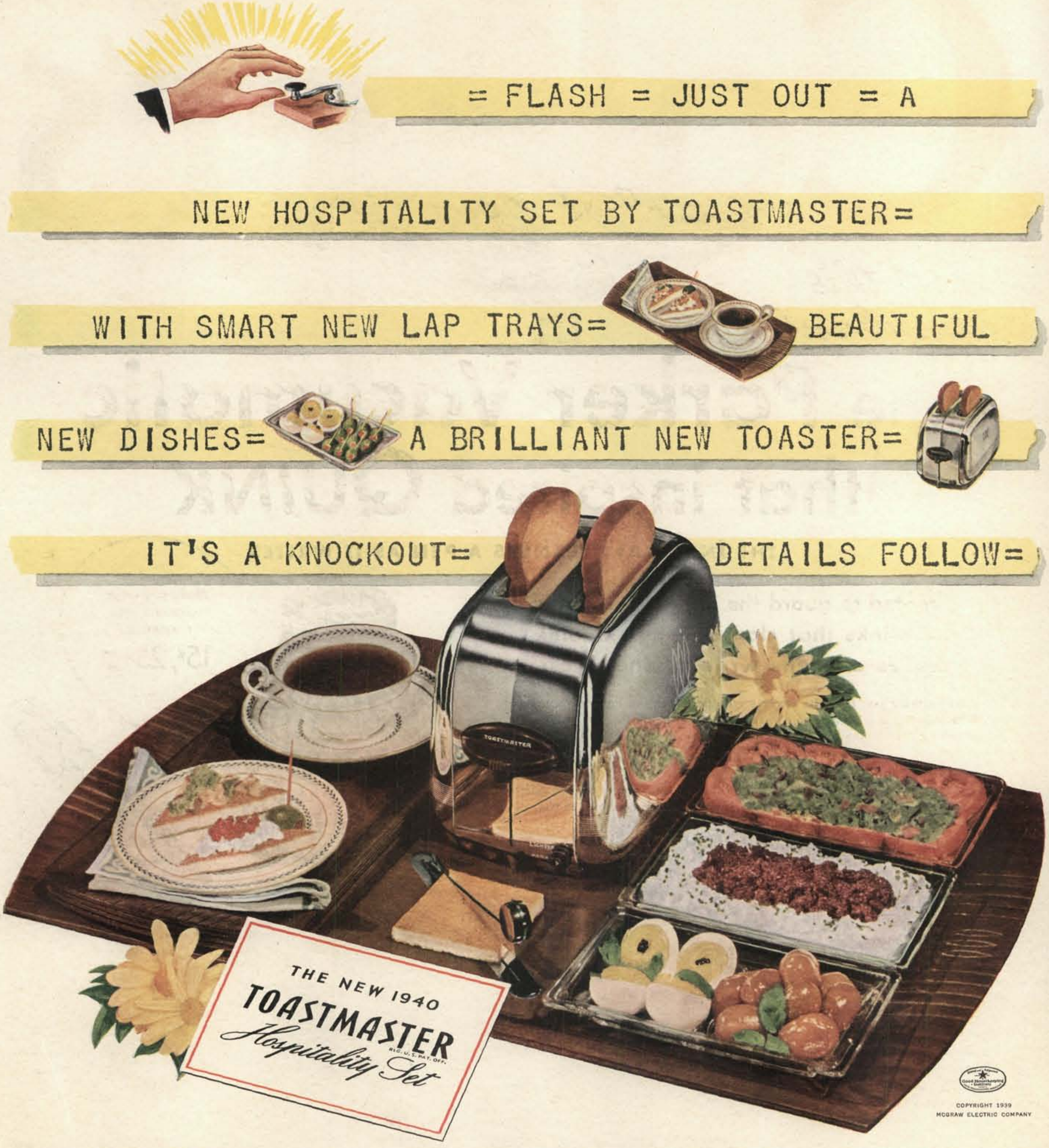
Sept. 23, 1939


= FLASH = JUST OUT = A
NEW HOSPITALITY SET BY TOASTMASTER=
WITH SMART NEW LAP TRAYS= BEAUTIFUL
NEW DISHES= A BRILLIANT NEW TOASTER=
IT'S A KNOCKOUT= DETAILS FOLLOW=
TOASTMASTER
THE NEW 1940
TOASTMASTER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Hospitality Set

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MCGRAW ELECTRIC COMPANY

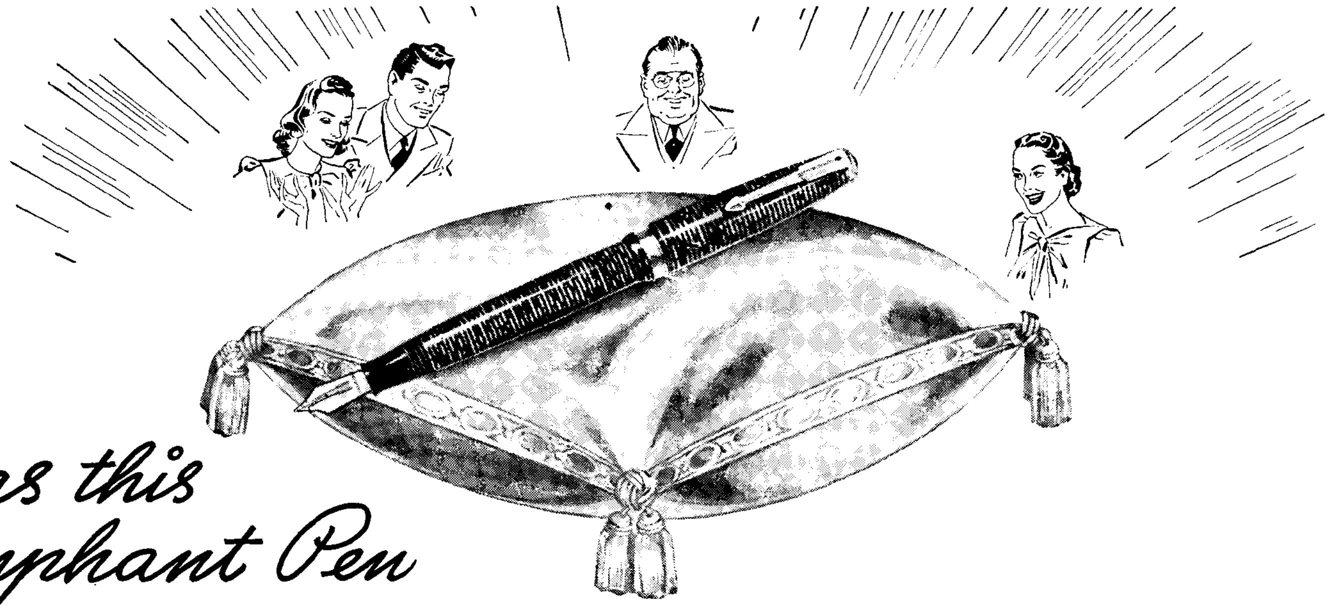
A NEWS flash . . . of flashing newness! The new *Toastmaster* Hospitality Sets are out. And how you will delight in their brilliant beauty and hospitable completeness! In this *de luxe* set, for instance, note the four *personal* lap trays, the clever toast-trimmer, the dainty crystal appetizer dishes, the richly grained walnut tray . . .

And the toaster! It too is completely new in design, superbly good looking, and the finest toast-maker of them all—the one that *invented* perfect toast. Fully automatic, with the famous Flexible Timer, it times the slices to a crunchy-tender turn, pops them up the instant they're done, then turns off the current. No watching, no turning, no burning! . . .

Here, indeed, is the last word in hospitality—a *Toastmaster** Hospitality Set, for gay little help-yourself parties that delight the guests and emancipate the hostess—for bridge sessions, Sunday suppers, children's spreads, porch picnics, and *all* informal entertaining. Now that the new 1940 sets are out (De Luxe $23.95, Standard $19.95), choose *yours*, for a successful season! And see all the other new *Toastmaster* products—from $7.50 up—wherever fine appliances are sold.

JUST LIKE HOME—*Good restaurants, hotels, and fountains the world over serve Toastmaster toast.*

*"TOASTMASTER" is a registered trademark of MCGRAW ELECTRIC COMPANY, Toastmaster Products Division, Elgin, Ill.



It was this Triumphant Pen
the Parker Vacumatic that inspired QU*INK*

THE INK THAT CLEANSES A PEN AS IT WRITES

Created to guard the Parker Vacumatic from inks that clog and gum, Qu*ink* makes *all* pens write at their best.

It may surprise you that the experts who perfected the Parker Vacumatic—the most brilliant advance of all time in fountain pens—should lavish their skill on a modest writing aid like ink. Indeed, had it not been proved that the source of about 65% of all pen troubles lies in inks that clog and gum, Qu*ink* might never have been invented.

Even the Parker Vacumatic could not be made entirely proof against harmful writing fluids. Yet its mechanical perfection overcame difficulties that pen makers had long despaired of solving.

For instance—the Parker Vacumatic is filled by a simple diaphragm, sealed away in the top where no ink can even touch its working parts. It never runs dry unexpectedly, because the patented TELEVISION barrel lets you see the entire ink supply at all times. And, since 14 old-style pen parts are eliminated, this graceful, slenderized barrel of laminated Pearl and Jet has room for an extra big ink supply.

It was to guard this revolutionary pen from prevailing ink troubles that Parker experts invented Qu*ink*—a new *kind* of ink that actually cleanses a pen as it writes! It contains a secret but harmless solvent that dissolves the sediment, acid and gum left behind by ordinary writing inks—for these are what clog the feed and balk the flow. Thus with Qu*ink* *any* pen becomes a self-cleaner. And Qu*ink* also protects the mechanism of pens whose working parts (unlike the Vacumatic) are exposed to the ink.

Due to stepped-up penetration, Qu*ink* dries ON PAPER 31% quicker than average. It is always full-bodied, rich and brilliant—never watery or gummy—and it costs no more than other inks.

Whatever pen you now use, try Qu*ink* without delay. Prove to your own benefit how it makes your pen perform at its best. But never forget that for the best the world can offer in smooth, trouble-free writing pleasure, you should have a Parker Vacumatic—the guaranteed-for-life SACLESS pen—*and* Qu*ink*. Don't be content till you have them both. Send your name and address for 20,000-word bottle of Qu*ink*, FREE, to try. Address Dept. C, The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wisconsin.

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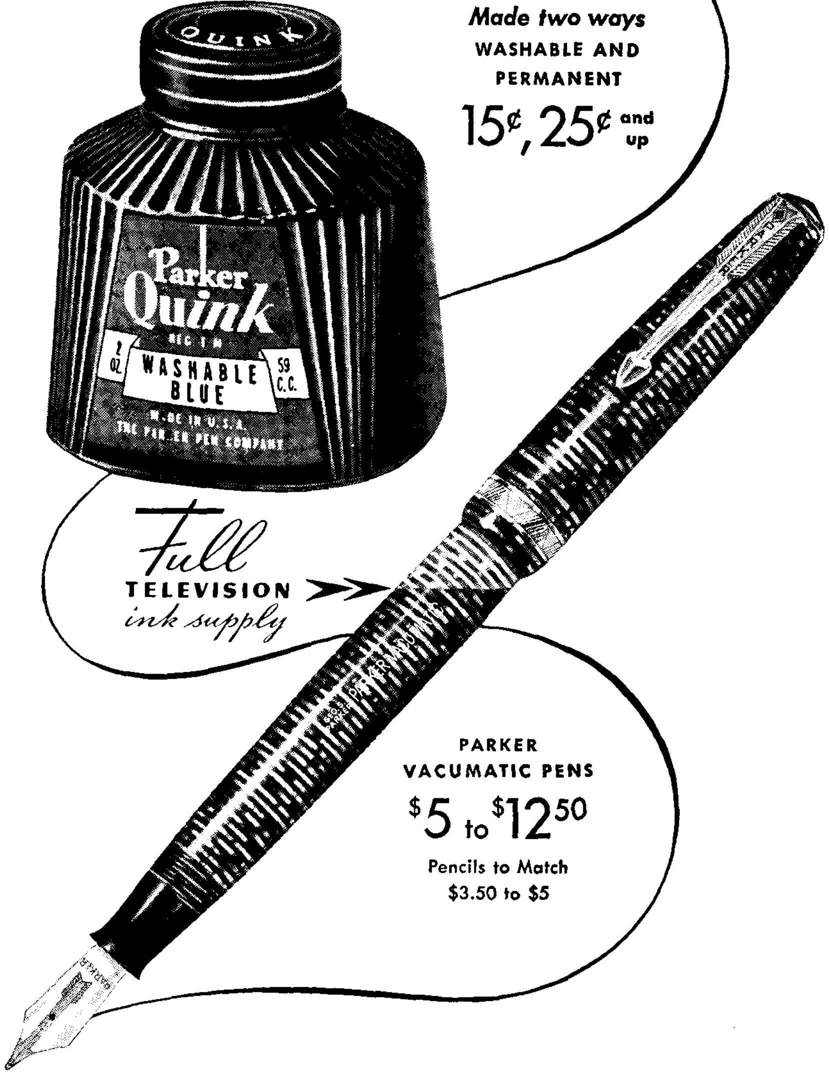

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TELEVISION
ink supply

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VACUMATIC PENS
\$5 to \$12.50
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Parker
PENS AND QU*INK*

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Collier's

September 23, 1939

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
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FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Next Week

WHEN a great man, powerful in politics and surrounded by a veteran staff of shrewd counsel, offers an important assignment to an obscure lawyer, it's time to be on guard. Peter Kincaid suspected as much when he and his wife dined with the influential Max Sandstrom. But Peter had forgotten that even the great may desire the beautiful wives of other men. In a thrilling serial, "We Will Meet Again," John and Ward Hawkins paint a vivid picture of the alliance between crime and politics. The story begins next week.

THE habit of snatching for a pick-up drink before breakfast can lead to pretty dire consequences. And it's a serious affair when a man discovers two drinks have the same effect that five once had. He'd better cut down on his alcohol diet if he doesn't want to join the army of sanitarium-bound alcoholics. Other danger signals and what happens if they're ignored are told in "Where Good Drinkers Go." Walter Davenport is the investigator.

SOMETIMES a girl will confess more to a perfect stranger than she will to her best friend. That was how Lona Dorchester came to tell her love problems to Third Mate Matt Grady when they met on the Kona Coast of Hawaii. With the help of Gabriel, the "Kona Nightingale," Jacland Marmur proves that romance isn't always a matter of love at first sight.

ALREADY the scouts are beginning to speculate on the possible successors to Whizzer White, Davey O'Brien and the other All-America stars of the gridiron. Kyle Crichton puts the finger on a gang of young gents who'll need watching this year. We'll wager you'll see several of them on this year's All-America team. "Watch These Guys."

FIFTEEN years after he'd been kicked out of baseball for throwing a game, Jim Bailey saw his son in the box pitching himself into oblivion because he couldn't forget his dad's disgrace. Jim knew he had to give the kid his chance. Richard English tells how he did it in "Father's Day."

FRANK CONDON tells you all about some of the screwball professions in Hollywood. Don Tracy contributes a stirring race-track story of a smart guy who was outwitted by a horse. Ernest Haycox, Frank J. Taylor, Kathleen Norris and others come through with first-rate articles and fiction. All for your enjoyment.

●

This Week

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●

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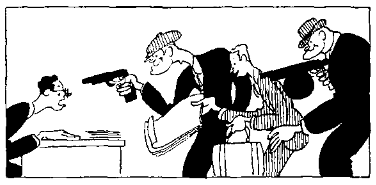
COVER MARTHA SAWYERS

Any Week

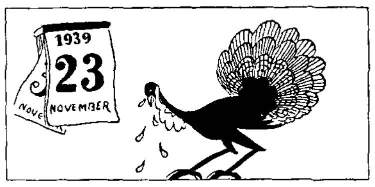
MR. HENNING C. LINTHICUM of Kittery, Maine, doesn't know whether you remember Roosevelt the First, the reverberating Theodore whose gallant soul refuses to halt. "Anyway, he founded the American branch of the Ananias Club," says Mr. Linthicum. "When he thought an opponent was playing fast and loose with the truth he called him a liar and left nothing to the imagination. It was not astonishing that survivors of Teddy's Bull Moose herd should occasionally give forth a treble echo of the Big Fellow's trumpeting, like Mr. Ickes. But to hear Mr. Herbert Hoover offering names for membership doesn't sound natural. Personally, I hear that Mr. Hoover, being anxious for the 1940 nomination, was told that he ought to talk more like Roosevelt, and Mr. Hoover promptly picked the wrong one."

AND Mr. Dixie Davis' weltering memoirs, but recently concluded in *this energetic magazine*, inspired in Mr. Joseph Heagen of Chicago, Illinois, the fear that Mr. Davis is not to be content to retire on his literary laurels. "They're telling me that Mr. Davis is now determined to go in for professional writing for a livelihood. If he will only apply the late Mr. Dutch Schultz's formula, he is liable to do pretty well. For instance, he and a couple of Bo Weinbergs could stroll into your offices and say: 'Where are you buying your stories?' And you would say: 'Oh, here and there.' Whereupon, the boys would say: 'No good. From now on you're buying your stuff from us. See?' It might be all right at that. Or would that be against your policy racket?"



WE HAVE never been in Danzig. Therefore, we don't know whether Mr. Sam Brestpen of Jersey City, New Jersey, is slandering the place. All we know is that Mr. Brestpen has recently returned from a tour of that part of Europe and is firmly of the opinion that if he were England and France he'd have insisted long ago that the Free City be *turned over* to Mr. Hitler. "There oughtn't to be any law against letting a guy be a sucker if he insists," says Mr. Brestpen. "Anybody who would fight for that dump is slap-happy to start with. You can't argue with me. I've been there."

AND Mrs. Julia McFarlane of Kansas City, Missouri, whom we suspect of being a Republican or at least an Old Deal Democrat, advises us that she is going to celebrate Thanksgiving as usual on the usual Thursday. "No date set by President Roosevelt," says Mrs. McFarlane, "is going to be celebrated by me until he names the day he's through. And that day ought to be made a national holiday." There is a postscript to Mrs. McFarlane's letter that explains everything: "I don't want to seem spiteful but if the truth must be known, I do not like the man."



IF WE seem a bit subdued it's not without reason. Like many another gawk we asked to be slapped down and were promptly and enduringly accommodated. We went to the Lewisohn Stadium in New York City one evening to listen to the music and near the gate a Jewish young woman asked us to donate an anti-Hitler dime to the fund she was representing. For some reason we thought it would be funny to say: "Certainly not. We think Mr. Hitler is a great statesman." And we said it. Whereupon she looked at us compassionately, in the same way she might look at an idiot child, and said softly: "Anyway, I hope you enjoy the music." But we didn't.

BUT Mr. Edmund J. Hargason of Los Angeles, California, came off better when he spurned, with decent reason, an invitation to subscribe to a Communist Party Fight Fund. "I'm not a Communist," said Mr. Hargason. "Don't like it. Wouldn't give a nickel for it. So what would I get out of it?" Said the solicitor: "All the names of subscribers get their names in the book." Asked Mr. Hargason: "What book?" Then he got his shock: "People whose names are in the book get let off easy at the time that we Communists take over the government."

AND Mrs. B. B. Nerdless of Indianapolis, Indiana, would prefer to *have it known* that "if our Paul runs for President they will not have to think up a nickname for him. Lots of people are asking already what his *real* name is."

WELL, what? W. D.

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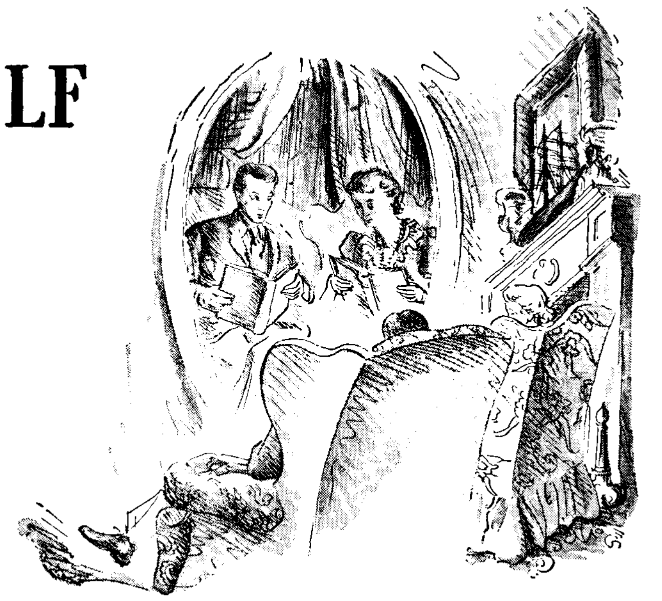


Here is a list of some good books widely talked about lately. Check those you wanted very much to read—and those you did read.

This is a list of books which have been greatly in demand within the past few months by Book-of-the-Month Club members who represent an excellent cross-section of the entire nation's reading public.

INTENDED TO READ	FICTION		YOU DID READ
☐	GRAPES OF WRATH	*John Steinbeck*	☐
☐	THE YEARLING	*Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings*	☐
☐	WICKFORD POINT	*John P. Marquand*	☐
☐	CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER	*C. S. Forester*	☐
☐	CHRIST IN CONCRETE	*Pietro di Donato*	☐
☐	SEASONED TIMBER	*Dorothy Canfield*	☐
☐	THE PATRIOT	*Pearl Buck*	☐
☐	THE BRANDONS	*Angela Thirkell*	☐
☐	HERE LIES	*Dorothy Parker*	☐
☐	THE WEB AND THE ROCK	*Thomas Wolfe*	☐
☐	MR. EMMANUEL	*Louis Golding*	☐
☐	TELLERS OF TALES	*Ed. by W. Somerset Maugham*	☐
☐	THE SWORD IN THE STONE	*T. H. White*	☐
☐	ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG MAN	*John Dos Passos*	☐
☐	REBECCA	*Daphne du Maurier*	☐
☐	ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO	*Rachel Field*	☐
☐	TREE OF LIBERTY	*Elizabeth Page*	☐
☐	BLACK NARCISSUS	*Rainer Godden*	☐

NON-FICTION

☐	NOT PEACE BUT A SWORD	*Vincent Sheean*	☐
☐	INSIDE ASIA	*John Gunther*	☐
☐	WIND, SAND AND STARS	*Antoine de Saint Exupéry*	☐
☐	DAYS OF OUR YEARS	*Pierre van Paassen*	☐
☐	AMERICA IN MIDPASSAGE	*Charles A. & Mary R. Beard*	☐
☐	REACHING FOR THE STARS	*Nora Waln*	☐
☐	HUNTSMAN, WHAT QUARRY?	*Edna St. Vincent Millay*	☐
☐	YOU AND HEREDITY	*Amram Scheinfeld*	☐
☐	AUTOBIOGRAPHY WITH LETTERS	*William Lyon Phelps*	☐
☐	A PECULIAR TREASURE	*Edna Ferber*	☐
☐	THE HUDSON	*Carl Carmer*	☐
☐	ANDREW JACKSON	*Marquis James*	☐
☐	BENJAMIN FRANKLIN	*Carl Van Doren*	☐
☐	YOU'RE THE DOCTOR	*Victor Heiser, M.D.*	☐
☐	LISTEN! THE WIND	*Anne Morrow Lindbergh*	☐
☐	MOSES AND MONOTHEISM	*Sigmund Freud*	☐
☐	DESIGNS IN SCARLET	*Courtney Ryley Cooper*	☐
☐	SECURITY: CAN WE RETRIEVE IT?	*Sir Arthur Salter*	☐
☐	THE PROMISES MEN LIVE BY	*Harry Scherman*	☐

Why miss *this fall*—as you have in the past—so many new books you know you will deeply enjoy?

THIS self-examination will show *the degree* to which you may have allowed procrastination to keep you from reading new books which you want very much to read. Over 200,000 families—persons like yourself—have found a subscription to the Book-of-the-Month Club a really effectual means of solving this problem.

You are not obliged, as a member of the Club, to take the book-of-the-month its judges choose. Nor are you obliged to buy one book every month from the Club.

Publishers submit all their important books to us. These go through the most careful reading routine now in existence. At the end of this sifting process, our five judges choose one book as the book-of-the-month.

You receive a carefully written report about this book *in advance of its publication*. If you decide from this report that it is a book you really want, you let it come to you. If not, you merely sign and mail a slip, saying, "Don't want it."

You Still Browse In Bookstores

Scores of other recommendations are made to help you choose *among all new books* with discrimination.

If you want to buy one of these from the Club, you can get it by merely asking for it. Or you can use these reports (we find that most members do) to guide you in buying these miscellaneous recommended books from a favored bookseller. You can browse among the books as always, but now do it intelligently; you know what to look for.

Once and for all this system *really keeps you from missing the new books you want to read*. You do actually buy and read those you want, instead of confessing sadly to friends, "I never got around to reading that!"

In addition, there is a great money-saving. Time and again our judges' choices are books you ultimately find yourself buying anyway, because they are so widely talked about. Some of the most famous writers now living were first introduced to a nation-wide public by having an excellent book chosen by our judges—writers like Pearl Buck, Stephen Vincent Benét, Margaret Mitchell, John Steinbeck, Victor Heiser—and a score of others; the whole list is far too long to give here. It is rare that the book-of-the-month is not a best-seller. And *for every two books-of-the-month you buy you receive, free, one of our book-dividends.*

Free Books You Get

These book-dividends represent a unique system of saving through quantity production. The resulting economy is extraordinary. For every $1 you spend for a book-of-the-month you actually receive over 75¢ back in the form of free books.

Some of the actual book-dividends distributed within recent months is the best indication of what can be done by this system: they included INSIDE EUROPE, (new revised edition) by John Gunther ($3.50); BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS (a special $6 edition); JOSEPH IN EGYPT (2 vols., $5); the Pulitzer Prize edition of ANDREW JACKSON, by Marquis James ($5); MADAME CURIE, by Eve Curie ($3.50). These books were *given* to members—not sold, mind you!

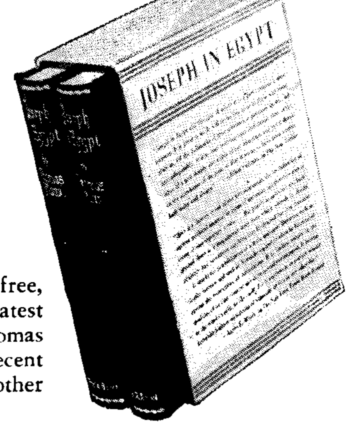
What's Your Obligation

You pay no yearly sum to belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. *You pay nothing, except for the books you buy.* Your only obligation as a member is to agree to buy four books-of-the-month a year from the Club. These may be either current or past selections.

A FREE COPY...TO NEW MEMBERS

Joseph in Egypt, by Thomas Mann

—or any one of the Book-Dividends listed in coupon



If you decide to join the Book-of-the-Month Club now, we will give you free, as a new member, a novel which has been acclaimed as "perhaps the greatest creative work of the twentieth century"—JOSEPH IN EGYPT, by Thomas Mann (two volumes, boxed, retail price $5.00). This was one of the recent book-dividends of the Club. Or, if you prefer, you may choose one of the other recent book-dividends listed in the coupon.

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Please enroll me as a member. It is understood that I am to receive, free, the book checked below, that I am also to receive, without expense, your monthly magazine which reports about current books, and that for every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club, I am to receive the current book-dividend then being distributed. For my part, I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month a year from the Club.

Check title you prefer to receive as your free enrollment book

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the Man who Remembers

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. . . it's the thoughtful thing to do!

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The ruler of Jaipur, India, the Maharaja Sawai Mau Singi Bahadur, like his predecessor, uses Sawai in his name to increase his prestige. The word, meaning "one fourth better than others," makes him a maharaja and a quarter. Lest his subjects forget that they have a 125-per cent monarch, his royal flag carries a quarter-sized duplicate directly beneath it.

On the S. S. Ulysses, a whaling ship built and registered in the United States and owned and operated by Americans, the wages, hours and working conditions are governed by a contract with the Norwegian Seamen's Union because at least 200 of the 215 members of the crew are foreigners, chiefly Norwegians.—*By Paul Scharrenberg, Washington, D. C.*

Between the United States and Canada, the 3,100 miles of land boundary are marked by 5,483 monuments, or an average of one every 2,985 feet, while the 2,400 miles of water boundary are identified by 2,530 reference marks, or an average of one every 5,009 feet.

An amusement trade magazine, published in Cincinnati and retailing for fifteen cents, is so important to many of its subscribers that they pay one dollar extra each week to have their copy shipped by air express and special delivery.—*By Hilmer Stark, Chicago, Illinois.*

Each time a horse show, rodeo or circus is held in Madison Square Garden in New York City, the Garden has to provide seven hundred tons of earth, which it rents from a local contractor at a cost of about $2,500.

The only man whose single vote selected an American President was Joseph P. Bradley (1813-1892), a justice of the United States Supreme Court. As one of the fifteen members of the special commission delegated to settle the Hayes-Tilden dispute in 1877, his vote, the last and decisive one, gave the presidency to Rutherford B. Hayes.—*By Bertram Shandler, Irvington, New Jersey.*

When the Great Bed of Wear, which holds twelve sleepers, was presented to King Edward IV of England in 1463, he employed a special guardian and had prepared a list of rules of etiquette that all who slept in this bed had to observe for the peace and comfort of their bedfellows.

The 1,500 diamond cutters and polishers in Amsterdam, Holland, are allowed to keep the diamond dust that accumulates on their work clothes; and they recover enough of it each week, through a special laundry process, to maintain their trade-union rest home outside of the city.

In Caracas, capital of Venezuela, a city with a population of more than 150,000, all the 600-odd street intersections have their own individual names, such as Las Gradillas or La Torre. They, instead of street names and numbers, are used as addresses.—*By H. F. Donnelly, Caracas, Venezuela.*

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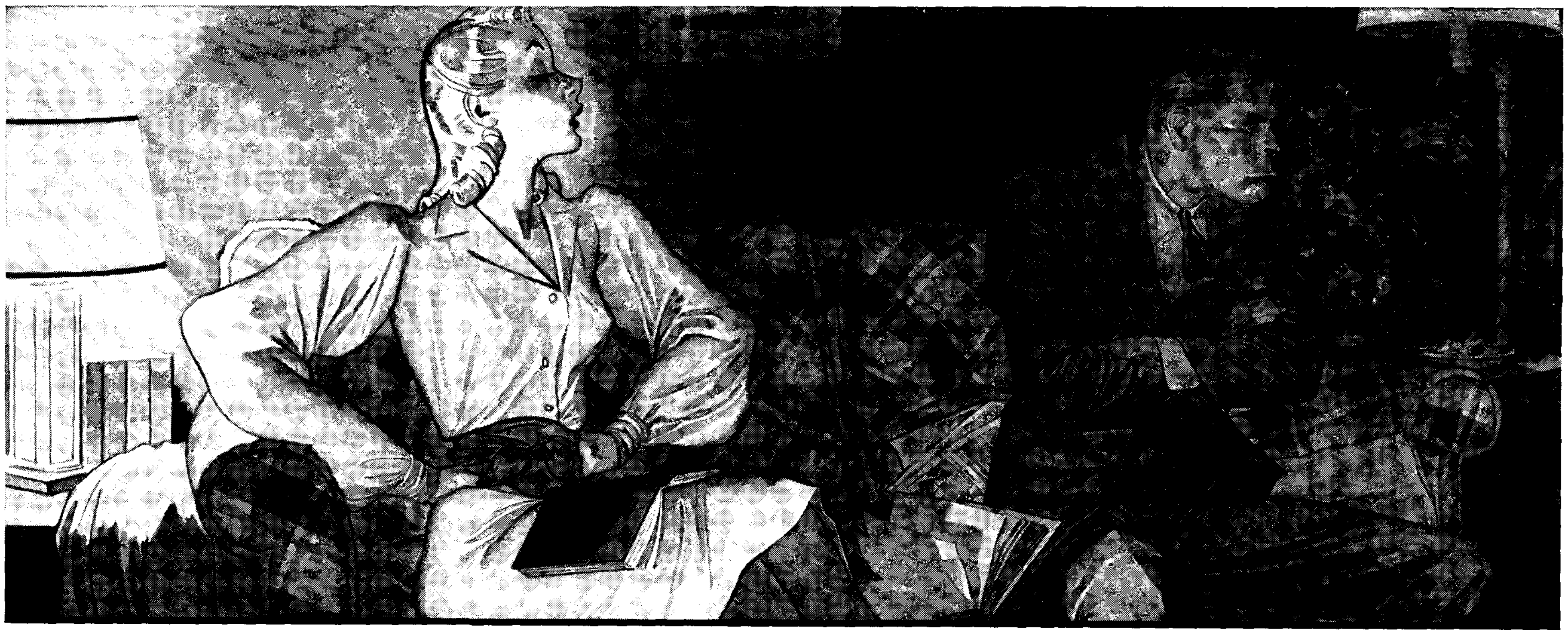
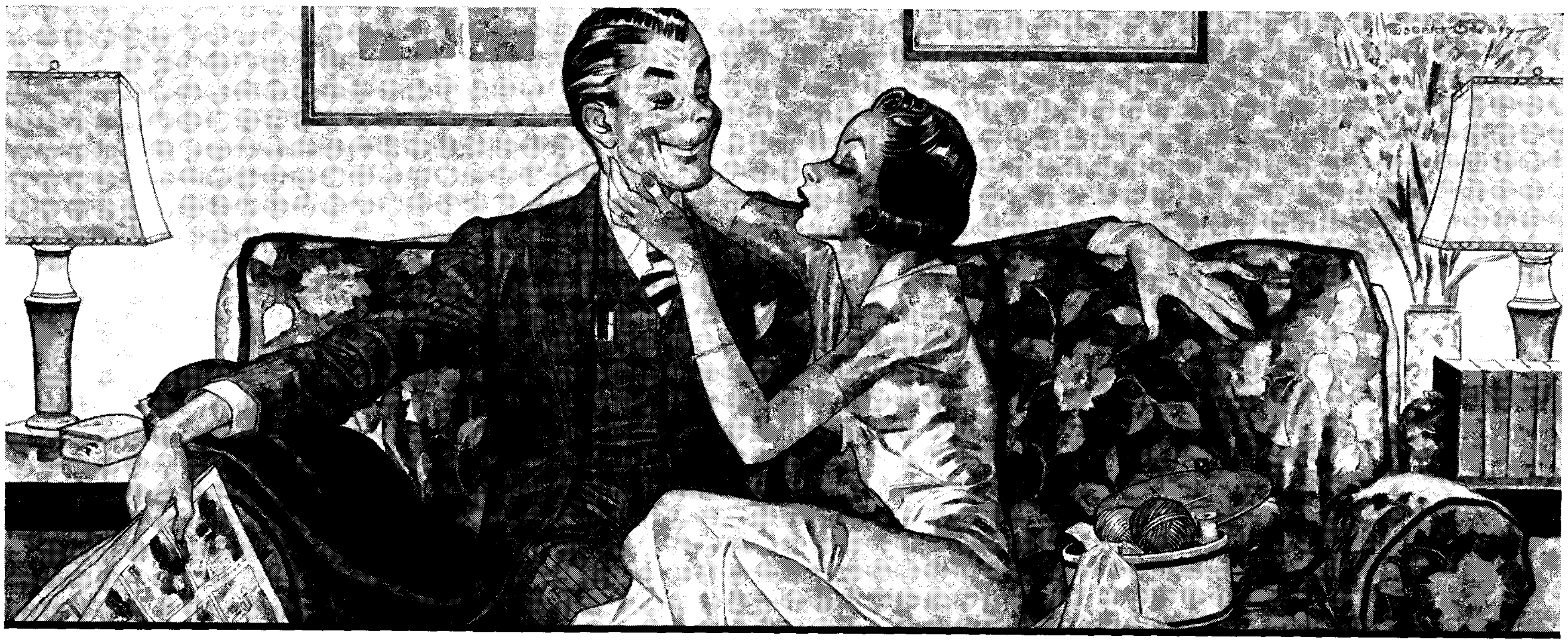
Should married people fight?



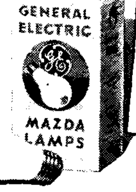
"YOU'D FIGHT!" says Elmore Haring, "If you lived with a chronic bulb-swapper. I go to read, and my wife has hooked the 100 watt bulb from my reading lamp and put it in the kitchen! I start to shave, and by golly she's even swapped bulbs in the bathroom. So I carve myself to ribbons by the light of a measly 25 watt bulb! It's an outrage, me living in a wilderness of empty sockets and misfit bulbs!"



"THAT'S SILLY!" exclaim the Wheatleys. "What's the use of fighting about light, when even the new brighter 100 watt G-E MAZDA lamps cost only 15¢? We keep a half dozen 'extras' always on hand, and never worry about wrong sizes, empty sockets, or eyestrain!"

WATT to do about it...

IF YOU want to keep peace in the family, and put an end to eyestrain and headaches caused by bad light, check your lamps and fixtures now with the chart at the right. And if you find 40 or 60 watt bulbs sneaking in where 100's or 150's should be, run, don't walk, to the nearest store that sells G-E MAZDA lamps. The new brighter 100 watt size costs only 15¢, and a penny or two will light one all evening! *They stay brighter longer!*



Check your bulbs now with these right sizes

I. E. S. BETTER SIGHT TABLE, END TABLE, JUNIOR FLOOR LAMPS, LAUNDRY, GARAGE	100 WATT	15¢
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G-E MAZDA LAMPS
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"We'll be glad to come"

Every day, the telephone brings happiness and cheer to many a home. Some one thinks of some one, reaches for the telephone, and all is well.

Telephone service is exceptionally good in this country—and it's cheap. Nowhere else do people get so much service, and such good and courteous service, at such low cost.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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Collier's The National Weekly for September 23, 1939

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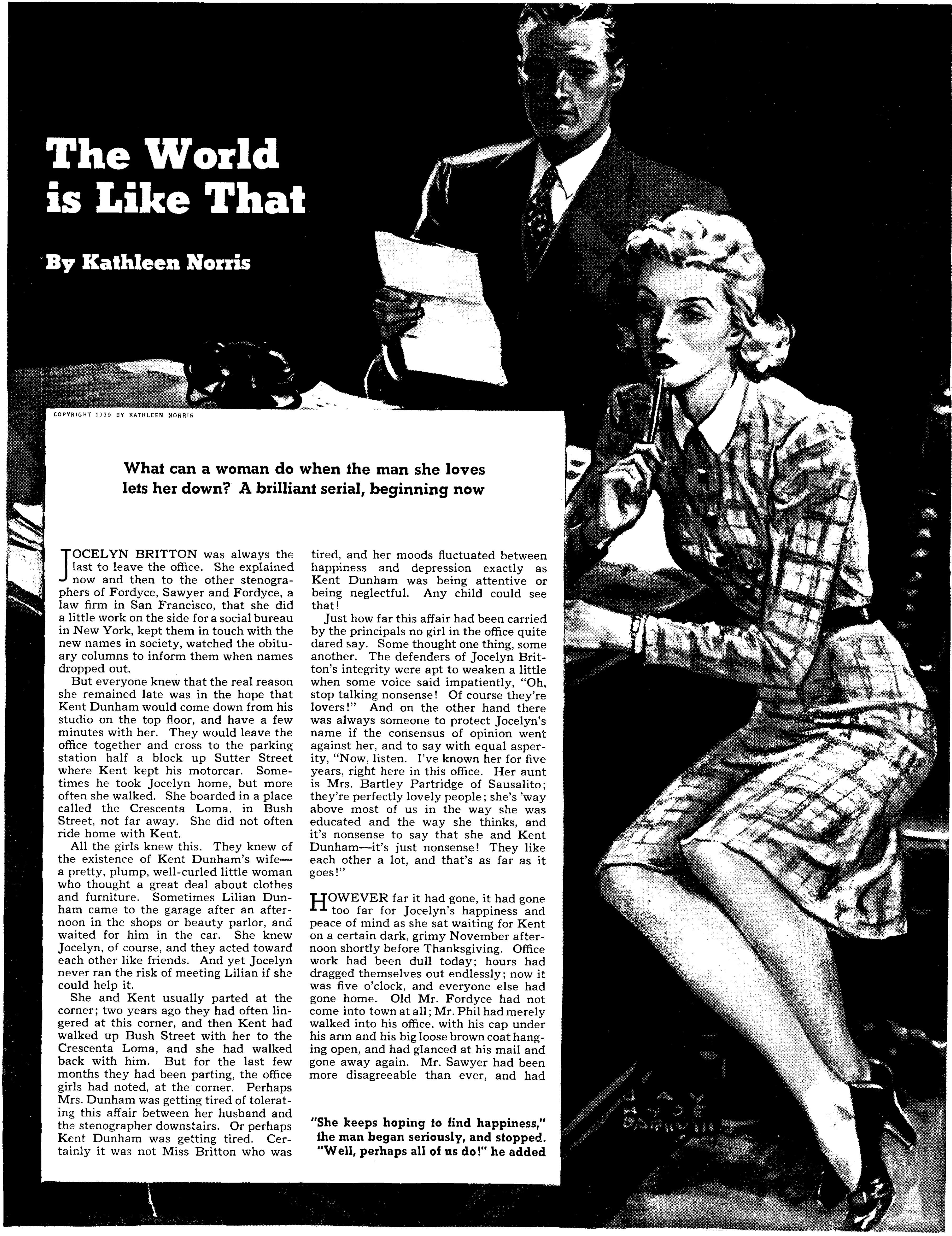

The World is Like That

By Kathleen Norris

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What can a woman do when the man she loves lets her down? A brilliant serial, beginning now

JOCELYN BRITTON was always the last to leave the office. She explained now and then to the other stenographers of Fordyce, Sawyer and Fordyce, a law firm in San Francisco, that she did a little work on the side for a social bureau in New York, kept them in touch with the new names in society, watched the obituary columns to inform them when names dropped out.

But everyone knew that the real reason she remained late was in the hope that Kent Dunham would come down from his studio on the top floor, and have a few minutes with her. They would leave the office together and cross to the parking station half a block up Sutter Street where Kent kept his motorcar. Sometimes he took Jocelyn home, but more often she walked. She boarded in a place called the Crescenta Loma, in Bush Street, not far away. She did not often ride home with Kent.

All the girls knew this. They knew of the existence of Kent Dunham's wife—a pretty, plump, well-curled little woman who thought a great deal about clothes and furniture. Sometimes Lilian Dunham came to the garage after an afternoon in the shops or beauty parlor, and waited for him in the car. She knew Jocelyn, of course, and they acted toward each other like friends. And yet Jocelyn never ran the risk of meeting Lilian if she could help it.

She and Kent usually parted at the corner; two years ago they had often lingered at this corner, and then Kent had walked up Bush Street with her to the Crescenta Loma, and she had walked back with him. But for the last few months they had been parting, the office girls had noted, at the corner. Perhaps Mrs. Dunham was getting tired of tolerating this affair between her husband and the stenographer downstairs. Or perhaps Kent Dunham was getting tired. Certainly it was not Miss Britton who was tired, and her moods fluctuated between happiness and depression exactly as Kent Dunham was being attentive or being neglectful. Any child could see that!

Just how far this affair had been carried by the principals no girl in the office quite dared say. Some thought one thing, some another. The defenders of Jocelyn Britton's integrity were apt to weaken a little when some voice said impatiently, "Oh, stop talking nonsense! Of course they're lovers!" And on the other hand there was always someone to protect Jocelyn's name if the consensus of opinion went against her, and to say with equal asperity, "Now, listen. I've known her for five years, right here in this office. Her aunt is Mrs. Bartley Partridge of Sausalito; they're perfectly lovely people; she's 'way above most of us in the way she was educated and the way she thinks, and it's nonsense to say that she and Kent Dunham—it's just nonsense! They like each other a lot, and that's as far as it goes!"

HOWEVER far it had gone, it had gone too far for Jocelyn's happiness and peace of mind as she sat waiting for Kent on a certain dark, grimy November afternoon shortly before Thanksgiving. Office work had been dull today; hours had dragged themselves out endlessly; now it was five o'clock, and everyone else had gone home. Old Mr. Fordyce had not come into town at all; Mr. Phil had merely walked into his office, with his cap under his arm and his big loose brown coat hanging open, and had glanced at his mail and gone away again. Mr. Sawyer had been more disagreeable than ever, and had

"She keeps hoping to find happiness," the man began seriously, and stopped. "Well, perhaps all of us do!" he added

seized the opportunity to send several of the young clerks to Jocelyn with their senseless, immature letters. The firm was constantly taking into its offices young aspirants to legal honors, fresh out of law school, who were to get their training with Fordyce, Sawyer and Fordyce, and they felt their oats. They loved useless research and the throaty young dictation of superfluous letters.

THEY were gone now; everyone was gone. Most of the offices were closed; the library was locked; two old women with buckets were crawling about the great tiled foyer where the elevators stopped. Jocelyn worked on, and she said in her heart that he was not coming.

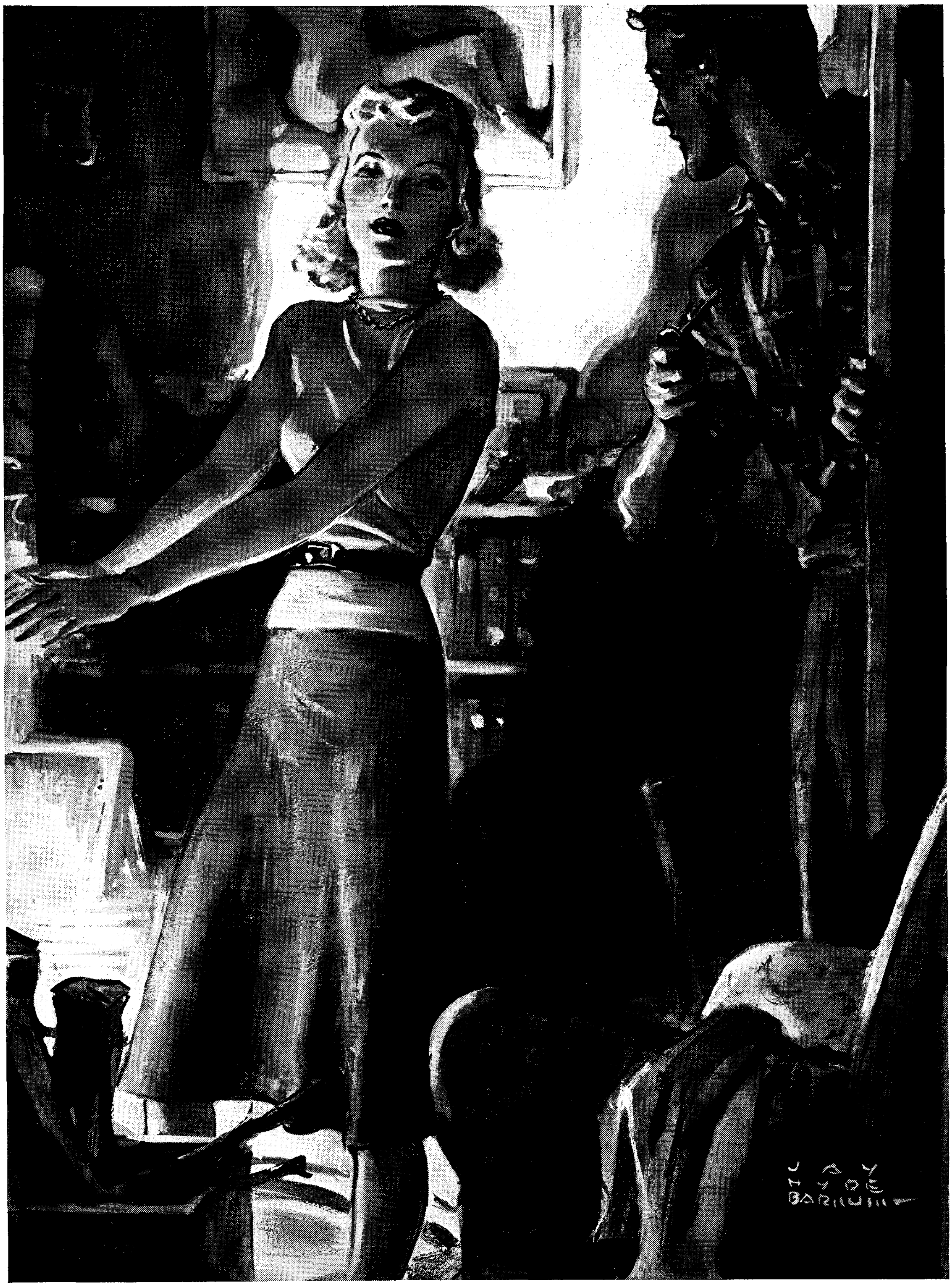
Her heart knew exactly how often he had come in during the last twenty-six nights. Eight times. He had had to go to Portland, of course; that accounted for four nights—accounted for five really, for Lilian would have met him at the flying field to drive him home upon his return; he couldn't have left her that night.

That left eleven nights' absence unexplained; not that any explanation would mean anything. He simply—hadn't come. She had sat here in this office, whose every desk and chair, contour of wall and fold of rich, long curtain she so hated, so despised, and she had waited for him, as he had known she would, and he hadn't come.

Why? Why? Why should he deliberately hurt her so much, when he had so many times said he loved her more than anything in the world, more than his job, his position, his wife, his honor? But of course he wasn't deliberately hurting her. Not Kent, who had scribbled her those notes two years ago, had treasured every moment he could have with her, had all but fainted with sheer emotion one day when unexpectedly she had telephoned him!

THINGS had changed. An affair, even of so unsatisfying, so ephemeral a nature, naturally knew its ups and downs. It could not stay at the trembling peaks it had reached when first they had known that they loved each other. Jocelyn had admitted that to her unwilling heart many weeks ago. But for Kent to avoid her, not to see her sometimes for days together—when she was so accessible, when seeing her was so easy—no, she could not understand that. She could not fit that into her philosophy at all.

JAY HYDE BARNUM



"I had to come!" she said. "I had Una's message and I knew it was my last chance"

But this afternoon, suddenly, like water breaking through into the parched cup of a sunbaked spring, the sound of his foot came along the hallway from the elevator, and his hand touched the doorknob, and everything was right again. A wintry afternoon, in the president's luxurious office, became the time and place for all the beauty and joy of the world to meet. Jocelyn pushed a last paper into a drawer; the smooth top of her desk was broken only by the telephone and the handsome heavy crystal inkwell now; she looked up, the only lighted thing in the dark place herself; her lambent eyes, her squared fine shoulders, the glory of her hair.

The man who came in had seen all this too often to see it now at all. But no man ever saw Jocelyn's face for the first time without a responsive thrill. It was still a girl's face, despite her more than twenty-seven years; there was in it, and in her whole person, something lean, eager, questing, young.

Her eyes were of so dark a blue, so widely spaced and deep-set that they seemed to shadow the delicate flesh of her temples, and her high cheekbones. Her mouth was wide and fine; her brows like soft dark brushes; her skin had a fine clear pallor that was rarely warmed by a flush. But the amazing thing was her hair—hair of pure baby gold, fly-away as thistledown, shining in striking contrast to the soft paleness of her face and the shadowed eyes. In any group, in any office, anywhere, everywhere, men looked first at Jocelyn Britton and then at any other girl who happened to be around.

KENT came into the office smiling, and sat down opposite her just as he always did, and their four hands met across the flat top of the desk. So far everything was as usual, and yet nothing was. Jocelyn, when she spoke, tried to make her voice sound cheerful and loving and confident, and knew that she failed.

"Well, I was afraid I was never going to see you again! What have you been doing and where have you been?" she began.

"I was in Portland, you know. Had to go up."

"I've seen you twice since you got back, Kent."

It was a gentle reminder, delivered with a smile that was understanding. But she hated herself for it. It sounded patient, long-suffering, wifely. Everything that would help a man remember that the speaker had feelings, rights, sensitivities. Just the attitude she didn't want to take with Kent: Lilian's hurt, virtuous, kind tone.

"Of course you have. But I get mixed up, living in such a whirl. Sure, I was in here last week."

"Thursday. And this is more than a week later," her thoughts said. Aloud she added: "It's all right, as long as things are going well with you."

"They're going a little too well," he confessed ruefully, rushing into the opening. "They're sending me to Portland—Judson talked to me about it yesterday. Well, he really talked to me about it on Saturday night. He and Ruth—that's the wife, and a sweet girl, too—twenty-three, and first baby, all that! They came up and had dinner with us on Saturday, and afterward we talked it over. They want me to go to the Portland office at seventy a week. Forty-dollar raise right there."

This was a blow straight at Jocelyn's heart. She sat immovable, staring at

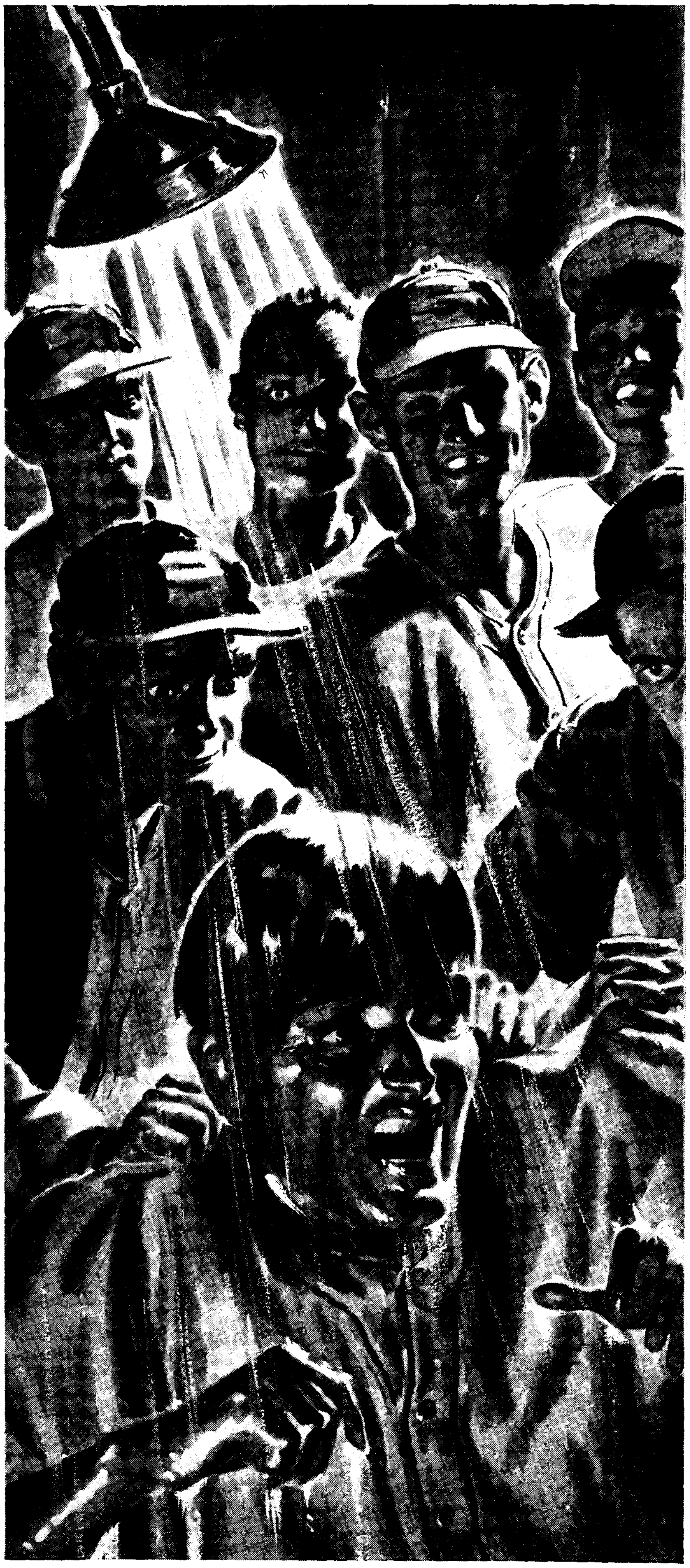
(Continued on page 56)

Quitting Time

By Arthur Mann

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



They pushed the combatants into a cold shower to cool off

THE game that clinched the pennant wasn't as tense as the standing of the clubs, showing a tie that morning, had promised. The Sox coasted in after a six-run outburst in the second inning. The real excitement came in the clubhouse immediately after when the veteran first baseman, Ace Harmon, walked over to Buddy Chaplin and warned him of a punch that was on the way.

The speedy young outfielder turned not one cheek but both. He ducked, and his counterwallop was a beautiful right hook that skidded high along the left side of Harmon's face. Then the flurry was abbreviated by the rest of the team. They pushed the combatants into a cold shower, uniforms and all, to cool off.

Mrs. Harmon's pretty face blanched as Ace entered the apartment a half-hour later, for his left cheekbone was swollen and fast turning blue.

"Harry!" she exclaimed and rushed to him. "You got hurt!"

His sun-reddened features broke into a sheepish grin. He planted a resounding smack on her cheek, brushed back a wisp of her honey hair and laughed. "I fixed up that smart aleck, Chaplin," he confided. "Remember, how he made that crack in St. Louis—why don't I go fishin' so the Sox can win the flag?"

She nodded and winced at the recollection and put his dinner on the table. It had happened about the same time that Jane Burke, the manager's wife, dropped a hint for her to start talking retirement to Ace. His hitting was good enough, but his running and fielding were the quintessence of slow motion. And Manager Burke, superstitious to a point of absurdity, refused to break up a winning combination. He knew that the Sox would be better, faster, with the once-great Ace Harmon on the bench, but while holding the league lead in spite of Ace it was "safer" to have him bow out voluntarily.

"WELL, we clinch the flag," Ace went on, seating himself before a plate of steaming steak and onions with mashed potatoes and a double portion of peas. "So right away I make for Chaplin—"

"Oh, Harry! You didn't go and cause trouble!"

He laughed and then sobered. "He popped off in St. Louis before the whole club." The bitterness was heavy in his voice. "Says, 'Why doncha go fishin', Ace,' he says, 'so's we can win th' pennant!' That burnt me up, Edie, but I stuck in that line-up, I did, an' we win today. So I go for the mug, but I made a mistake in warnin' him."

"He punched you! Oh, Harry—"

"The double-crosser ducked, an' I stumbled into his right," Ace sighed and slashed at his steak.

"Just before the series, too," she despaired. "How can Burke send a winning team against the Yankees if you start fights?"

"I didn't start it, Edie!" he insisted. "It was Chaplin's dirty crack. Where would the team be if I hadn't stuck in there?"

She couldn't tell him, of course, that the team would have won the pennant by ten games, instead of squeezing through on the last day of the season. He was waving at base hits he once stuck in his pocket for simple put-outs. But he had lived and slept and dreamed his first-basing too intensely to recognize ominous changes that were obvious to everybody else, including the superstitious manager, Burke.

"You know, Harry," she said, toying with her food. "It would be a splendid story for the newspapers—you announcing that you were turning the job over to Bracher . . . for the series—"

"Edie, are you crazy?" he thundered. "Why, that gorilla downtown'd crucify me nex' spring. They'd love that—my steppin' down. No, sir! I'm playin' out the string. They'd slash my pay silly."

So what? she thought. He owned real estate, bonds, annuities, and had money enough for comfort and travel alone, relaxed—all due to his methodical hoarding.

"No, sir," he continued between mouthfuls of food. "They won't get me outa there. I can knock in the runs, an' I'm the best fieldin' first baseman in the league. Nine-ninety-seven percentage, Edie. That's a record—"

Yes, but one of the more callous young baseball writers had dubbed him "a rocking-chair first-sacker." Slow and lumbering now, the lively ball handcuffed him.

"I'll take a cut next winter, sure," he conceded. "After all, we got the series dough, six gran'—"

"But only four if you lose," she corrected.

"We'll take those Yankees in four straight. That extra two gran' is a cinch."

"Two thousand dollars," she murmured. "It's a lot of money."

"Sure, that's why I'm not quittin' the line-up. Bracher's a nice kid, fast, capable, but he won't drive in the runs. I'll knock 'em in, honey, an' we'll win, an' I'll take that extra two gran' an' drape it on your back. I'll buy you a new fur coat. How's that?"

THE World Series opened two days later in a flood of October sunshine and home-town optimism, dimmed no little by the announcement on scoreboard and score cards that Ace Harmon was still at first base with the game ready to go on.

Jane Burke and Edith Harmon sat huddled in a field box at the end of the Sox dugout, as a photographer hastened over with Ace Harmon in tow.

"Just stand there, Ace," the picture man directed. "Look at her now. That's right. Okay, thanks."

Ace waved a benediction upon the departing photographer. "When they stop chasin' me for pictures an' signatures," he said triumphantly "that's when I'll think of quit—" His eyes opened wide to drink in the soft sheen of a luxurious silver-fox neckpiece. He gulped and nodded at the garment. "Edie . . . a . . . that . . . that fur—"

"Isn't it a beauty, Harry?" she exclaimed and caressed it tenderly, snuggling deep into its downy depth. "After you said the Sox were a cinch I simply couldn't wait. It was just two thousand."

"Two thousand!" he gasped. "Dollars?"

"It was a sale, and don't scold me here, darling. Just go out and make sure I didn't do wrong by getting it now."

He took a fleeting glance at the neckpiece, and disappeared quickly into the dugout. The crowd of seventy thousand stood as the band played the national anthem, after which an alteration on the scoreboard hushed the chattering throng.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" said the loud-speaker, "we will rise again as tribute to a great star. Manager Burke announces that Ace Harmon has voluntarily removed himself from the line-up. Number thirty-one, Bracher, will play first base for the Sox!"

All rose and cheered lustily, except the two wives at the end of the dugout. They sat and clutched gloved hands. The strain of the recent weeks had left them with but strength enough to cheer silently.

"So simple," Jean Burke murmured as the Sox trotted out on the field with a new and quicker stride. "Thank you, dear, and I hope you don't feel too guilty, fooling him this way."

Edie smiled feebly. "Apparently it was the only way," she said with a shrug. "But I really feel guilty for wearing a borrowed fur piece."

Gangsters Don't Build Homes

By John T. Flynn

The building industry in the key city of Chicago expired some time ago. It couldn't survive an onslaught of terrorism, extortion, conspiracy and homicide—the same vicious practices that afflict the industry nearly everywhere and have brought it to its present sad state

SARRA

ACME

Above, Patrick J. Sullivan, present head of the Building Trades Council in Chicago. Below, States Attorney Tom Courtney, whose war on gangster unions was highly unsuccessful, with Illinois' Governor Horner (right)

I WAS in Chicago many times before 1929. Everywhere a fierce energy was in the air. The sound of the riveting hammer made the day hideous. Wherever one looked big buildings were going up, with workers swarming over them. The huge new Palmer House. The big new Masonic Temple. The $30,000,000 Merchandise Mart. The magnificent Opera House that Sam Insull sponsored. Hotels, office buildings, apartments. And in the suburbs—houses, houses everywhere.

But all that is ended now. If there is a pneumatic riveter in Chicago it must be in a museum. Mr. Three-finger Jack White, noticing one day that prohibition was sick, looked around Chicago for some new racket worthy of his talents. He laid one of his three fingers on the building labor field. It is reported that one of his colleagues was dubious. "What's the idea," he said, "gettin' out of a racket that's dyin' and goin' into one that's dead?"

That's why I went to Chicago—to look at an ailing industry. When the building industry is sick, business is affected just as a family is affected when the father is sick. It's pretty difficult to look at any business spread out over the whole United States. I thought I would look at it in just one big city. I chose Chicago because it is perhaps the most dynamic of American cities. If buildings are not going up in Chicago it ought to be possible to see why, right under your eyes.

What I saw surprised me. I thought New York building was pretty dead. But New York did more building in the first four months of this year than Chicago did in the last five years. Back in 1926 Chicago did thirty per cent more building every month than in the whole of 1938. Detroit—one half as big—did seventy per cent more building in 1938. Houston, Texas—less than one tenth its size—did as much building.

When a man puts up a building he usually hires a contractor. The contractor then hires a lot of subcontractors—gentlemen who put in the masonry, the woodwork, the plaster, the plumbing, the wiring and so on. These gentlemen in turn usually buy the materials and hire the labor. This is where the trouble starts.

The United States government decided to build some apartments in Chicago—apartments for people with low incomes. It built three such projects—the Julia Lathrop, the Jane Addams and the Trumbull apartments.

The contractors who put up the Julia Lathrop buildings asked various subcontractors, including plumbers, for bids on the job. One plumbing bid was lowest and that bidder got the job. But here is what happened—secretly of course, because it was a violation of the law:

Each of the plumbers prepared his estimate. Instead of sending it to the contractor, he sent it to Mr. William J. Wooley. Mr. Wooley was the administrator of an organization with the following breath-consuming name—the Committee of the Voluntary Trade Agreement of the Plumbing Contractors Division of the Construction Industries of Cook County. The plumbing contractors who made the bids were members of this organization.

Mr. Wooley then laid out all the bids, made a list of each price submitted and struck an average of the prices. Then every bid that was ten per cent lower than this average was thrown out. The job was given to the man whose bid was lowest after this operation.

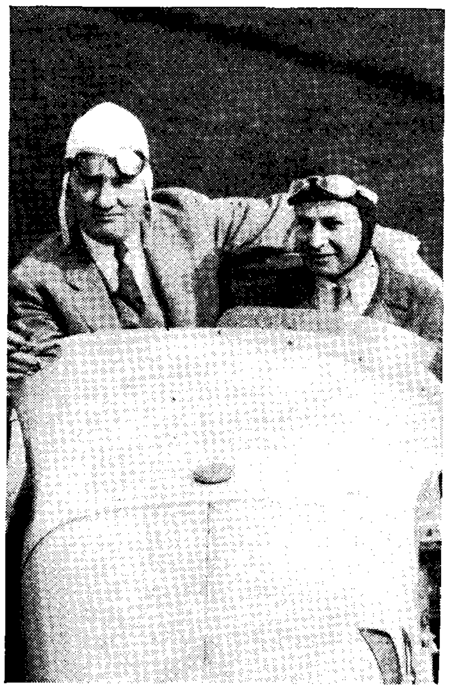
A Travesty on Free Bidding

The bids of four firms were thrown out. One of them was submitted by Edward Kaiser. His bid on one part of the project was $240,000, and on another part $207,000. These bids were rejected. But it was necessary for Mr. Kaiser to turn in some sort of bid. So he was directed to raise his bid on one part from $240,000 to $325,000 and on another part from $207,000 to $258,000. Other contractors were directed to make similar changes in their bids. This was to insure the contractor selected for the work being the lowest bidder, in spite of the fact that there were four bids lower than his.

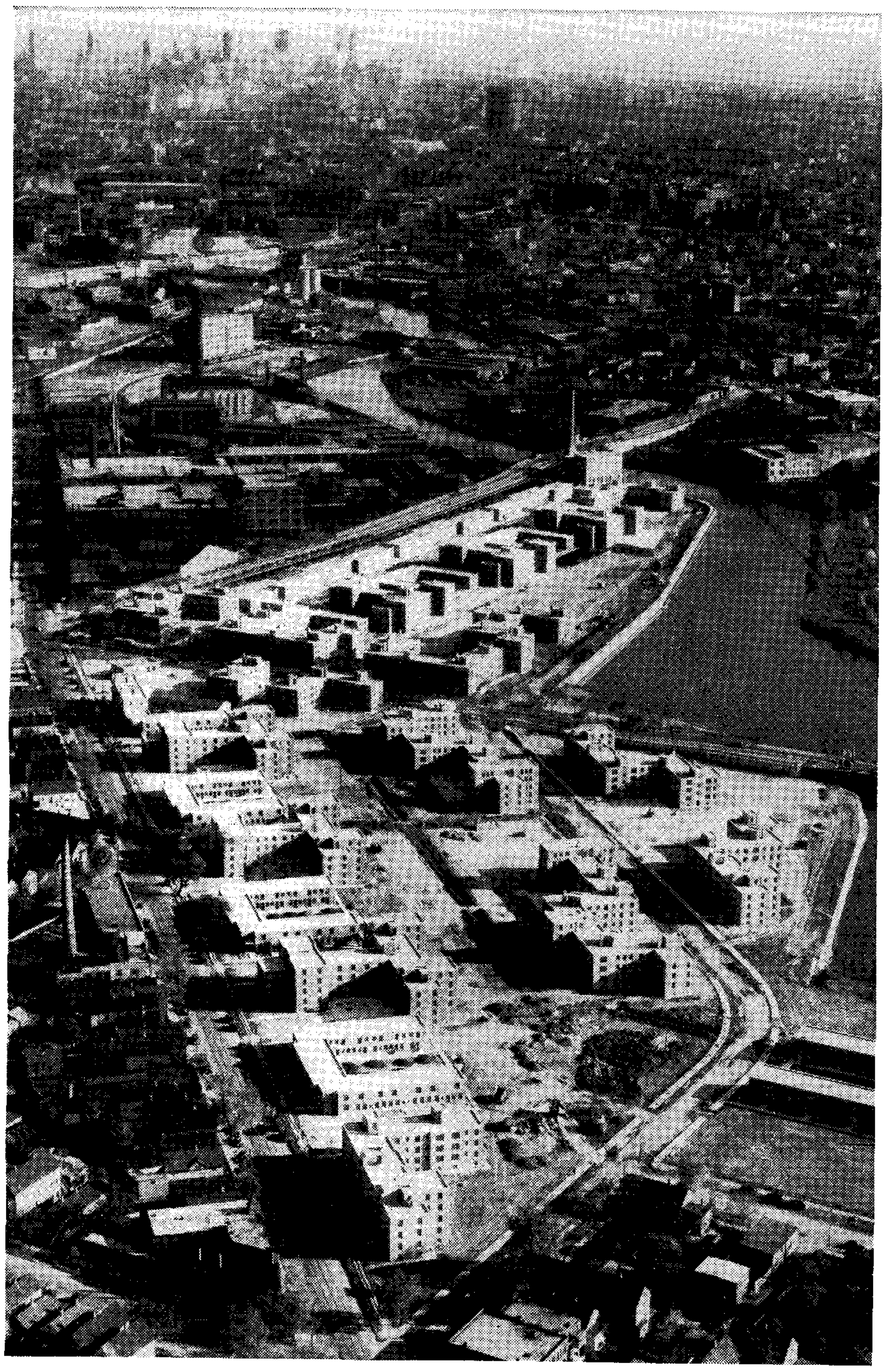
The same thing happened on the other government projects—Jane Addams and Trumbull. But the contractors did not know it until later, when some of the plumbing contractors decided to bolt this scheme. They talked about it. The government heard about it. And the officers of the combination were all indicted. They await trial now.

This combination's weapon was labor. The man who refused to abide by its awards couldn't get any labor. The combination made sure of that through a working agreement with Mr. William P. Curran, business agent of the plumbers' union. If a low bidder broke the traces and tried to put in his low bid Mr. Curran simply called a strike on him. Thus the master plumbers' association and the plumbers' union were in a con-

Umbrella Mike Boyle (left) in one of his $15,000 racing cars. Boyle is head of Chicago's electrical workers' union. Below is Len Small, former governor of Illinois. Right, the Julia Lathrop housing projects. Collusion in bidding for the plumbing contracts on this federal job resulted in indictment of a plumbing contractors' combination


ACME

WIDE WORLD


FAIRCHILD AERIAL SURVEYS

spiracy to keep plumbing prices up in Chicago. And they did.

The union building trades mechanics and the business agent are for the most part, in Chicago, hard-working, honest men, deeply troubled and vastly bewildered. But the building industry has in it features that make it peculiarly inviting to the unscrupulous labor leader. And in Chicago there have been plenty of them from the days of the notorious Skinny Madden right down to the present time.

Madden became famous for his various devices of levying tribute upon the employers. One of his notable exploits was his demand for $1,000 per floor from the builders of the Insurance Exchange Building to permit work to proceed without a strike. The builders slipped him a wad of bills. When Madden counted them he found only $10,000. But the Exchange Building was to be twenty stories and this paid for but ten. He permitted the building to proceed until it reached the tenth floor and then stopped work with a strike. He was indicted and convicted of extortion. Since his day other heads of the Building Trades Council have also been indicted for similar extortions.

Racketeering Means High Costs

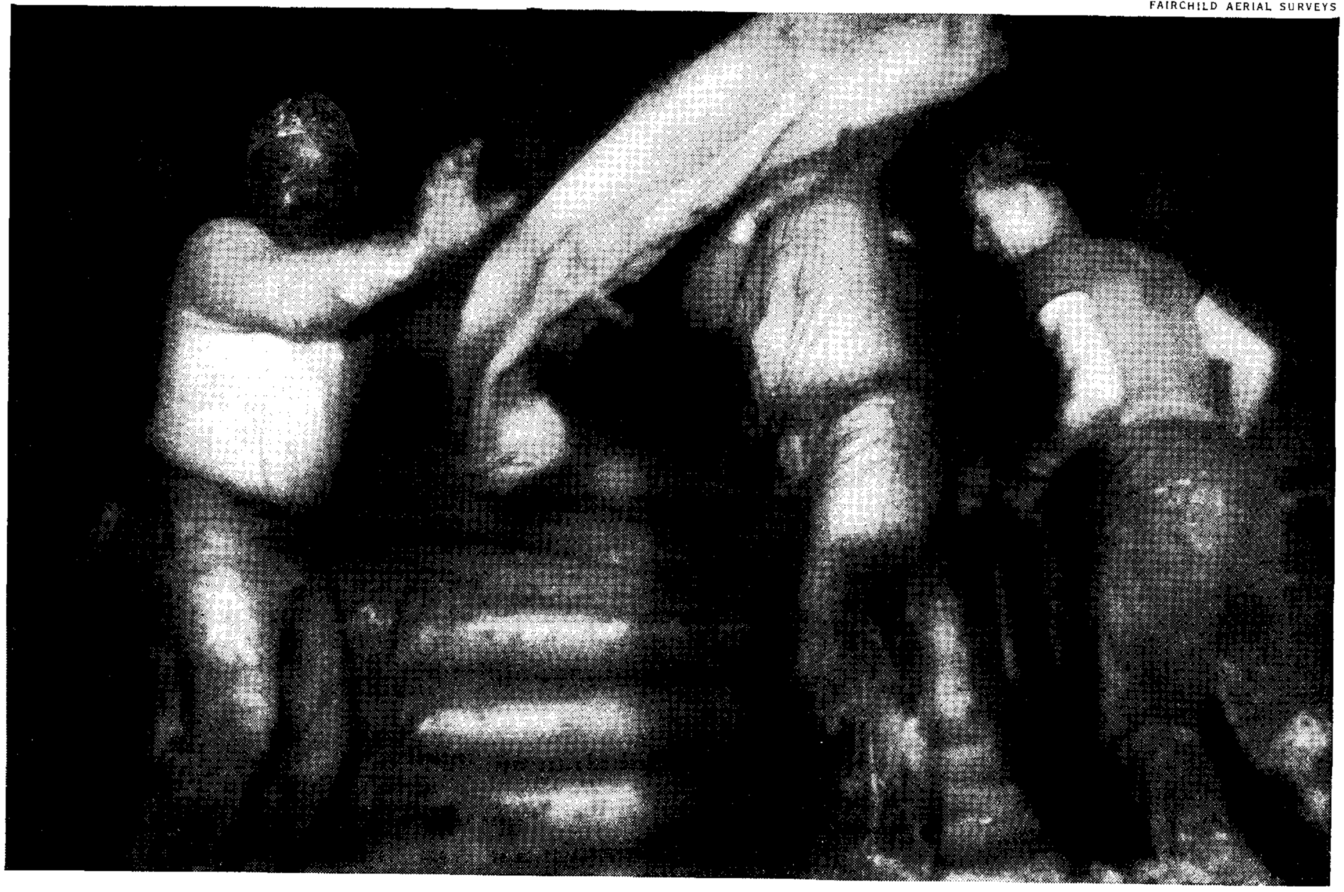
At present the head of the Building Trades Council in Chicago is Patrick Sullivan, affectionately known as Paddy in the trade. Contractors and leaders in the industry speak of him as an honest man struggling in the presence of grave difficulties to do all he can for the 75,000 union building trades workers in his organization. There used to be 125,000 and it has dwindled to this. And Sullivan says that not more than one fourth of them are ever working at one time.

The labor cost of building is made up of several elements. First there are the wages. Then there are the working terms and conditions. Then there are the requirements which labor imposes to make work costly. Then there are the deals between labor leaders and material men and subcontractors. Then there are jurisdictional disputes which hold up building and add to its costs. Then there are the costs that grow out of the operations of racketeering or lawless labor leaders.

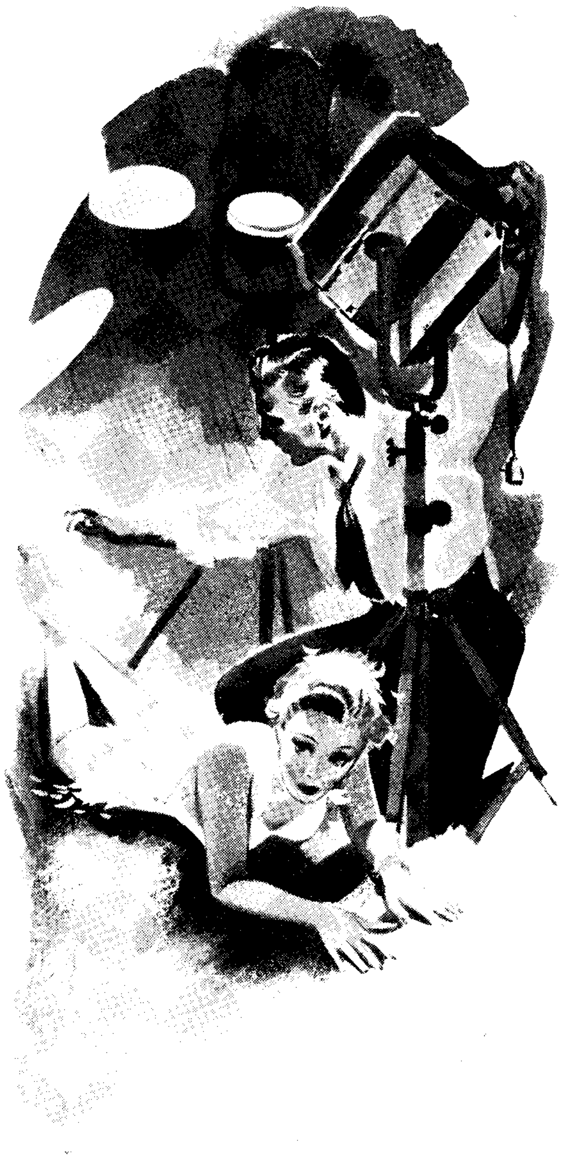
An almost incredible example of the latter is found in the tenth history of the painters' union in Chicago. The painters make up a large and powerful group. There are a number of locals and these are united in what is called the Painters, Decorators and Paper Hangers Union Council.

The present series of battles of this union began about 1934. The first trouble occurred when Frank Carr, a business agent, was shot down in front of the union headquarters. Later William (Bubbs) Quinlan tried to muscle in on control of one of the locals. Quinlan was sitting in a café one day when two business agents entered the place and after a brief but angry colloquy Quinlan was shot to death. Who did the job was never proved. But one of the union officials who was in the saloon was Roy Thompson, business agent of Local 184. Two months later Roy Thompson was killed in a typical gangster assault.

(Continued on page 31)


SARRA

Laborers on Chicago's new subway, which is being built with federal funds, were held up while tunnel builders and engineers fought over which union would do the work. Tile builders and carpenters also staged a battle over installation of tile that looks like wood



"Come on, Betty Boop," the photographer said. "You're not giving that smile any stuff." She tried but the smile just wouldn't come

No Private Lives

By Katherine Albert

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

What happens in Hollywood when true love threatens to interfere with glamor

MILTON ROSEN
SIGNATURE PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF
MEET BETTY HILLIARD ON CHIEF TUESDAY CHOSEN PRETTIEST GIRL AT WISCONSIN AGRICULTURAL CENTENNIAL GOT STUFF TOO DON MECKER

MILTON ROSEN
SIGNATURE PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF
COVERED SCROAL COLLEGE SENIOR PLAY SHIPPING IOWA'S GIFT TO THE CINEMA TELL GABLE TO START SAVING HIS DOUGH ROSENTHAL

THEY met—these two who, like so many hundred others, the talent scouts had discovered and forgotten—in an old silent stage that the studio had equipped for Mackay Lawrence's young hopefuls. She was carrying four books on her head and walking on the balls of her bare feet. He stood in the middle of the dimly lit room and with one hand on his stomach and the thumb and forefinger of the other on the bridge of his nose let fly a series of nasal sounds: "Anung, enung, inung, onung, unung." He had thought he was alone until a book fell to the floor.

He said, embarrassed, "Gosh, I didn't know anybody was here. Mr. Lawrence told me . . ."

"Maybe I'm not supposed to be here, but my carriage is so bad I wanted to practice extra."

"My trouble is this damned Iowa accent."

"I don't think it's bad. How long have you been here?"

"Two weeks ago today I signed my contract."

"I've been here six weeks," she said proudly.

He moved a bolt of green chiffon and a white wig from the end of a couch and motioned her to sit down. Squatting cross-legged on the floor at her feet he said, "Then maybe you can tell me something. I don't know what this is all about. I had my test—did you?"

She nodded and shivered.

"And then I talked to dozens of people—just names to me: Mr. Henry. Mr. Cole. Mr. Donnelly. Mrs. Fletcher. What's Mrs. Fletcher's job?"

"I don't even know her," the girl answered.

"You don't know Mrs. Fletcher? Well, she's very important. But, then, everybody is important."

"I know," she said.

"Mr. Messinger—I'm sure he's the casting director. I asked him what I should do now and he said, 'Stick around.' They're paying me thirty-five dollars a week. You, too? Doesn't it seem strange that they pay you thirty-five dollars a week to go to school?"

Betty explained: "Now that there are no more stock companies where people used to get experience the studios have coaches like Mr. Lawrence who train you to act. But even when you're trained you have to be discovered all over again by a director or somebody before you get a part."

"It's crazy," Joel Mauks said.

"That's been said about Hollywood before."

"Would you have dinner with me?" he asked suddenly. "I haven't talked to anybody—I mean anybody who seems like people at home for so long. . . ."

She had her hat on before he finished speaking and, linking her arm in his, led him through the barn-like door. Nobody paid the least attention to them. Nobody was to pay any attention to them for a long time.

IT IS the popular conception that everyone in Hollywood knows everyone else, that everyone under contract is a highly paid actor and that all people on a movie lot live together in golden, if not entirely friendly, opulence.

But Betty and Joel knew none of the glittering stars who swept across the lot followed by maids and wardrobe women. They knew no one but Mackay Lawrence and the other kids he coached. There were twelve besides themselves and they were what is called being "in stock." Most mornings at nine Mr. Lawrence gave them voice exercises and walking exercises and heard them read. But sometimes he did not appear at all and they sat waiting until the studio grapevine rumored that "Mr. Lawrence is coaching Vivien DuBois on her English," or "Ronald Elsworth sent for Mr. Lawrence."

At mention of these great names glamor penetrated the chilly, dark stage like shafts of summer lightning. And then they would wonder if ever, even when they were ready, they would join this bright company. Mr. Lawrence said when you were ready a director would want you for a part. But how were they to know when they were ready?

Betty and Joel spoke of these things when they were together, as they usually were. They found it difficult to talk even to the other kids. Most of them had had some experience in show business. Maxine Wadsworth had been a chorus girl, Hal Lawton was practically a professional with two seasons of summer stock behind him, and Helen West had been first discovered right on the lot where she had been a typist for three years.

Yet they were afraid, for their first contracts ran only six months. What if during that time no director discovered them? What if at the end of six months Betty must go back to Wisconsin and Joel to Iowa? Why, they would not even be able to tell their friends they knew the stars. It was when this more likely possibility found utterance that they drove in Joel's secondhand car out Malibu way with the Pacific beating against the coast and they as quiet as the sea gulls. With sudden boyish passion Joel drew her to him whispering, "Let's get out of this, darling. Let's go back home where we belong."

For a turgid moment Betty allowed her body to melt against his. And she let his lips find hers and hold them. Then she pushed him away and looked down at the sea. "No, damn it! No, I won't. I want to be an actress, Joel. I'm going to be one. Don't you feel that, too—that actor thing?"

He was hurt that she had pushed him away. He turned from her. "I want to make a lot of money. I want to marry you. That's all I want."

"It isn't," she said. "You're a terribly good actor. Everyone, even Mr. Lawrence, knows that."

He looked at her and her determined little profile against the dark sky cured his hurt. He knew only that he loved her. "All right! I want to be a star, too. What's that got to do with our getting married?"

"Plenty!" Betty said, forgetting what Mr. Lawrence had told her about throwing lines away. "Marriage and careers just don't work in Hollywood. And if you don't believe it look at all the divorces."

"Why don't you say it straight?" He was angry now. "Tell me and have it over with. You don't love me."

Her voice was soft as a kitten: "I do love you, Joel. But I want to be an actress and I can't be a good actress and a good wife at the same time."

They drove in silence back to Hollywood. In silence they parted before the house on LeBrea where Betty had a room.

BETTY was late next morning so the other young hopefuls were assembled when she arrived. Therefore, Helen West had to repeat the rumor. Mr. Lawrence had suggested to Milton Rosen that he produce a play using the kids. Directors and executives would see, then, what he had accomplished. They would know who was ready.

Betty cried out, "Oh, Joel, isn't that fine?" He would not look at her. And when later she whispered to him, "I do love you, Joel, I really do," he said, "It's a funny kind of love when you don't want to marry the fellow." And walked away.

Yet perhaps it was Joel's misery that inspired the tender performance he gave the night the kids' play was produced.

Since a play by the stock people was a departure from usual Hollywood custom the studio audience came mainly for the laughs. Among these was Therese Service, Signature's biggest box-office name. She arrived ten minutes late, sat in the front row and talked in penetrating stage whispers. She talked, that is, until Joel made his appearance. When he entered, wearing shorts and a sweater, his hair unruly, his dark eyes eager and a little frightened, Therese sat forward on her chair, and kept passionately silent until he made his exit.

Betty, coming out of the dressing room, saw them together between acts one and two, saw Joel looking down at her, smiling nervously. Therese leaned against a flat. Her dress outlined the much-photographed curves of her thighs and hips. Her red lips were slightly apart and her eyes were moist. Betty had seen her image in just this attitude a hundred times. It was one of Therese's favorite and most popular pieces of business.

"I simply could not resist coming to tell you how terribly good I think you are." Therese might have been using a cello instead of a voice. "My poor small opinion means nothing but there it is for what it's worth."

"Your opinion . . . why, Miss Service, it means everything to me."

"I'm glad," she said and gave him one of those long sultry looks that Betty thought she reserved exclusively for the camera. And in that moment Betty knew she didn't care whether she ever became an actress or not. She shut her eyes and bit her lip to keep from screaming and when she could look again Therese had gone and Joel was speaking to her: "Betty, Betty, listen. That was Therese Service. She thinks I have a future. She's invited me to come to

"I simply could not resist coming to tell you how terribly good I think you are!" she said. Therese might have been using a cello instead of a voice

her set and watch her work. She wants me to go with her to her next preview."

What Betty wanted to say was, "You poor blind boy, she wants you!" Instead a sentence came out of her mouth without her volition: "Joel, let's get married."

He had had too many shocks for one evening. "But you said . . ."

"I said a lot of crazy things I didn't mean. I love you, Joel, and I want you."

And when Mackay Lawrence came to give them some last-minute instructions about the next act they were in a world that excluded him.

BETTY had thought "the other woman" was her "problem." But there had been a witness more sinister than Therese Service that night. The threat to what Betty called her happiness now sat in Milton Rosen's office saying, "The kid's really got the stuff. Wish you'd seen him last night. Little rough in spots but we'll take care of that. If it's okay with you I'd like to use him in Dawn Flight—the younger brother."

"Pretty big part for a kid," Rosen said.

"He's a pretty big kid," Director Herbert Brown answered. And in that moment Joel's fate—and Betty's too—was sealed.

Until then the studio had swept by them and around them, mysterious as ocean tides, but never touching them. Now the floodgates were opened and Joel found himself tossed and beaten by the incoming waters. After his test for Dawn Flight, word got around that a fellow with the impossible name of Mauks was a comer and everyone seemed to want a part of him.

The physical trainer took him over although he could find nothing wrong with his perfect body. The make-up man peered at him through squinted eyes and told him to dust on a little red at the peak of his cheekbones. The wardrobe counselor gave him instructions about wearing clothes. The singing coach showed him how to run scales once over lightly. The portrait photographer made stills of him that his father wouldn't recognize. The publicity boys wrote down the story of his life. And someone, he never did know who it was, took his name away from him. From now on he would be known as Joel Craine. He wondered what his father would think about that. But it was not his to ask. These people knew their jobs. He must do whatever they told him.

Everyone was so nice to him. Everyone patted him on the back and told him not to go Hollywood. Everyone said it was a great break for a kid being in a picture like Dawn Flight and directed by Herbert Brown. The longer he worked on the picture the more excitement he created. All sorts of people he had never seen before would say to him, "Saw your rushes last night, Craine. Terrific. But don't let it go to your head. Don't forget your old friends when you're a big shot." That seemed a strange thing to say because in Hollywood he had no old friends.

Then they told him he was to have a new contract. They made it perfect. He and Betty would be married as soon as the picture was finished.

But as soon as the picture was finished Joel was told that Mrs. Fletcher wanted to see him. He had talked to her the day he signed his first contract. He didn't know then what her job was. He still didn't know. But he found her in an impressive, modern office in the executive building. Her hair was gray and done in the brushed-up style which made her look like the Queen Mother. Charm, culture, manner permeated her office, which was more like a beautiful sitting room than a place of business. He didn't know quite what he had expected of studio executives but Mrs. Fletcher wasn't it.

She motioned him to a white-leather-and-chromium chair and placed herself on a blue love seat. "Well," she said smiling, "how does it feel to be a young man with a million-dollar future?"

"I can't tell yet," he said, "until I stop being numb."

She smoothed out the folds in her quiet but expensive yellow print dress. Then she looked at him earnestly and he wondered what his mother would have been like if she had lived. He hoped she would have been exactly like Mrs. Fletcher.

"Dear boy, I've had dozens of young men sitting before me as you are now. It has been my pleasure to see some of them go straight to the top. Others, with futures as bright as yours, are probably extra boys in Dawn Flight. Why? Because they handled their private lives carelessly."

"I see," he said earnestly.

"Now, dear boy"—she put her head back on the couch—"tell me everything about yourself—how you live, who your friends are—everything."

IT WAS easy to talk to Mrs. Fletcher, yet he had very little to tell. He lived in a bungalow court in Hollywood where he cooked his own breakfast and had a cleaning maid twice a week. He didn't see anyone outside the studio except Betty. They were going to be married in a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Fletcher was interested. "Who is this Betty, dear boy?"

"Betty Hilliard," Joel told her. "She's in stock here, working with Mr. Lawrence. She's beautiful."

Mrs. Fletcher touched her soft gray hair with a perfectly manicured hand. "I am so pleased you have found a girl who loves you but *(Continued on page 64)*

"Ladies talk a lot in beauty shops. Some talk about things to their hairdressers they wouldn't tell their best friend"

Murder Makes it Worse

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

Detective O'Malley explains the death of a man for whom killing was much too good

WE GOT a hot one," O'Malley said. "A lawyer got knocked off in his office. Krockin, his name was. His secretary and a guy that worked for him was out, and he was alone in the office, and when they come back they found him shot."

"Have the police any theory about the case?" I asked.

"That's all we got—a theory. They think somebody in some law case pushed him off. This lawyer had a shady reputation. Cops found legal papers there and a lot of telephone numbers. They got the names in the papers and the telephone company give 'em who the phones belong to. Cops are going around to see them people. Identifications cops found a thumbprint on the dead guy's desk."

"Is it the killer's thumbprint?" I inquired.

"Why, we don't know who."

He had a small picture of the dead man in a thick envelope. The lawyer had been a little man, shrewd-looking and rather foppish.

"I'm supposed to work on this," O'Malley remarked, "but I don't know nothing to do."

The secretary and the young man who worked for Krockin were at headquarters. They had been brought there for questioning. The man was named Burkil. The girl's name was Miss Melton and she was young and quite pretty. We talked with them.

"What ideas have you got about this murder?" O'Malley asked Miss Melton.

"None at all. I was out of the office. When I came back I found Mr. Krockin dead. I screamed and an elevator operator came. Then other people came and the building manager called the police."

"Who would want to kill the guy?"

"I don't know of anyone."

"Well, who'd he expect to see this morning?"

"He had no appointments."

"How about you?" O'Malley inquired of Burkil.

"I don't know anything. Mr. Krockin had sent me out to look up some records. When I came back the police were in the office."

We went to look at the office. Two rooms, high up in a big building, were luxuriously furnished. A cop was there to take the names of anyone who came to see Krockin.

"Anything happen here?" O'Malley asked him.

"Nobody come here. Some people phoned. I got their names." He gave us the names. "One lady wouldn't give her name, so I asked the telephone people could they trace the call, and it turned out they could. It come from a beauty shop, so I told 'em it didn't matter."

"You won't get no more phone calls. This crime is in the evening papers."

We inspected the inner office. Its windows looked out onto a court. The police had carried away all the papers and the smaller furnishings. A small safe was there.

"Could it have been robbery, O'Malley?" I inquired.

"Sure, it could be anything. No gun was found here. The safe wasn't locked. Cops found only papers in it, and the secretary don't know if there'd been anything else. The building employees didn't see nobody that could be the killer, and so many people get in and out them half-dozen elevators there's no chance of getting a description of who got off at this floor. Let's go see that lady that wouldn't give the cop her name."

"It's a beauty shop," I objected.

"Sure. We might see some pretty ladies."

We went to the beauty shop. The lady we saw was very pretty indeed. Her name was Miss Halland and she conducted the shop.

"How come you phoned that lawyer Krockin?" O'Malley asked her.

"I didn't."

"Yeah, someone phoned from here."

"Some customer may have done it, but I don't know who."

"Okay."

WE WENT back to headquarters.

"Well, there you got the case," O'Malley remarked to me. "We got nothing—and we keep on getting it. Let's call it a day."

I met him next morning.

"So what?" I asked.

"We got a few things. I don't think that secretary is telling everything she knows. That Krockin done a shady business. A lot of his cases never came to court; they got settled privately. Cops that went around and seen the people whose names was in his office report some of 'em claim they didn't even know the guy. We checked up that thumbprint. It wasn't the secretary's or that guy Burkil's, or any employee of the building, or any cop that had went there."

"Did you get anything about it?"

"Sure. Them cops was pretty smart. They had a lot of pictures made of the dead guy, like the one I showed you, and put 'em in envelopes that would protect the surface. When they questioned anyone about Krockin, they give 'em one of the pictures to look at, and they held it in such a way the person had to make a thumbprint on it. You ever hear of a guy named Mr. Corvis?"

"I've heard of one," I told him. "He's an important man—the head of a big investment company. His son is a well-known polo player and there's been a lot printed about the family lately because his daughter is soon to be married."

"Yeah. I'm supposed to see the guy."

"Was it his thumbprint?" I inquired.

"That's right."

We went and saw Corvis. We found impressive offices. Corvis was a big, handsome man. The beautiful young girl whose picture was on his desk I knew must be his daughter.

"A cop seen you yesterday about that dead lawyer, Krockin, Mr. Corvis," O'Malley said to him.

"Yes."

"You told him you didn't know the guy."

"That is correct."

"How come, then, your thumbprint was on the dead guy's desk?"

"It wasn't."

O'Malley explained about *(Continued on page* 35

Foot Free

By Ruth Carson

You can step off the beaten path in your new fall shoes, and still keep your balance because they're built to support you in style. Walk-Over shoes to your left, Bonwit Teller's to your right

The new fall shoes are closing in on you —but you're keeping the freedom you won with the open toe. Have a look

SHOES are shoes again. Look at the new fall shoes and you see, not great open spaces and a few dabs of leather, but shoes—the trimmest, simplest ones of many a season. You see pumps and gaiter-top shoes and glove-fit step-ins. You see a comfortable look, involving lower heels and roomy walled lasts. If these latter even turn up into a bulbous bulldog toe upon occasion, don't be startled—it's your own doing.

For never believe a fashion is foisted upon you. Look at that footgear you've been wearing. Some five years ago open-toed and open-heeled shoes appeared on the beach, and stylists suggested them discreetly for evening. But where did you go from there? You seized upon them with little chortles of joy, and to the horror of fashion experts and the bewilderment of shoe merchants, you wore them everywhere. You sloshed through rain and snow in them at the risk of pneumonia, you paddled joyously through city streets with your dirty little stockings sticking out (yes, they were), you clattered about with heels flopping up and down to the shudders of conservatives. So now if your feet are bigger, healthier and happier than they have ever been before, you have only yourself to credit.

Of course, you overdid it. So the reaction, along with the first nip of fall in the air, comes closing heels and toes to the relief of all, including yourself. But here's what you accomplished in the cause of comfort.

Your feet have spread, the shoe men say, and lengthened from half to a full two sizes due to there being no limit up front. And you are too used to toe freedom to tolerate the slightest pressure. Therefore, that extra room in the toe via greater width and the walled last. Therefore, the bulldog and sultan turned-up effects, to leave no doubt in your mind. Even, to break you to the harness gently, a good ten per cent of the new shoes are still open-toed.

Don't be alarmed that your feet will look big, even if they have lengthened. Knowing that one of the joys of the open toe was that you could be fitted short and still not hurt, the shoemakers have continued the short-vamp look while giving you plenty of room inside. They've done it with flat, tailored bows, with the way two leathers are combined, and with the return of tipping and foxing, that tailored shoe trim that has never lost its neat appeal.

Such indigenous trimming is the farthest any shoe will go this autumn, for simplicity is the recurring fashion note. Which means that that old flatterer, the pump, is rampant. But again fashion marches with comfort. The newest throat line of the pump is V-shaped, making any digs along with the flattery impossible.

Low heels are stronger than ever, thanks to the fairs. Fifty per cent stronger, says Mr. Dan Palter, manufacturer, whose simple, flat-heeled shoes have made him famous. He is taking them so seriously this season that he won't have a shoe style in his line that can't he made with a low heel, as well as medium and high.

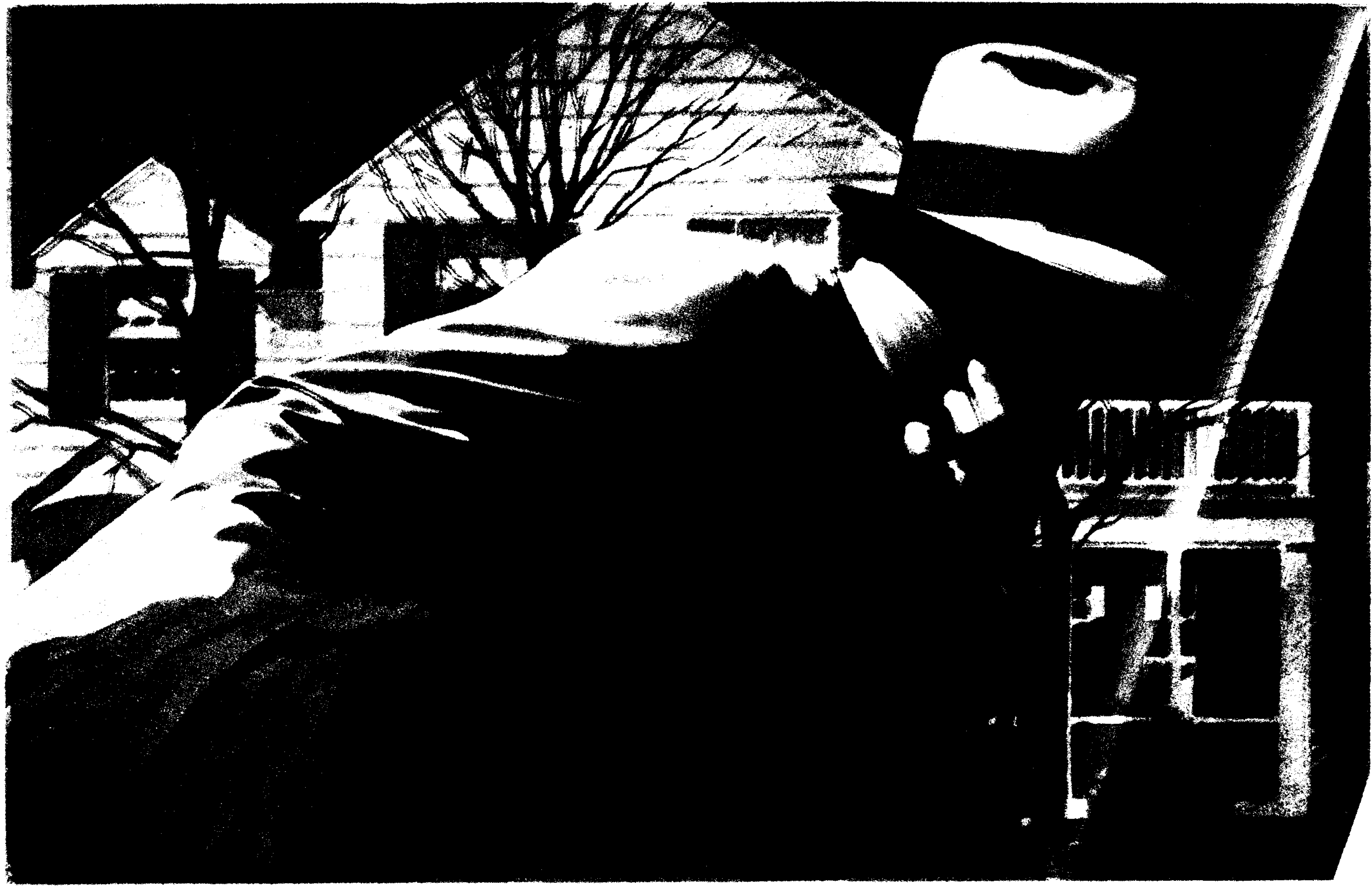
Leather backed with lastex is a big part of the revolution that is going on in shoemaking, to bring about a proper combination of style with comfort. It molds you like a glove—no gaping throat lines to your pumps—yet allows your foot muscles exercise as you walk.

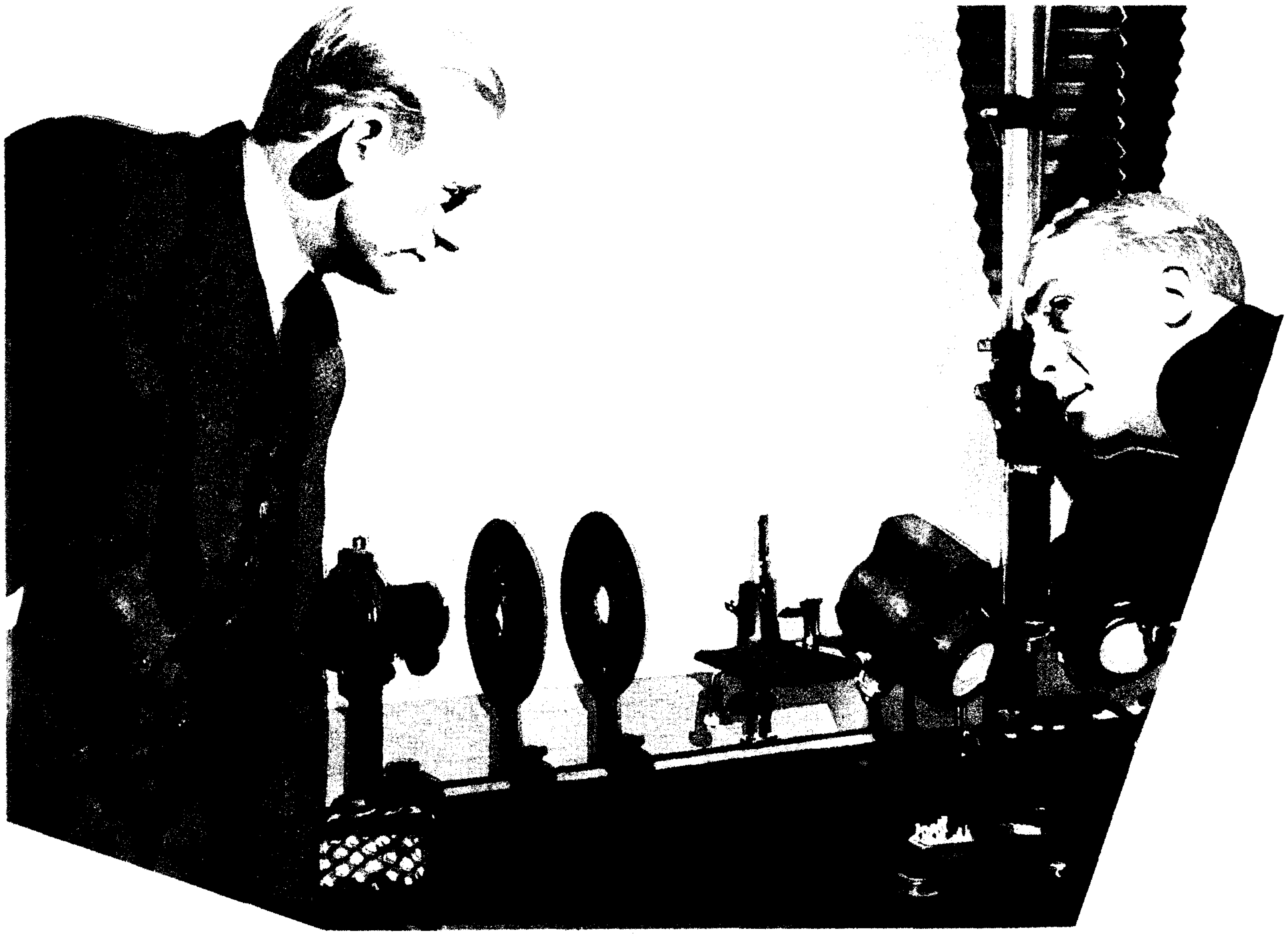
They are doing a lot to flatter you and to fit you, the shoemen are. And if your feet still hurt they say you have a few things to answer for yourself. They've got some complaints to make about you.

They say you don't give enough time and thought to selecting shoes. You don't stop to realize that no two feet in the world are alike, not even your own two, and that the job of fitting them is a tough one that needs your co-operation. Some of you are even so benighted, they say, that you demand to be fitted short, mistaking a stubby foot for a dainty, pretty one. Which is one reason

(Continued on page 69)

He evidently became wild with anger, rushed to Tilliver's house, stealing the shoe and gloves on the way. There was a fight





"Perhaps the bullets are not in alignment," Jessup suggested. "Just move that thumb set until the bullets come together"

Suspect Unknown

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The F.B.I. investigates a murder. And the murderer investigates the F.B.I.

INSPECTOR JESSUP of the Washington Field Office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation had been expecting the call. He smiled slightly as he listened to the telephone report:

"Agent Benson speaking from the first floor. The subject just got out of his car as a sight-seeing bus arrived for a tour of the bureau. He immediately mingled with a bunch of sight-seers, and is headed upstairs on one of the first elevator loads. Agent Torner is trailing him, subject to your orders, sir."

"Rejoin Agent Torner and continue the surveillance," commanded the inspector and hung up. A big man, sandy-haired, pleasant-featured, he shifted in his chair with a certain air of lumbering boyishness, and eyed for an instant the intercommunicating system. For once he could give thanks that he was head of the Washington office.

At other times, he had been not too delighted with his assignment. This was a "spot" job, constantly under the eye of the director; the distance between Inspector Jessup's office and the nerve center of the entire F.B.I. was only the difference between the fourth and fifth floors of the big marble building of the United States Department of Justice. Under ordinary conditions the proximity meant that the inspector's activities were subject to far greater scrutiny than those of any other like officer in the organization. But at a time like this—

He flipped a button on the interoffice system, marked: "Director." Instantly, a crisp voice answered:

"Yes, Jessup."

The inspector leaned close to the transmitter:

"Hello, Boss. The suspect in the Tilliver murder case just came into the building for another tour of the bureau."

"Good! That makes the third trip in three days."

"And that either makes me dead right on him or dead wrong. He must figure he's got that job covered up pretty well, and wants to be sure of it. After all, once he leaves Washington, he can't run and hide like the average fugitive. He's a prominent man. He's got to stay in the open, and that takes a lot of nerve—unless a person knows that there isn't a chance of being caught. So what happens? He remembers his crook training: to stick in with officers after a crime and try to hear or see something that will tip him off as to how they're progressing with the case. That's my theory—I'll stand or fall on it."

"All right, Jessup. Go ahead with your plans."

"On the lines we talked over yesterday afternoon?"

"Definitely."

"There's a point, Boss. To do that, I'll have to divulge a certain amount of information about the case. How far shall I go?"

There was a pause. Then:

"That's up to your judgment, Jessup. Your job is to place him actually at the scene of the crime. If you can do that, all our other evidence dovetails. We know he was seen in the neighborhood both before and after the murder. The witnesses we had hidden here yesterday when he went through were fairly certain on that point. We know too that Tilliver and a man who looked a lot like this fellow served a term in California together some twenty years ago on a charge of extortion by mail."

"But there's no fingerprint record to prove it."

"That's the tough part; the fingerprint files on that prison don't date back that far. So you've got to work carefully. As I see it, you figure that he and Tilliver were once crooked pals. After they got out of prison, they went different ways. Tilliver seemingly reformed. So did this fellow. You believe that neither of them did anything of the sort. Tilliver was still a blackmailer at heart, and this—what's his name?"

"Manton Kent."

"That's right, Kent. This Kent got into a small concern—handling all sorts of things—and apparently built it up to a big business—"

"But we can show by evidence that it's a house of cards. That's my idea of the motive, Boss. On the surface, it looks as if he killed Tilliver rather than pay him blackmail. But I think he did it because he figured that Tilliver knew what Kent was doing in this firm: juggling its stock, selling off its assets for his personal account, padding pay rolls—it'll take a dozen auditors to chase down the crooked things this fellow's done. Tilliver must have found this out, tried to get some blackmail as a result of what he knew—but got killed instead."

"It's a great theory—if you can prove it."

Inspector Jessup's lips tightened.

"Yes, that's the trouble—to prove it. To put him smack into the middle of the murder scene, or get some sort of record on him through fingerprints."

"There were none at the scene of the crime."

"And no record from the penitentiary. I didn't mean that. I was hoping that I might find he'd served time somewhere else. Or been arrested for investigation, or mixed up in some bankrupt racket—anything to break through his armor. Otherwise, I haven't a leg to stand on."

"Especially since all the tangible evidence points directly away from him. Well, use your head on that, Jessup. And good luck to you."

A CLICKING sound was followed by silence. Inspector Jessup raised a big hand to his forehead and brought it away, the palm beaded with sweat. He wished now that he had not been so eager to work personally on the solution of this murder, that he had not been so enthusiastic in the belief that Manton Kent, following a crook's logic, was attempting to spy on those who were spying on him.

Suddenly, however, he straightened. In quick succession, he flipped the levers of the interoffice system to a half-dozen departments, and gave crisp orders. Then he glanced at his watch. It was twelve minutes past ten o'clock. The morning tour of the building had begun promptly at ten. By now, the inspector knew, the guide had explained the wide-flung activities of the bureau; he should be finishing up the tour's beginning in the Exhibit Room with a few words on the machine guns captured from gangsters, Dillinger's death mask, the red wig worn by Katherine Kelly, the kidnaper, and the vacuum jar in which her husband had hidden ransom money. The inspector pressed a button. A special agent answered.

"I'll begin at the multigraphing room," said Inspector Jessup. "See that someone is always accidentally available if I should need him."

"Yes, sir."

The inspector left the room. After a time, special agents followed.

It was five minutes later that, crowding and gawking, the morning tour of Department of Justice sight-seers followed their F.B.I. guide down a wide hall on the seventh floor, toward a long room, where presses whirred, multigraphs pounded noisily and binding machinery clattered. The guide entered the door, walking backward that he might address the variegated group that had followed him. Here were men and women from throughout America who tonight would send home post cards saying they knew all about crime. There were small boys and girls, goggle-eyed at the thought of being in the same building with G-men. There was a sprinkling of newspapermen and -women from out of town, and not a few who appeared to be business executives, or persons of responsibility interested in law enforcement. At one side, somewhat apart from the general throng, was a keen-featured man of about forty-five, who bore a frank air of interest in everything about him. The guide, still walking backward, now raised his voice above the roar of machinery.

"IN THIS room," he began, "are all the reproductive processes by which reward sheets are multigraphed, pamphlets bound, and the F.B.I.'s Law Enforcement Bulletin assembled and shipped to more than ten thousand police bodies, sheriffs and other enforcement agencies. In a kidnaping, the lists of ransom notes are reproduced here; in one case, this room turned out a job in thirty-six hours of continuous effort that would have required three weeks of work in a regulation printing plant. Now if you will follow me—"

"Look out!" came a sharp voice. The warning was too late. The guide collided heavily with the hurrying form of Inspector Jessup, striking him against an elbow. The inspector winced; his right hand flew open, releasing a number of sheets of paper that evidently had just come from a multigraphing machine, and scattering them wildly across the smooth cement floor.

"That's all right; that's all right!" the inspector announced hastily to the guide's apologies, bending swiftly meanwhile in an effort to gather up the papers. Here and there a visitor, seeking to aid, bent also. The inspector apparently took no notice. His eyes however, were not still.

At last he saw that the keen-eyed man, also a volunteer in the job of reclamation, was covertly peering at each sheet as he picked it from the floor. The inspector waited only a moment more, then, as with sudden realization, whirled.

"Please don't touch those papers, anyone!" he commanded. A passing agent suddenly moved in upon the scene, joining with the guide in collecting the multigraphed matter from the hands of volunteers. The inspector nodded to the guide.

"If you will move on with your party."

"Yes, sir. Please follow me." The group obeyed, and the inspector stood facing the subject of his investigation, who stood extending a sheaf of the papers with one hand, while with the other he fumbled at a hip pocket for his wallet.

"I'm afraid that my curiosity got the better of me," he announced. "I was so terribly interested that I did not realize this might be a confidential matter."

The inspector's brow creased.

"You mean you were reading that announcement?"

"I glanced at it." His hands now free he dug into his wallet for a card. "I do hope that my position will guarantee my ability to keep secrets. Kent is my name, sir. Manton Kent. I am president of Superior Products."

The inspector lost his worried look, extending a pawlike hand in greeting. The main group had passed out of the room now. The guide's voice echoed from down the hall:

"We are now entering the Identification Unit, where are assembled a total of more than ten million fingerprints from every part of the United States and numerous foreign countries—"

"I suppose I should catch up with that group," said Manton Kent. "Although," he laughed, "I almost know that lecture by heart." *(Continued on page 39)*

Interrupted Honeymoon

Romance of a little man named Rumpel. [illegible] wondering what that other little [illegible] would have done if he had [illegible]

By [illegible]

ILLUSTRATED BY [illegible]

MY OLD woman used to say you inherited luck the way you did the color of your eyes. She said it always ran bad for three generations, which made me number three in a bum streak. Every time the old woman hung out the wash it rained. All her life she'd wanted to have a little baby girl with curly blond hair, but what she got was me, a little dumpy mug that looked like Clark Gable but only around the ears.

When the old man ran away to South America I sort of took his place, and instead of clowning around nights with the high-school dames I used to sit around and talk with the old woman or take her to the movies. One night I said, "Look at me. I've got my full growth and still I'm only five feet four."

"That's taller than Napoleon was," the old woman said.

She was a wonderful woman. She worked hard and saved every nickel until she had a thousand dollars for me to become a veterinary. Then she died in her sleep one night and the next day I turned the grand over to Sprague, the undertaker, and told him to give her the best funeral he'd ever turned out. He did, and that day was the unluckiest one I knew I could ever have, no matter what happened. And plenty happened.

The day I went out to look for a job the bottom dropped out of the stock market. Pretty soon it got so even Irishmen couldn't get work. I didn't even have a pencil to sell when I landed a job in a stone quarry. I carried acetylene tanks, but before I could drop one the quarry folded up. Then the dynamite boss gave me a note to another Italian named Rock Florio.

He read the note and looked me over and gave me a job racking pool balls in his west side Sports Emporium.

For a straight year I racked balls and helped work the blackboard for a hand bookie in the back room. I used to wonder what the old woman would say if she'd known the kind of living I was making and the kind of guys I got to know. Anyway, it would have tickled her to see that I was spending most of the dough, except a dollar a day, to buy books on veterinary. That extra dollar a day she wouldn't have been so tickled about, because it was a five-horse parlay I planked down every morning with Rock Florio's bookie.

Nobody can make a five-horse parlay, but I got up on Monday, the thirteenth of July, and saw that the puppy had torn all my veterinary books into confetti. I cracked a tooth on my pipe, blew a tire on the way to the dentist's. Then at about five-fifteen in the afternoon the fifth horse in my parlay ran six furlongs on a heavy track in 1:11 and ⅖ which was good enough to win by a length and a half and to net me six thousand, four hundred and eighty dollars!

About fifty guys crowded around, yelling and wisecracking and giving me the glad hand. But all I could think about was the old woman. I could have been happy then if I could have walked into the old kitchen and smacked down six grand on the sink.

"Gloomy Joe," Louis Vincenzo said. "What the hell does it take to make you laugh?"

I had to see Rock Florio for the money. He was out at his cottage on the lake. Rock had made about an even million running booze and he almost owned the whole lake resort, besides his pool parlors and night clubs. There he sat at the kitchen table in a sweat shirt and a yacht-club cap drinking a bottle of beer.

"Hello, Jess," he said, "have a bottle."

I sat down and opened one. I don't generally drink, but this time I felt pretty high. "Rock," I said, "I caught a parlay for six thousand bucks."

"Yeah, I heard," he said. "They tell me it can't be done." He laughed and got up and walked out of the room. When he came back in he had a roll.

THEN she came into the kitchen. She came in like a sunset. There was a bright red hat on her black hair. Her eyes were gray as fog.

"Hello, Rock," she said. Her voice was like the D string on the old man's violin. I got up.

"Queenie," Rock said, "meet Jess Rumpel."

She was so beautiful it made my knees feel like quicksilver. I stood up because right away I wanted her to see how short I was, and get that over with. She gave me a quick look and then smiled at Rock. "A midget," she murmured.

Well, that was over with. With any ordinary dame I'd have gotten tough about a smart crack like that. My experience as a short guy has taught me that it takes a woman really to rouse a freak. Rock was laughing so hard that he choked on his beer. I walked over to the coalbox and picked up a poker and bent it double. "You think that's tough?" I said to her. So I took the poker in both hands again and straightened it out. Then, while Rock was still laughing and Evelyn Queen was just standing there looking at me, I walked out of the cottage and onto the little pier that jutted into the lake.

I sat down on the end of the pier and watched the sun go into the trees about a mile away on the other shore. After a while, Queenie walked out on the pier and sat down beside me.

"It's nice here, isn't it?" Her voice sounded like the D string again.

"Yeah."

"Let's go out on the lake."

I said all right and so we got into a long

green canoe and paddled out. As soon as the sun was gone the moon was out.

"I'm an awful sucker for the moon," she said, staring up at it.

I went on paddling. I wanted to tell her that for me this night was never going to be topped, that from here on everything was downhill.

"What do you do, Jess?" she asked, not looking away from the sky.

I told her. "What do you do?" I asked.

"I'm a show girl in the Wild Oats Club. Sometimes I sing."

"I'm really a veterinary by profession," I explained.

She pointed up. "Falling star!" she said. "I'd like to be a star."

"You have to fall a hell of a way to burn out."

"That's okay." Suddenly she sat up. "Let me paddle," she said.

SHE started to get up. I started to take her place. That's the way it is with canoes. You snap your fingers and you're under water. All my life I've sneered at guys doing a switch in canoes and getting a ducking or a grappling hook—but there I was with my hair in my eyes, treading water and looking for Queenie.

I saw her head pop up and one long white arm reaching for me! The next second I felt like I was being necked by a boa constrictor. She couldn't swim an inch and she was a hundred and ten pounds of panic. It was just that second, seeing her in that awful trouble, just before I knocked her cold, that I knew I was in love with her for keeps. I thought about it towing her in. I guess I didn't look like any pygmy swimming a half mile with one arm and my shoes on and carrying a hundred and ten pounds.

About a hundred yards from shore I saw Rock and some people standing on the pier. I started waving as though I wasn't going to make it. Rock tore off his coat and dove in like an anchor. I saw him fight his way out about twenty yards and then turn and head back in. He just barely made the pier again, and he was still gasping when I shoved Queenie up into a cluster of waiting hands.

A mob had moved in. By the time I changed clothes the kitchen sink was a bar. The radio was going and Puddles McGaughy was doing a jitterbug solo all over the front room. Rock took me into the kitchen and poured half a glass of brandy into me without stopping. I was tight before I could wipe my mouth.

"The next time take the flat bottom," Rock said. "That canoe is just a front."

Queenie came in. Rock handed her a brandy and walked away with a grin. I looked at her and it was like we were the only two people in the house. Finally I said, "Let's get out of here," and she nodded.

We walked along the lake front and all the way I talked. I guess I told her everything, even about the old woman, even about my uncle, Jake, who was healed up from a concussion okay but wouldn't leave the bughouse because he liked the people in there better.

We walked down to the park and I threw balls at the dummy milk bottles until I got a sore arm. Finally I won a kewpie doll and gave it to her. We went back and sat on the end of the pier. I told her about the six grand and how I was quitting the poolroom.

"I'd like to quit that night club," she said simply. That's what gave me the nerve to say it.

"Queenie," I said, "I want to marry you. I knew it when you walked in Rock's kitchen door. But I'll be damned if I know how to go about it."

She looked at me and then put her hand on my hand. "It's easy," she said softly, "all we have to do is buy a license."

You could have flattened me with a broomstraw. I couldn't talk. I kissed her, and then I did a dance up and down the pier. That brought my voice back. "If it wasn't so late," I said, "we could get married tonight."

She smiled in the moonlight. "We'll tell Rock," she said. "Rock can fix anything."

We went right in and told him. He slapped my back and announced it to the whole party. They went crazy. Queenie stood by the piano and sang I'll Always Be Lucky with You, and all the while she was looking at me.

AT MIDNIGHT Rock had the license. A half-hour later he had a Methodist preacher and at one o'clock Queenie and I were sitting out on the pier again, married to each other, while the crowd raised hell inside. We watched until they'd all gone, and that was a long time, before we went back in.

When I woke up in the morning I could hardly believe it was true. But Queenie was sleeping beside me and the six grand was under the mattress. As soon as I felt the money I knew what I was going to do. I was going into town and buy her the biggest wedding ring I could find before she got up.

I dressed as quick and quiet as I could, sneaked out of the house and highballed the jallopy toward town. I knew what I was going to do after I got the ring. I was going to rent a cottage on the lake and have a honeymoon with Queenie. All I needed to make the world perfect was the old woman, and if I'd been one inch smarter I'd have remembered how she always said that feeling lucky kept more men poor than oil stocks.

But I didn't remember. I walked into Tobias' jewelry store and said, "Let me have a gander at the wedding rings."

It was young Tobias. He went back after a platter of rings. When he came back from the safe he said, "Here they are, sir," giving me a funny look.

Then the door opened and two men walked in. One was a punk I didn't know and the other was Louis Vincenzo.

"Hi, Louis," I said.

He didn't answer. His hand came away from his shoulder and Tobias was staring down into a .38.

"Okay," Louis said, "this is a stick-up. Hand over the cash and keep shut."

TOBIAS didn't bat an eye. He turned calmly toward the cash register. Louis shoveled the rings into his pocket. The other punk followed close behind Tobias. Maybe the little jeweler was crazy, but he was game. Maybe he just loved the dough. Anyway, he whirled around on the punk and drove a little white fist into his jaw. Then he made a dive for the back room. Louis spun around the counter like a cat. The .38 cracked down on Tobias' skull and the little guy slid through the doorway on his knees before he flattened out.

Louis jerked the money out of the cash drawer and came back around the counter. The punk was on his feet again. "I'll kill that louse," he said.

"Shut up," Louis said. He faced me, the .38 waving in front of him. "Okay, chump," he said, "let's move!"

"Like hell," I said. "I'm staying here."

He drove the barrel hard into my ribs. "Make up your mind," he said.

He wasn't kidding. He was too yellow and nervous. I turned and walked out. The motor was still running in their car.

(Continued on page 67)

Queenie stood by the piano and sang I'll Always Be Lucky with You, and all the while she was looking at me

Clyde Jeffrey, right foreground, takes the baton from teammate Stan Hiserman in the Stanford-U.C.L.A. meet at Los Angeles

ACME

Fleetest Little Fella

By Charley Paddock

Not so little, at that, but fleet enough to be our best Olympic bet. Clyde Jeffrey is gathering up titles with his astonishing speed

THE spring of 1938 in the annual Compton Relay Championships, held just outside of Los Angeles, was the first time I had ever seen the boy who should be the next Olympic sprinting champion. He was not the main attraction of the meet. The best-known star was Don Lash, named as the outstanding athlete and sportsman of that year. He was matched against Louis Zamperini, sensational distance runner of Southern California University.

The real news, however, came when Zamperini did not appear. It is believed now that he did not choose to run because he felt this night race might injure his chances for success in later and more important meets. He had not sent in an entry blank and he'd told his coach and the promoter that he would not appear, but they didn't take him seriously and continued to ballyhoo the event. The public, which had turned out in great numbers, as well as the sports writers, were kept in the dark and all present felt themselves cheated when the race was run without Zamperini.

Contradictory stories were told by the promoter and Zamperini. The whole affair was unusual, but there was one other incident, even more difficult to understand. This was the complete indifference of Dean Cromwell.

I knew my old track coach, the Dean, too well to think for one moment that he was either concealing any information or was being stubborn in the matter. I took a seat beside him. We did not engage in any further conversation for some time. As we sat there, I realized that he was not thinking about Zamperini. He was watching one athlete on the field, a broad-shouldered, powerfully built youngster with tremendous legs.

At last, I understood what was passing through Cromwell's mind. He was looking at another sprinter in the making! He was envisioning what that power, supported by those legs, might accomplish! I had seen that look in Cromwell's eyes before.

All the distance runners in the world rolled into one could not have inspired the desire that shone in his face. Jumpers and hurdlers and vaulters and weightmen Dean Cromwell had produced by dozens; but great sprinters had always been and always will be his first love. Cromwell, as a teammate, had worked with and trained Charlie Parsons, national 100-yard champion more than thirty years before. Later, Cromwell had coached such famous sprinters as Waldo Throop, Howard Drew, Fred Kelly, Charlie Borah, Frank Wykoff, and Adrian Talley, as well as putting in long, tedious hours trying to help me.

"You're thinking about Jeffrey?" I questioned. Dean nodded. A few minutes before Zamperini's absence had been noted, Adrian Talley of U. S. C., the fastest 1938 college hundred-yard man, had found himself a good ten feet ahead of this same Jeffrey of Riverside (California) Junior College with less than ten yards to go. At the tape, it was a tossup as to which man won. Gaining that much ground in so short a distance on a runner like Talley was little short of miraculous. A few minutes later this powerful youngster came back to run the fastest 220 yards turned in by any sprinter in the world in the 1938 season. He was clocked in 20.5 seconds, and a few weeks later Jeffrey captured the National Junior 100-meter championship at Buffalo, though he was far from top form.

All the leading coaches present at the Amateur Athletic Union Championships, including Dean Cromwell, told Clyde Jeffrey that he should not accept an invitation to tour Europe because he was "run out" for the season—that is, all the coaches except Dink Templeton of Stanford, who advised "Jeff" to go abroad. "What you need is work," said Dink. "Make the trip and run yourself back into condition."

Clyde followed that advice and added foreign title after foreign title to his sprinting fame. That timely suggestion by Templeton decided Jeffrey upon entering Stanford. It almost broke Dean Cromwell's heart. He saw in this strapping boy another great sprinter capable of breaking all the existing standard records for short-distance running.

Jeff himself did not appreciate how that blinding burst of speed against Talley was affecting Cromwell, nor did he realize its importance toward his future sprinting career.

How Jeff Found Himself

At the age of nineteen, and with only a few high-school and junior-college victories behind him, he went out to face the great Adrian Talley with his heart in his mouth and with lead in his feet. He did not warm up properly that cold night. His starting holes had not been properly dug. He could feel that the bank of the back hole was giving way, but he hesitated to draw the attention of the starter to the fact and thus hold up the race.

So Jeff kept quiet and came to the "set" position with the full realization that his back starting hole was breaking down. It pushed out completely when he drove hard against it with the gun. Instead of coming out smoothly, the big boy stumbled, and in trying to regain his form lost all semblance of a "pickup" and saw the entire field sweep ahead of him.

It was not until then that Clyde pulled himself together. He forgot about the others, even about Talley. Soon he was in full stride and gaining ground on his rivals with magical speed. He passed all but Talley and then with the tape close at hand he made one last desperate, driving charge into the string, catching it with his chest as Talley took it with his shoulder. It was anybody's race. The judges huddled together for several minutes before making their decision. Finally, Talley was announced as the winner.

The latter had already decided, win, lose or draw, that he was through for the evening. Adrian Talley ran to the showers, hugging himself delightedly over the outcome, and he spent the rest of the night telling his teammates how glad he was that he did not have to meet

(Continued on page 43)

"It's an INTERNATIONAL!"
FUEL OIL
ROGERS OIL CO.
INTERNATIONAL
INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

In the Triple-Diamond Emblem is *the Greatest Name in Trucks*

INTERNATIONAL

Thirty-three years ago a bold name appeared on a pioneer truck. It was the first INTERNATIONAL, named for International Harvester. The name was mainly *pledge* and *promise* then. Now it is the greatest name in trucks. Wherever loads are hauled today, in the remote corners of the world or just around the corner from you, truck men are proud to say, "It's an International!"

A third of a century of "fixed idea" has brought this about—33 years of Harvester determination to provide truck transportation at the lowest possible cost for any man with loads to haul.

International's 242 Company-owned branches with their factory-service facilities, and the thousands of service-trained dealers, have played a vital part in the International Truck reputation of today. *Truck quality—service readiness.* These make International *performance* and *economy,* and that's the substance of truck ownership.

Performance and economy—in a handsome package. Note the *beauty* of the heavy-duty unit shown below. International Harvester sells more heavy-duty trucks (2-ton and up) than *any other three manufacturers combined.* You can see that users like to say, "It's an International!"

Fit Internationals to *your* hauling problems. Sizes range from ½-ton all the way to powerful 6-wheelers. See any dealer or branch.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

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HUDSON

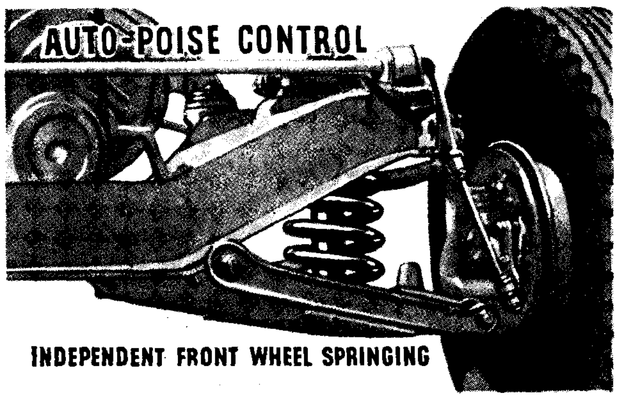
Announces a New Low Cost for

THREE NEW HUDSONS FOR 1940, INCLUDING A NEW KIND OF LOW PRICE

Hudson Prices Start in the Lowest Price Field! Brilliant Engineering Gives Even Greater Economy of Gas and
Dependability and Low Upkeep Cost to Which Hudson Owners Everywhere Testify! Big, Roomy Cars . . . w
Ease New to the Highway . . . Improved Airfoam Seat Cushions in Luxurious New Interi

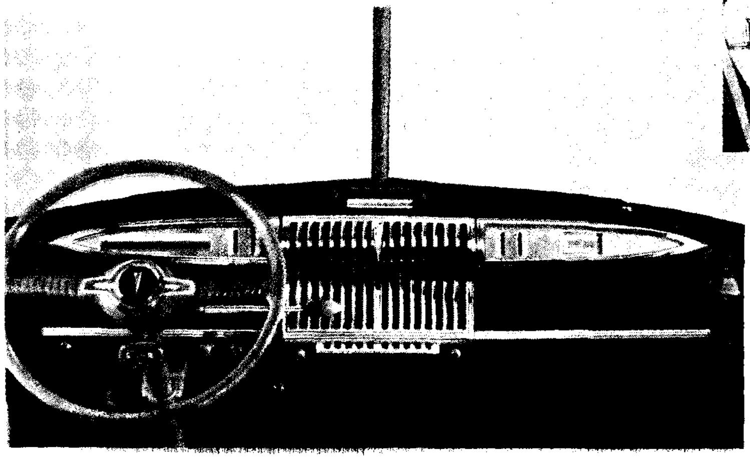
AMERICA'S SAFEST CARS are now AMERICA'S SMARTEST

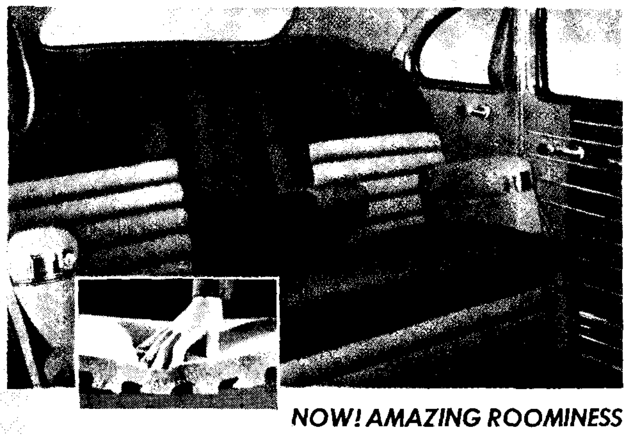
The brilliant new style motif of the new Hudson Super-Six, shown above, is carried out with some variations in every 1940 Hudson. All



NOW! THE SMOOTHEST RIDE OF YOUR LIFE! In every 1940 Hudson, you're pillowed by the finest independent front wheel suspension of the type used only on very costly cars . . . with positive wheel control provided for the first time by Hudson's Patented Auto-Poise Control. Five-foot leaf springs, with a sturdy new lateral stabilizer, cushion the rear. Airplane type shock absorbers are standard. So is Center Point Steering . . . most accurately designed system known. Sweetest handling, easiest riding car you ever drove!

NOW! NEW SAFETY VISION...NEW RICHNESS AND BEAUTY! One of those ideas so simple and practical that nobody ever thought of it before is this new Hudson windshield design, shown below. Clear vision safety glass runs right down to the top of the hood . . . no projecting mouldings to block your view. You see farther up and down, as well as having side-to-side vision already wider than in any other car. And every 1940 Hudson has an instrument panel of similar design to the beauty pictured below.



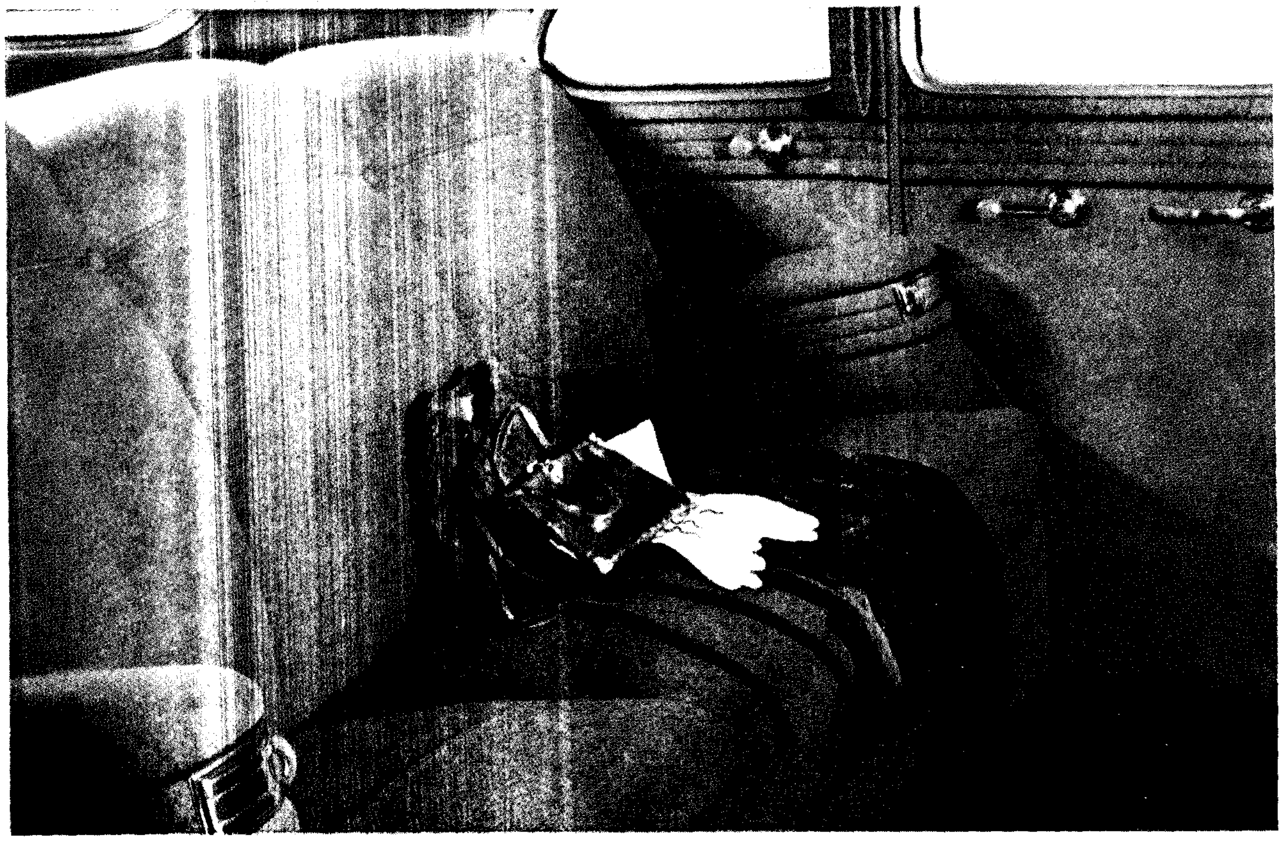


NOW! AMAZING ROOMINESS . . . UNMATCHED COMFORT! It was Hudson that startled the automobile world with the first full-width three-passenger seats, along with ample legroom and headroom and a new way to carry big luggage loads. Hudson led again by introducing the sensational new comfort of Airfoam. For 1940 you'll find outstanding roominess throughout all Hudsons. *Improved* Airfoam Seat Cushions are available at small extra cost in Hudson Six models; standard in all others

Luxury

TRAIGHT EIGHT!

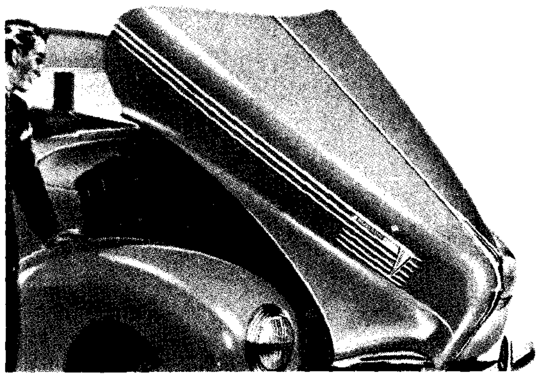
, with Outstanding
ding and Handling



Above: Luxury you've never seen before in any low priced car! This is the interior of the new Hudson Eight and Hudson Super-Six . . . typical of what you'll find in every 1940 Hudson.

had with or without running boards . . . at no extra cost.

IOW! ANOTHER STEP AHEAD IN HOOD DESIGN!
ere's Hudson's Dash-Locking Safety Hood for 1940 hown below). It's hinged at the front; if left unlatched, ind can't blow it up . . . added *safety.* It locks or unlocks om a lever near the steering wheel, *inside* the car . . . otection for engine parts against tampering or theft. 's hinged at the level of the louvres, so the entire front one piece, unmarred by seams or openings. That's lded *beauty.* And the wide opening gives extra easy cess to the engine. That's added *convenience.*



❶ WONDER CAR OF THE LOWEST PRICE FIELD

New HUDSON Six (92 h.p.)

It's priced right down at rock-bottom . . . but it looks, rides and drives like twice the money.

It makes heads turn to see more of its beauty. Its doors welcome you to more roominess . . . more genuine luxury . . . than so low a price ever bought before.

It has the power to laugh at hills and eat up distance; yet every mile is a smoother mile because your ride is cushioned by the finest independent front wheel springing, used up to now only in very high priced cars.

And the crowning wonder of this new Wonder Car is that you'll find it one of the most economical of all cars . . . in gas, in oil, in every way.

❷ For the First Time . . . This New Kind of LOW PRICED STRAIGHT EIGHT

New HUDSON Eight (128 h.p.)

and New HUDSON Super-Six (102 h.p.), both with dual carburetion

No car was ever so eagerly *alive* as this wholly new Eight! *More than one horsepower for every inch of wheelbase!* Its price? One of the lowest ever asked for a Straight Eight! It is natural that Hudson, first to smooth out engine vibration with the counter-balanced crankshaft, and first to apply the principle of high ratio of power to weight, should be first to combine these two great advancements for a new high in 8-cylinder performance, yet with economy equally remarkable. *Inside* this new Eight (or its twin, the new Hudson Super-Six) . . . the luxury pictured above, with the added comfort of Airfoam!

❸ LUXURY SENSATION OF THE YEAR

New HUDSON Country Club Six and Eight Sedans, both with dual carburetion

Here, for the first time in a popular priced motor car, are interiors of true *custom* luxury . . . with the smartness of tailoring, the richness of fabrics, the completeness of appointments, that you have associated only with cars made to individual order.

The new Hudson Country Club Sedan (Six or Eight) is long of wheelbase, with unusually wide doors and generous entrance space, many extra inches of body length, aristocratic of line and design. Wide, divan-type seats, new to the automobile, with cushions of Airfoam, are richly upholstered in two tones of a special weave of famous Hockanum Woolen.

Here is the kind of car everyone hopes, some day, to own . . . a car so strikingly beautiful, so big and roomy, so smooth and powerful, that there's nothing left to wish for. And you can easily own it now . . . for its cost is no greater than that of the ordinary "moderately priced" car!

TO GIVE YOU here more than a glimpse at a few of the features of these new Hudsons, and more than a hint of the tremendous amount of automobile they give you for the money, is impossible.

It is impossible, too, to do more than name a few of the other things for which Hudson cars are noted: The unmatched *safety* of Hudson's patented Double-Safe Hydraulics, for example . . . the only hydraulics with a mechanical reserve system operating automatically from the same foot pedal.

The *economy,* proved again and again by owners and in special tests . . . now further improved by brilliant engine refinements for 1940. The *dependability* and low upkeep cost that bring so great a number of Hudson owners back, after years of satisfaction, to buy another Hudson. The *long life* and *high resale value* that make a Hudson an unusually sound financial investment.

Summed up in the words of one owner: "*Once you drive a Hudson, no other car will do.*" Before you buy any other car, see all that Hudson offers *YOU* for 1940.

Prices Are Unusually Low—For Top Values in Every Popular Price Class, Starting With the Lowest. Ask Your Nearest Hudson Dealer

FOR 1940—HUDSON HAS WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR!

New Independent Front Wheel Springing and ***New*** Center Point Steering, combined with Patented Auto-Poise Control . . . ***Improved*** Airfoam Seat Cushions . . . ***Improved*** Dash-Locking Safety Hood . . . ***New*** Deeper-Vision Windshield . . . Patented Double-Safe Hydraulic Brakes. All these are pictured and described elsewhere. In addition, *every* 1940 Hudson offers:

Improved Handy Shift at steering wheel standard. May be combined (at small cost) with Hudson's Fluid-Cushioned *Automatic Clutch* (non-free wheeling)—*so you need never touch the clutch pedal.*

New Overdrive for added economy . . . optional at extra cost.

New Armored X-Type frame for super-strength.

Improved Carburetion for finer performance with greater economy.

New Sealed Beam Head Lamps, with beam indicator on dash. Parking lamps mounted on sides of hood.

New Front and Rear Directional Signal Lights standard in Country Club models, available in all.

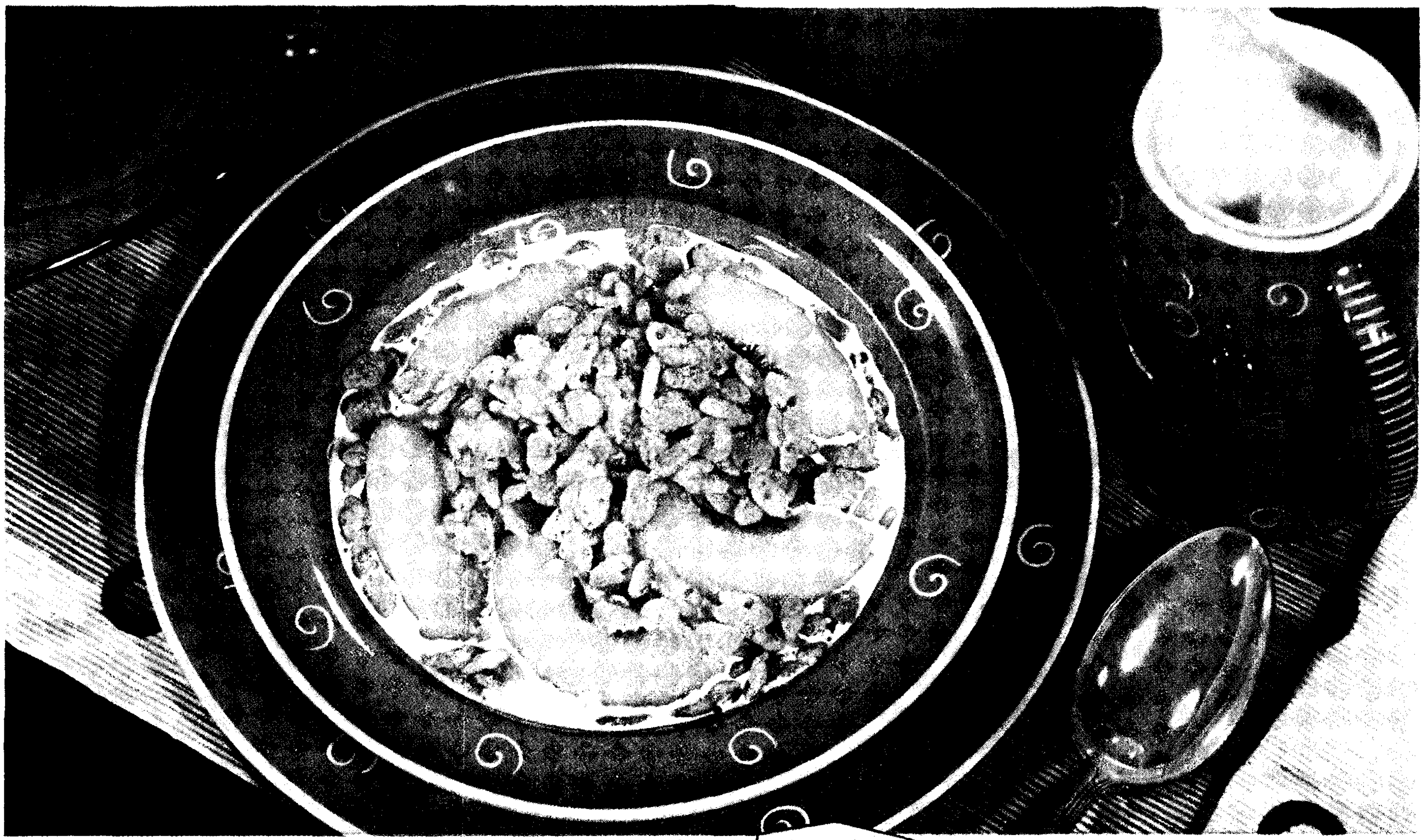
New One-Piece, Wider-Vision Rear Window, curved to body contour, in sedans.

New Cushion-Action Door Latches.

Improved Weather-Master Fresh Air and Heat Control for year round interior body comfort . . . optional extra.

All models with or without running boards . . . at no extra cost.

...EVERY TEMPTING SPOONFUL *Crunchy-Crisp!*



Delicious with fresh, frozen, or canned fruits

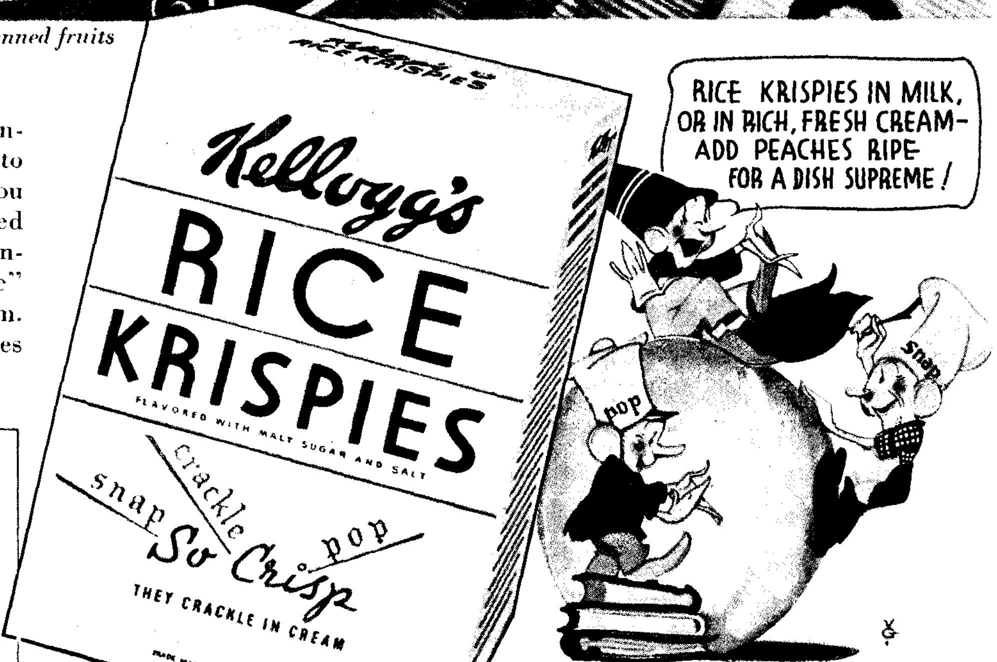
IMAGINE SERVING a breakfast cereal that is unlike anything the family has known before! Something so lastingly crunchy-crisp, so tantalizing on the tongue, so wonderfully delicate . . .

But why imagine? You *can* serve such a cereal tomorrow morning and have the whole household cheering you to the skies. Just say "Kellogg's Rice Krispies" to your grocer.

Rice Krispies are born to be different . . . and crisp as their name. They're individual grains of rice "oven-popped," by a Kellogg patented process. Then toasted to bring out the unique richness of flavor.

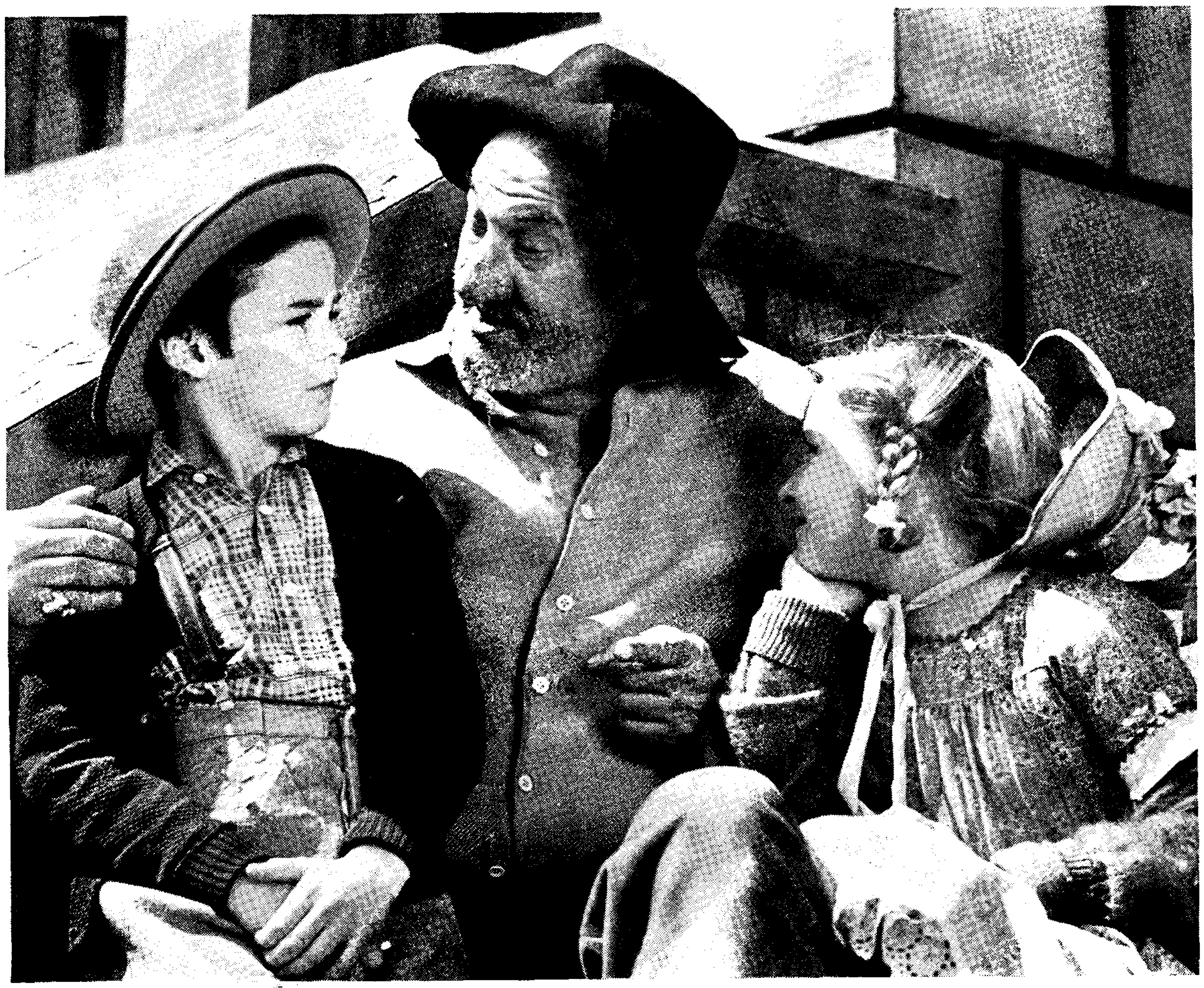
In milk or cream, they stay afloat and prove their sensational crispness with a snap! crackle! pop! that never fails to win the youngsters. Only premium quality, American-grown "Blue Rose" rice goes into Rice Krispies. They come to you with their crisp freshness protected by Kellogg's new and exclusive inner-wrap, completely "Waxtite" heat-sealed at both top and bottom. "Discover" Kellogg's Rice Krispies for your family—today!

"OVEN-POPPED" BY KELLOGG'S PATENTED PROCESS! Rice Krispies are absolutely unique in form. They'll float for hours in milk or cream. Product and process are protected by United States Letters PATENT NOS. 1,925,267; 1,832,813


Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES
Kellogg's
RICE KRISPIES
FLAVORED WITH MALT SUGAR AND SALT
snap crackle pop
So Crisp
THEY CRACKLE IN CREAM
TRADE MARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
RICE KRISPIES IN MILK, OR IN RICH, FRESH CREAM—ADD PEACHES RIPE FOR A DISH SUPREME!
Snap
pop

Copr. 1939 by Kellogg Company

Sensational offer! *Large, colorful nursery-rhyme pictures by Vernon Grant, artist who created the characters "Snap!" "Crackle!" and "Pop!" see back of Rice Krispies package*



Bob Milasch, as an extra in Young Mr. Lincoln, between scenes with two of the juvenile cast

Extra! Extra!

By Frank Condon

When Bob Milasch was offered a job as a movie actor, he said he had a job—as an extra! He has been an extra for forty years, and how he hates it!

ALL over the United States, everywhere you roam, thousands of eager-eyed young men and women are looking at the future and many of them are saying: "I wish I could get a job in the movies." Let these listen to Robert Milasch. He says:

"Don't try. Stay out. Do anything else. Stay away and take up other work. If you want to be an actor, forget it."

And he ought to know. Nothing should be concealed from Robert Milasch, who today lives in Hollywood on North Seranno with his wife, Virginia. They occupy a bungalow on a side street. They are cheerful, healthy people, but they are a little shy on dough, like you and me and that man on the corner. They are both extra people in the movies.

Robert ought to know because he is working as an extra man and he was working as an extra man in the year 1898. Think that over. He has never been anything but an extra man, and if that doesn't make him champion, I will eat the hat he wore on his first job.

"Why do you give young persons this bitter advice?" I asked, sitting with him in his bungalow and watching his wife, Virginia, while she worried a beef stew on the kitchen stove.

"Too many headaches," he said cheerfully. "Too much politics. Too many days when you sit around, like this, waiting for that telephone to ring. Boy, how you can get to hate the sight of a telephone. It might be a studio ringing and you take off the thing and it's the finance company. Nuts."

"I agree with him," put in Virginia, who is much younger than Bob and a mere neophyte in the extra business. "Name me another business where you sit around all day waiting for the phone to ring."

"Bookmakers," I said.

"Bookmakers make dough," Robert remarked. "I get $8.25 a day. That's the bottom price. Now ask me how many days I work and how much it adds up."

Well, we went into that in detail and discovered that in 1898 Extra Robert was earning $35 a week on a steady salary, check every Saturday, and that's $1,820 a year. And after plugging for forty-one years on the same job, he isn't doing as well now as he was then. That's why he says to stay out of the business.

In the last four years, Robert has earned enough to pay his bills, keep the pot boiling, keep the little bungalow over their heads, but not enough to indulge in any caviar fries or two weeks in Honolulu. That $35 he received when he began doing extra work is not the $35 we know today.

"I figure," he said, "that I'd have to make about two hundred a week to be even with that thirty-five."

That seemed a little high to me, so we argued and he said everything was cheaper then, rents were down, butchers gave liver away, a dime bought enough potatoes for anybody and, besides, he wasn't married. In the same studio, others were on salary, hauling down not much more than Bob Milasch. One man drew $70. That was D. W. Griffith, the first of all directors. The ones who had $60 a week were Mary Pickford, Jack Pickford, Henry B. Walthall and Harry Carey. They all went on with their affairs, but Robert remained an extra.

Bob is now a tall, cheery man with a deeply lined face, a wide grin and no particular fear of the future. He doesn't depend on the Central Casting Bureau, but is always glad to hear from them. He earns less than two thousand a year, is never sick and believes things are bound to pick up soon.

He began his extra career with the Gaumont Film Company in Flushing, Long Island, in that year of 1898, and if you think that doesn't reach back into the misty past, he went to work on August tenth and that was three days before Admiral Dewey captured the city of Manila and the fickle affection of a nation. He did chores for Gaumont until 1900, when he moved over to Edison films and finally to the Biograph Company, where he connected up with the steady salary, had a lot of fun and almost killed himself four times. Studios

You can't look
UP ON YOUR TOES
when your shoes are
RUN DOWN AT THE HEELS

IF some men could walk back of themselves for half a block they'd soon see how shabby and careless run-down, lopsided heels make them look.

Not only that, hard uneven heels are mighty uncomfortable to walk on!

Men who take their appearance and comfort seriously safeguard both with Wingfoot Heels.

These handsome Goodyear heels are made of *tough*, shock-absorbing rubber—so resilient that they wear down *evenly*—keeping shoes and feet straight, neat-looking, comfortable.

Try one pair of Wingfoot Heels—and you'll want them on all your shoes. Any good shoe repairman can attach Wingfoot Heels in just a few minutes.

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER
GOODYEAR

Wingfoot, Tawps — T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

WINGFOOT HEELS

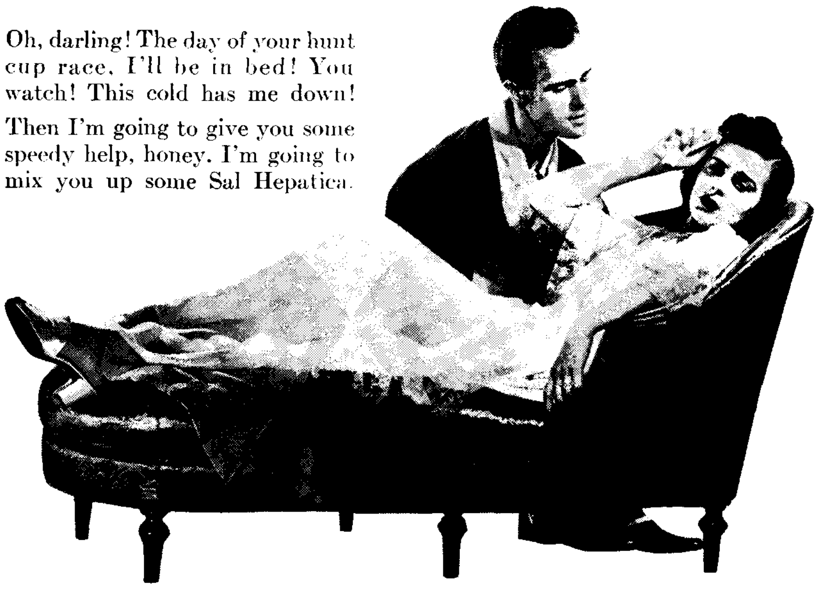
KEEP SHOES AND FEET STRAIGHT

WOMEN! Do you want heels or lifts that wear at least *twice* as long as ordinary leather ones? Then ask your shoe repairman for TAWPS, made by Goodyear—the new trim, non-fraying, cushioned-leather lifts for high-heeled shoes!

Knock a COLD faster with Sal Hepatica

MRS.: Oh, darling! The day of your hunt cup race. I'll be in bed! You watch! This cold has me down!

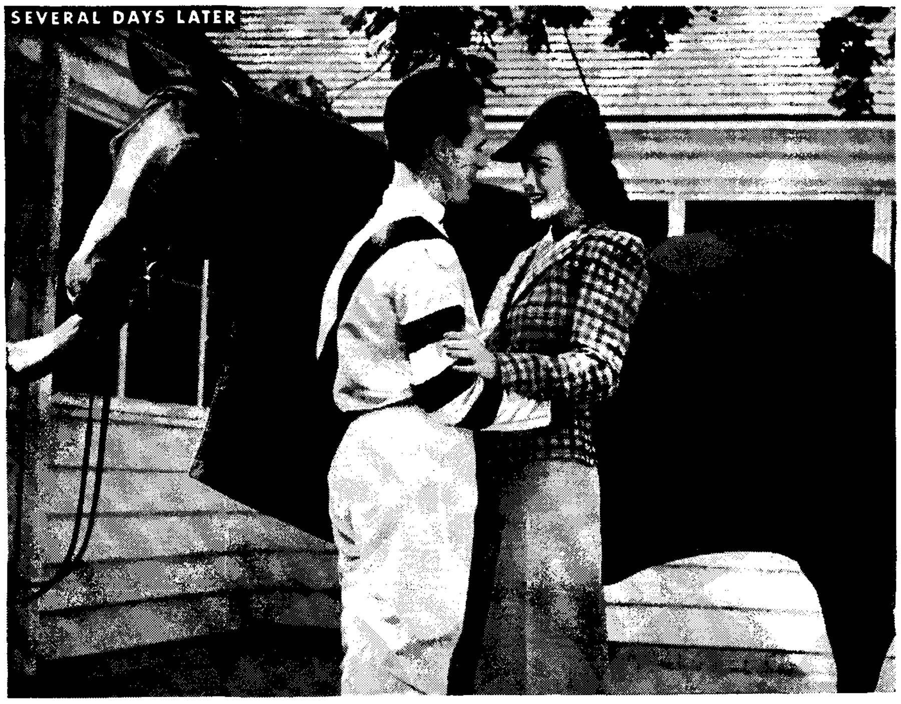
MR.: Then I'm going to give you some speedy help, honey. I'm going to mix you up some Sal Hepatica.



MRS.: Speedy? You mean . . . it helps fast?

MR.: Yes, Sal Hepatica helps fast—two ways. First, it's quick yet gentle in its laxative action—and speed is important in fighting a cold. In addition, it helps Nature counteract the acidity that usually accompanies a cold.

SEVERAL DAYS LATER



MR.: Honey, no wonder we won. With you flashing that smile at us, Coral Strand and I just *had* to win!

MRS.: Well, I'd probably still have been home nursing a cold, if it hadn't been for you and your glass of sparkling Sal Hepatica. From now on, my motto is "To lose a cold quicker, take Sal Hepatica."

SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle at your druggist's today

TUNE IN! Fred Allen in "TOWN HALL TONIGHT"—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E.S.T.

then didn't know about hiring extras by the hour, so they hired them by the week.

When they made the first feature picture, he was in it. It was that treasured and lavender-scented relic, The Great Train Robbery, and Bob was the railroad switchman. About that time, smart people began to see that the movies had come to stay.

Robert was born back in rural Tennessee, eighteen miles from Knoxville, and as a boy he practiced gymnastics and muscle-twisting behind his father's barn. A circus came along, and in looking them over, he gave voice to the opinion that the gymnasts weren't so hot. One of the circus hands asked him if he could do contortion work himself and he replied that contortion was a new one on him, but if they meant twisting, then he could outtwist any son of an acrobat there present. He joined the circus, became its leading contortionist and to this very instant he can get his foot up behind his ear in the most alarming manner and never crack a femur.

The circus came upon the usual evil times and folded in New York State, where Robert happened to hear about a new thing called movies, whereat he began his career in Flushing.

Always the Train Race

He did things as an extra that would cause plenty of eyebrow-lifting among the pampered darlings of today, for then an extra was his own stunt man and if something unusual had to be pulled off he did it and at no raise in salary.

Working extra in the first Broadway Bill—there have been four Broadway Bills across the years—Robert was called upon to race a train, an almost daily occurrence in the films of the time.

Consequently, trains sneaked into picture after picture and some daring soul was forever racing the locomotive to the crossing. Milasch raced his first train in an 1898-model touring car, the motor of which sometimes faltered, so he got to the crossing all right and had practically all of his car clear of the onrushing engine except the back end. He was tossed into a wheatfield, combed out of the wreckage and the company paid his hospital bill in full.

Milasch is a striking figure, standing six feet six and a half inches, weighing 245 pounds, and is as healthy as so much ocean cable. They wanted him to take up boxing and he's glad he resisted.

He was working in The Prodigal Judge in New York City, when another concern started on *its* picture and the director encountered Milasch, looked him over thoughtfully and, needing a sizable man, offered him a part—and a real part. Robert was sorry.

"Can't do it," he said ruefully. "I got a job, but I think I can get you a man."

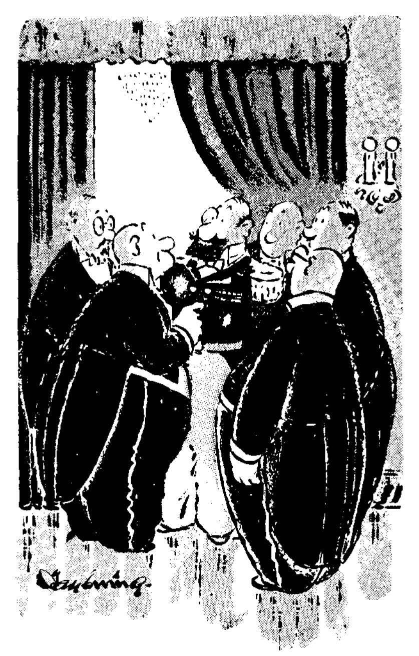
He did. He went over to Brooklyn, where a friend of his played the piano in a movie theater, told him about the director and urged him to take a crack at the part. The musician stepped in and made good in the picture, which was Tol'able David, the director being Henry King and the piano player Ernest Torrence.

That chance gesture boosted Torrence into the light, for the picture rang the bell hard and Torrence continued to climb until his pay check reached those dizzy figures you may have seen lately in the papers. The two men resembled each other to a startling degree, but Robert went along being an extra. He knows now that an extra man stands small chance of rising to stardom and grand pay.

Mr. Milasch has labored in some 600 motion pictures—take a couple off or add a couple. His longest job lasted three months. His shortest, three minutes. The most he ever earned in one mortal day was two hundred bucks. He doesn't drink because drinking is bad for a man's soul and, besides, whisky is pretty expensive.

He has had his share of excitement and casual disaster, but is whole today. Once he was in a situation that looked like a feud. They were making The Cub, with Johnnie Hines playing the lead, and they needed some good, rough mountain country, so the company left New York and headed for Bluefield, West Virginia, where there was a jag of tall, rugged mountains. It was the country where the Hatfields and McCoys used to pop at each other and one of the Hatfields assured the director that everything was serene.

Unleashing cameras and equipment, the company set forth into the leafy stillness of the Deep South, where presently they came to a dusty road and there they paused at the request of a tall mountaineer, who came from behind a tree, with his rifle. There followed a brief colloquy, the mountain man asking them who they were and whither bound and they told him they were just movie people, aiming to shoot a few scenes up in the hills. He asked with what. Cameras. He didn't know what a camera was and didn't care, and about there he made a mark in the dust with his rifle butt.



"By Jove! You're the very man I want to see, Admiral! I've been having a little trouble with my outboard motor lately . . ."

JAY IRVING

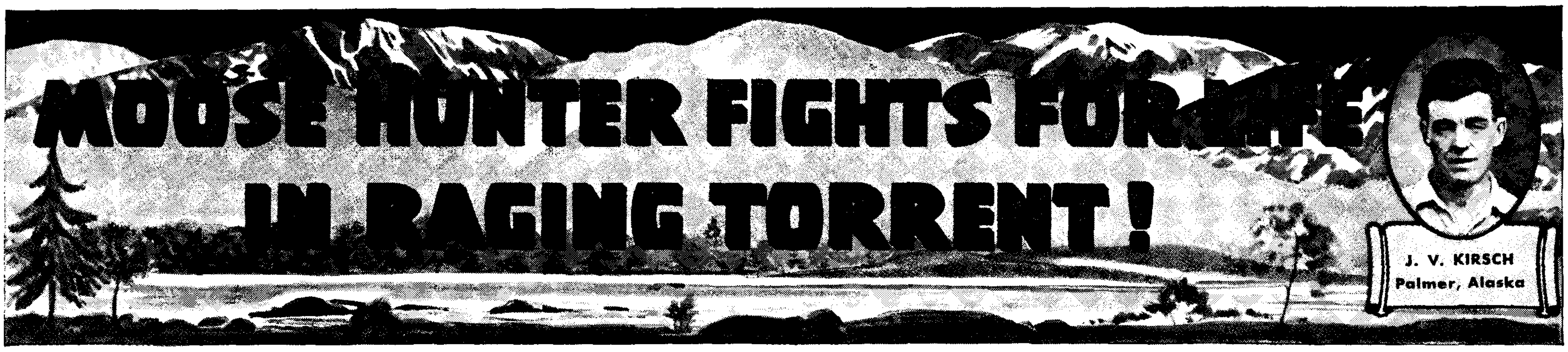
"You stay on that side of the line and shoot your cameras over there anywhere, and I'll stay on this side and we'll all be healthy."

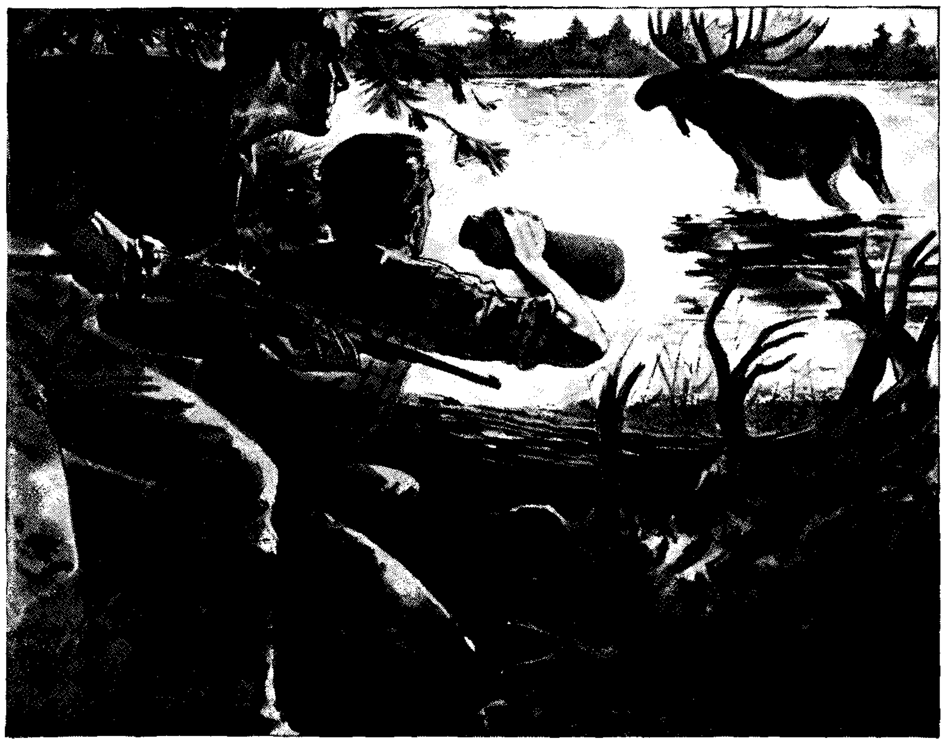
That's the way it ended. The Cub company returned immediately to New York and the picture was made at Bear Mountain, where Milasch fell through the ice and was dragged back to the ozone one minute ahead of the bell.

Next closest call was with Dick Stanton, where he had to stand on the deck of a submarine, along with three Negro boys. For reasons unknown, the submarine submerged, which was not in the script, and, as Milasch could swim, he is in that bungalow today. The three Negro boys had bad luck. Milasch has fallen into trees from buildings and out of running cars, off trains, in front of horses and wherever a man can fall spectacularly—all on an extra man's pay.

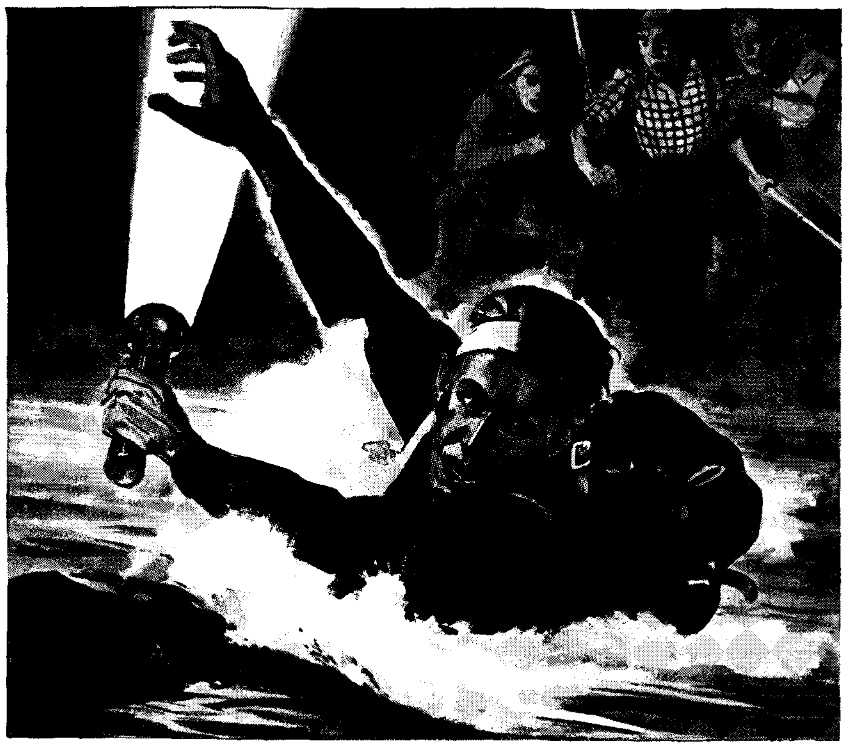
As recorded, his best day was two hundred dollars. The extra minimum used to be $5 a day, then $7.50 and now it's $8.25.

There are certain ways to monkey

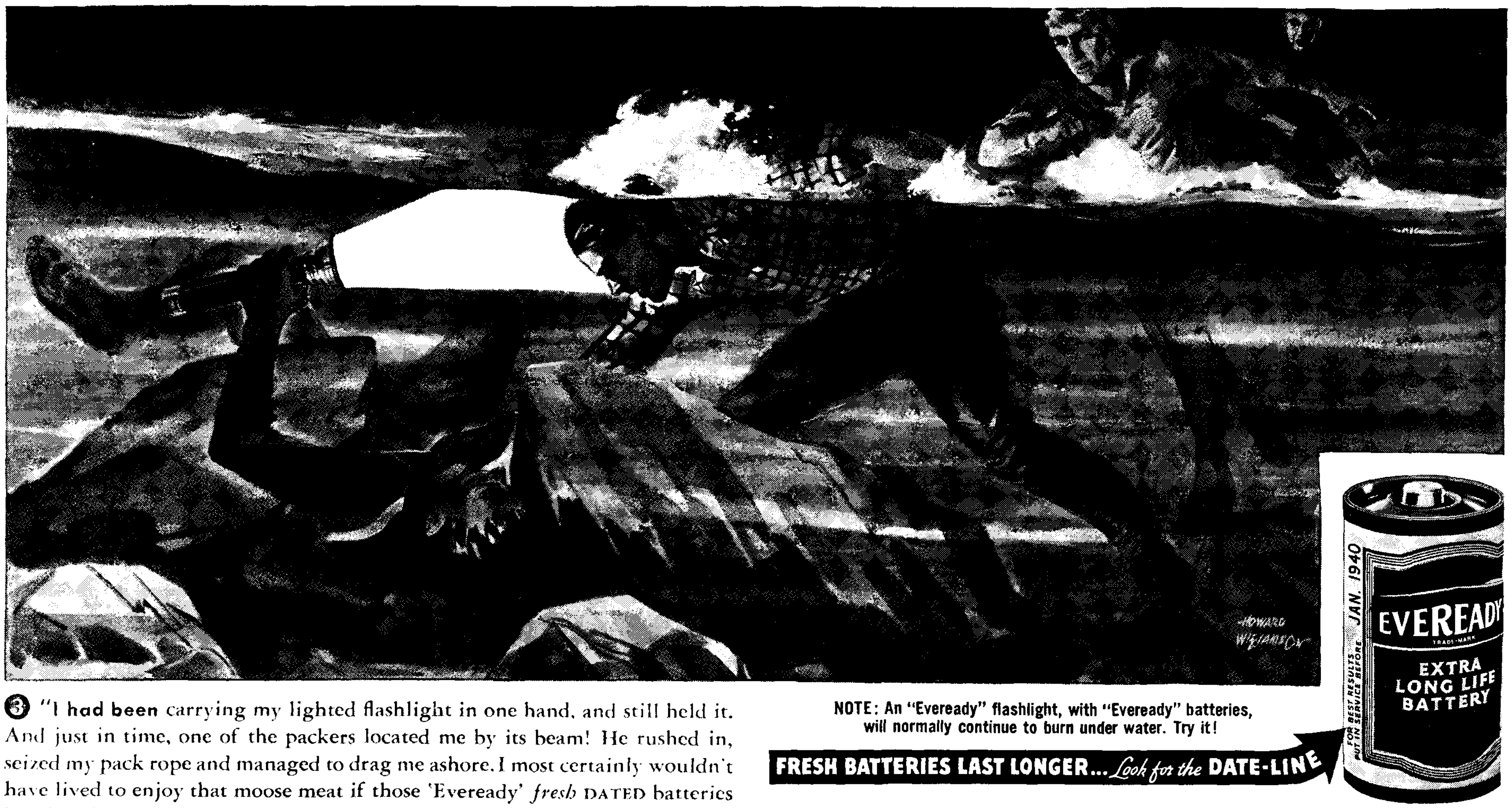

MOOSE HUNTER FIGHTS FOR LIFE IN RAGING TORRENT!
J. V. KIRSCH
Palmer, Alaska



❶ "**I bagged** a giant moose, the dressed meat weighing 982 pounds," writes Mr. Kirsch. "Starting back to camp at dusk, we foolishly decided to ford Willow Creek, a very fast mountain stream. We figured the 150-pound packs of moose meat would keep our feet on the bottom.



❷ "**We were wrong!** When the water reached my chest, I was swept from my feet and trapped beneath the foaming mountain torrent! Wedged against a rock, and held down by the current and my heavy load, I couldn't budge! I thought I was done for!


JAN. 1940
FOR BEST RESULTS PUT IN SERVICE BEFORE
EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY

❸ "**I had been** carrying my lighted flashlight in one hand, and still held it. And just in time, one of the packers located me by its beam! He rushed in, seized my pack rope and managed to drag me ashore. I most certainly wouldn't have lived to enjoy that moose meat if those 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries had failed me.

(*Signed*) J. V. Kirsch"

NOTE: An "Eveready" flashlight, with "Eveready" batteries, will normally continue to burn under water. Try it!

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... *Look for the* **DATE-LINE**

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., 30 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

TIME FOR A SHOWDOWN!
(AND MARY TOLD HIM THE TRUTH!)
LOOK HERE, MARY! I *DON'T HAVE* TO WAIT AROUND FOR YOU LIKE THIS! WHAT'S MORE, ONE OF THESE DAYS, *I'M NOT GOING TO!*
JUST AS YOU LIKE, PHIL!
AND WHILE WE'RE BEING SO FRANK, I HAVE A SUGGESTION FOR YOU! SUPPOSE BEFORE WE GO OUT AGAIN YOU TALK TO YOUR DENTIST ABOUT-- ABOUT BAD BREATH!
PHIL SEES HIS DENTIST...
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL *PENETRATING* FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER...THANKS TO COLGATE'S
I'M NOT LATE, AM I, MARY?
NO, BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO MISS A SINGLE MINUTE OF OUR EVENING, PHIL-- SO *I GOT READY EARLY!*
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
MAKE SURE THAT YOUR BREATH IS OKAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth...helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

with the daily pay check, and Bob Milasch knows them all. He had a job lately with the Twentieth Century-Fox Company, only a few days, not much to do, and in one of the lesser scenes it was required that one of the gentlemen kick Bob in the pants. In preparing, Bob said to the gentleman:

"Will you please kick me real hard?"

"Sure," said the actor.

"I mean good and hard," Bob repeated, and the actor promised a stirring and adult kick. . . . This was administered to Milasch, who flinched slightly but grinned, and a bystander made inquiry. Why would the man desire such a hard kick, when a bluff kick would look about the same? Here it is. If you are an extra in movies and merely appear, you draw $8.25. . . . Good. . . . If you are in a scene and are kicked lightly, gently and with no apparent damage, you are permitted an adjustment in pay, which boosts the same to double, or $16.50. But if the kicker gives you a howling hell-of-a-kick, then you are a stunt man and your salary for that day is $35. There are tricks in all trades.

A Hundred Dollars a Day

About the very best pay luck he recalls is the time when he stepped in and carried on for Ernest Torrence in The Wanderer, a picture made in the old Paramount Studios on Vine Street. Halfway through, Mr. Torrence stepped on a nail and was laid up and, as Milasch looked enough like Torrence to be Torrence, he was notified to get ready, which he did.

"Give you twenty-five dollars a day," they told him.

"Not me," said Milasch.

"What's the matter with twenty-five?"

"Well, Ernie Torrence gets about seven hundred a day and now he has a bad foot and I'm the only one looks like him and so twenty-five is too small."

"How much you want?"

"One hundred a day," Milasch said, smiling broadly.

They paid him and for nine days he rode high and handsome. Then the Torrence wound healed up and Bob was back in the ranks.

He played in a talking picture before anybody would believe talking pictures could be. The Jazz Singer was about the first real talker, and was offered to the public in 1927. But in 1905, Bob Milasch played in a talking picture called The Chimes of Normandy, which was produced at the Edison Studios in New York. He played Father Gaspar, who hid behind the chimes.

That must have been one pip of a talker. They used ordinary silent cameras, with a large sprocket wheel stuck on top of the camera and a chain running over to those old-style cylindrical records—the kind you slid off and on your phonograph like a bookkeeper's cuffs. While the actors acted, they spoke their lines, a man turned the sprocket and the voices were recorded. Then came the hard part.

When the picture was shown, they placed the phonograph behind the screen and the dialogue was supposed to come out and mesh with what was going on. It didn't mesh well at all. When the records broke down, actors stood behind the screen and tried to say their lines all over and synchronize them properly and the result was a trifle muddy. Anyhow it was the first talking picture and Milasch was there. People in the audience who finally found out what they were trying to do came to the conclusion that talking motion pictures had no future and that for clarity and smoothness you had to stick to subtitles.

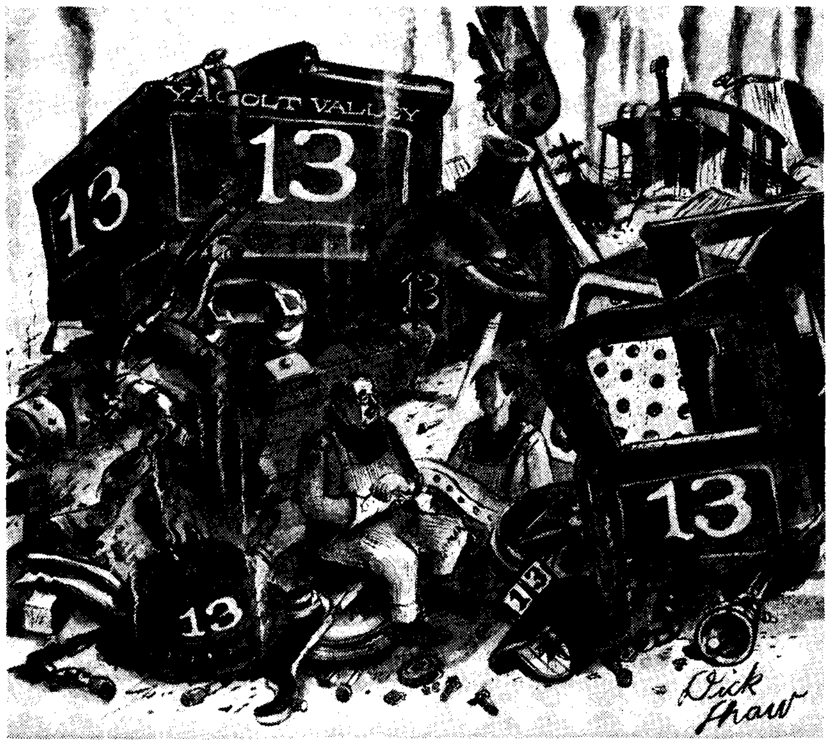
Speaking of the extras of today, Bob thinks they're inclined to be softies and holler when they're hurt. Today's extras are lacking in the rugged qualities that enabled the old-timers to fall off objects and take hard bumps all day long without squealing.

One of his boasts is that he taught a governor of Maine how to shoot craps. They were making a picture in Dead River, Maine, and the governor happened to be there and Bob met him and explained what you do with a pair of dice. That was on Monday. On Tuesday, the governor won six hundred dollars shooting craps with a lumber magnate named Kendall. . . . I don't believe a word of this story, as there never was a governor of Maine who had to be taught how to shoot craps.

Bob has a son named Wallace, whose photograph hangs in the family dwelling on North Seranno.

"Is he in the movies, too?" I inquired.

"Hell, no," answered the extra man. "He's got a good job. Postal clerk down in Miami, Florida."


YACOLT VALLEY
13
13
13
13
13
13
Dick Shaw

"In a way I'm kinda glad it's over. For twenty-seven years I've been expecting this!"

DICK SHAW

Gangsters Don't Build Homes

Continued from page 13

The next chapter came with the assassination of John (Red) Gill, another painters' union business agent. Gill had been convicted of robbery in 1923, sentenced to a year in the penitentiary and pardoned. He was later arrested for larceny several times and convicted at least once. As late as 1931 he had served another term in the county jail for assault with a dangerous weapon. He was said to be a slugger for the union. And one day in 1935 he suddenly attacked a policeman who said he had never seen him before. The supposition is that Gill had mistaken his victim. He and the policeman shot it out and Gill was killed. But you wonder what a criminal like Red Gill was doing as a business agent of the painters' union.

What's the Shooting For?

The union was now notorious. And in 1936 someone published a small eight-page pamphlet describing its history and offenses. It was printed in a shop called the Union Press. Four days later the printshop was bombed.

Roy Shields, who was one of the business agents of Local 191, was with Roy Thompson when Quinlan was killed in 1934. Shields had a long record of arrests. He had been tried several times and at least once convicted and pardoned, as so often happened with convicted labor leaders. Shields has been in frequent trouble with the police. His brother Robert was financial secretary of the same local of which Roy was business agent. In 1937 Robert was mysteriously murdered—one of a long series of crimes which marked the trail of this strange feud in the painters' trade.

The latest chapter in this trail of blood occurred just a few weeks before I was in Chicago. Charles Youngblood, another business agent, and known as one of Dungan's "persuaders," is another ex-convict who helps direct the affairs of this large union. A few months ago Youngblood and his wife were shot down but not killed by unknown gangsters.

What, you must be asking yourself, are these fellows doing in positions of power and leadership in the painters' union of Chicago? What have they been shooting one another about? What is this shotgun technique doing in the administrative processes of a labor union?

And remember, these are not Reds. They are not members of the C.I.O. These building trades unions are all members of the American Federation of Labor—indeed, they are the backbone of it.

Another large and powerful union is that of the electrical workers. It is headed by one of the most colorful and notorious characters in Chicago—Umbrella Mike Boyle. Umbrella Mike first rose to fame in the early days when Skinny Madden bossed the labor racket in Chicago. He and Skinny Madden were convicted together of extortion. Mike got his nickname from the story that in those stormy years he always carried an umbrella on his arm—an umbrella with a hooked handle.

However he did it, he has beyond a doubt provided well. He is still head of the union which, doubtless, carries with it a modest salary. But this does not prevent his indulging in one of the most expensive of hobbies. He goes in for automobile racing and has a stable of high-powered racing cars. You can get one of these trinkets for around fifteen thousand dollars. When I was in Chicago one of the newspaper sports pages published a picture of Mike's entry in the 500-mile Indianapolis Memorial Day classic—a low-slung, imported Italian racing car.

Mike keeps his arm up to the elbow in politics. It comes in handy many ways. He has been indicted several times but he has managed to wriggle out. His latest escape occurred a few years ago. Len Small, governor of Illinois, was indicted in connection with certain money transactions while he was treasurer of the state. After a sensational trial he was acquitted. But later several politicians were indicted for fixing the jury. Mike Boyle was summoned as a witness. He refused point-blank to testify on the ground that his testimony might tend to incriminate him. He was sentenced to six months in jail for contempt. But he fled from Chicago and for a long time he was hunted by the police far and wide until the Small trial was ended. Then he was captured in St. Paul, brought back to Illinois and thrown into jail at Waukegan. There he remained until the same Len Small, still governor, pardoned him.

Incidentally this spectacle of labor leaders living in magnificence is not unfamiliar to Chicago. For instance, in Chicago I was shown photographs of the baronial estate of Mr. Mike Carozzo, boss of the street cleaners' union. Mr. Carozzo owns an immense "farm" in Indiana, with a group of elegant buildings, a private race track and barns such as one sees in a Hollywood musical concept of a millionaire's country place. Quite a little hideout for a poor street cleaner.

From Mobster to Labor Leader

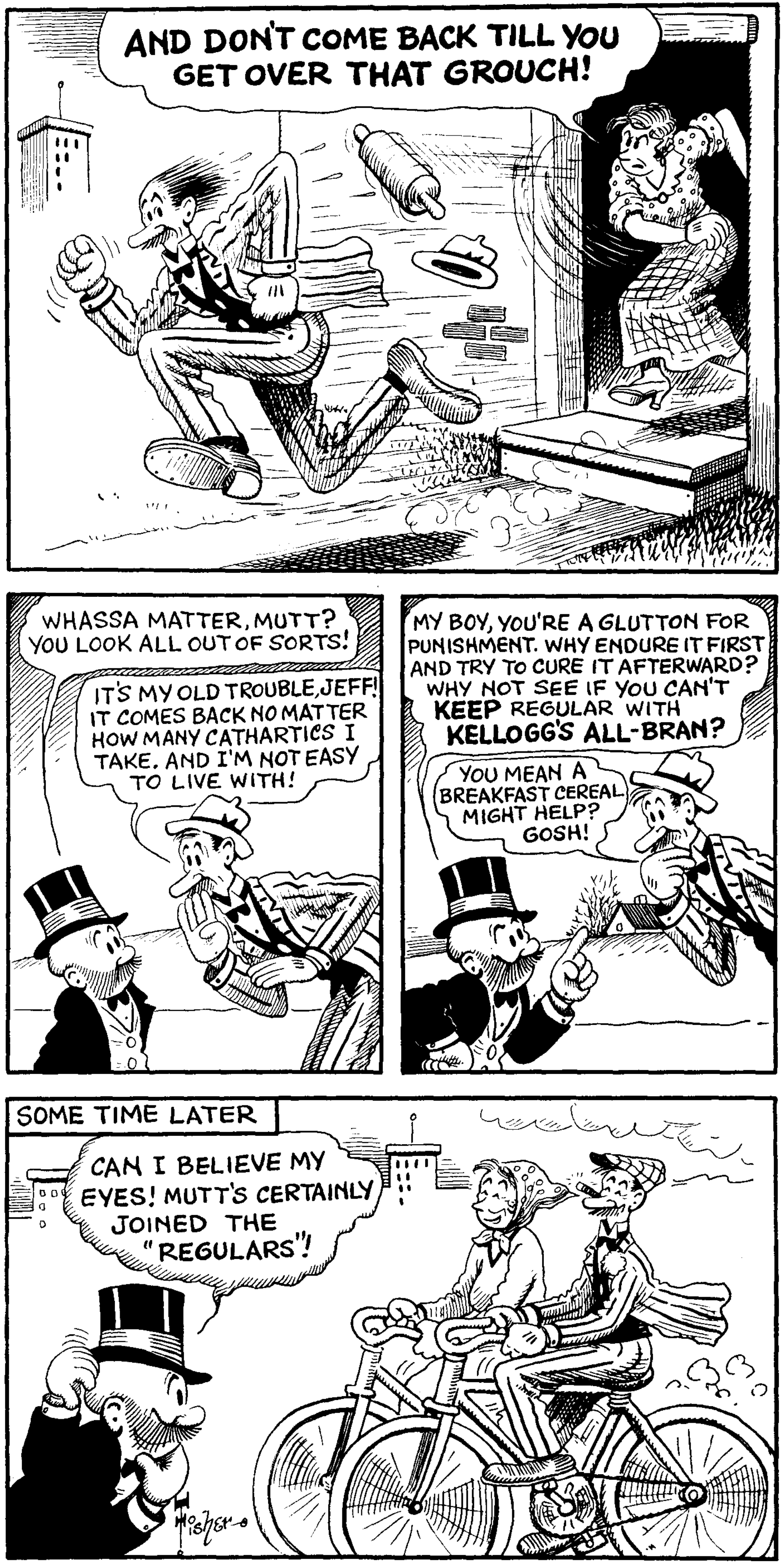
There is another union which has caused no end of trouble in the building industry—the teamsters. For before any structure can rise, materials must be hauled there. The teamsters have had a history as stormy as a prohibition beer mob. In fact, as the moving finger of Fate wrote upon the walls of Chicago that the day of the beer and alky baron was drawing to an end the gangsters began to look around for greener fields.

Three-finger Jack White and Roy Barker with their mob walked one day into the headquarters of one teamsters' union, with all their artillery cocked, and announced that they were taking over. Thus Messrs. White and Barker became labor leaders. The fact that White had been named by the crime commission as Public Enemy Number Twenty-five did not prevent his emergence into the field of Chicago's labor world. However, in time a new district attorney declared war on these teamster gangsters. He was Tom Courtney, who still functions as state's attorney and who recently got a thorough thrashing in his candidacy for mayor at the hands of Mayor Kelly. Courtney began raiding teamster meetings. And ultimately he drove White and Barker out. Both these gentlemen have since been killed. But Courtney put his influence and support on the side of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. And when all the smoke of battle and reform had cleared away, at the head of the teamsters was Mr. Lefty Lynch, an ex-convict.

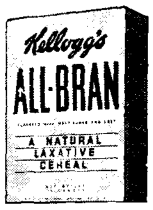
This whole salty porridge of disorder leaves one a little baffled. Why do all these thousands of honest workmen tolerate the rule of such men? Why do so many honest and earnest labor leaders suffer such men to be their colleagues?

It is not new. It is not just a hangover from the prohibition crime orgy. It

MUTT AND JEFF —by Bud Fisher


AND DON'T COME BACK TILL YOU GET OVER THAT GROUCH!
WHASSA MATTER, MUTT? YOU LOOK ALL OUT OF SORTS!
IT'S MY OLD TROUBLE, JEFF! IT COMES BACK NO MATTER HOW MANY CATHARTICS I TAKE. AND I'M NOT EASY TO LIVE WITH!
MY BOY, YOU'RE A GLUTTON FOR PUNISHMENT. WHY ENDURE IT FIRST AND TRY TO CURE IT AFTERWARD? WHY NOT SEE IF YOU CAN'T KEEP REGULAR WITH KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN?
YOU MEAN A BREAKFAST CEREAL MIGHT HELP? GOSH!
SOME TIME LATER
CAN I BELIEVE MY EYES! MUTT'S CERTAINLY JOINED THE "REGULARS"!
Fisher

IS THERE really a better way to correct constipation than just bearing it first and trying to cure it afterward? There is, if it's the common kind that's due to lack of "bulk" in the diet. The better way is to get at the cause and prevent the trouble—with that crisp crunchy breakfast cereal, Kellogg's All-Bran. For All-Bran supplies just the "bulk" you need. Eat it with milk or cream every day, drink plenty of water, and see if the world isn't a lot brighter! All-Bran is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.



Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

When you get those Hot Shave Blues—Cool Ingram's is the Cream to choose!

Economical Ingram's helps relieve shaving irritations!

QUICK-WILTING Ingram's lets your razor fairly fly through the stubble. And all the while you're shaving, you can feel that famous, freshening, *different,* Ingram's KICK. It's great—but Ingram's trump card is its bracing after-effect on your face. Ingram's helps relieve shaving stings and irritations, leaves your skin soothed and refreshed long after the shave's ended.

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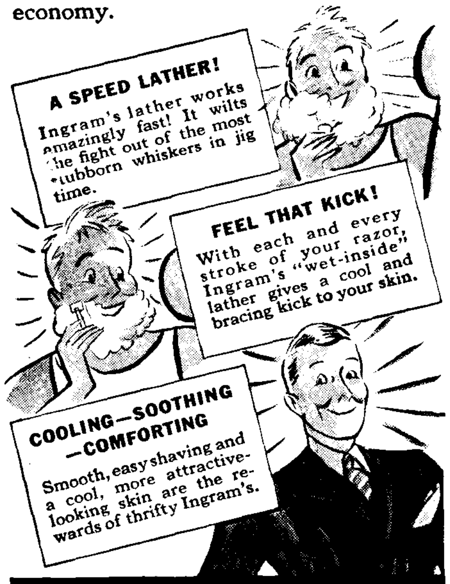
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has been going on one way or another for a long time. Skinny Madden operated in the first decade of the century. Then came Mike O'Donnell. Things got so bad in the building trades in Chicago around 1920 and 1921 that building came to a complete stop.

The legislature launched what was called the Dailey investigation. As a result some 218 labor leaders were indicted and thirty-six were convicted of various kinds of extortion and conspiracy. This broke up the racket for a while and enabled the great building boom of the twenties to get under way in Chicago. But as soon as building hit its stride and the demand for labor rose, many of the old rackets came back.

One result of this was that building in Chicago tapered off and the boom lost its energy sooner than in other places. It reached its peak in 1926, whereas the country touched its high point in 1928. By 1929 the industry was thoroughly sick. In 1933 there was only $3,000,000 of private building in the whole of Chicago—$3,000,000 worth of work to be divided among 125,000 workmen. And as late as 1931 there were still some sixty or more officials of unions in the building labor trades who had criminal court records.

The Invisible Costs

Inevitably an industry dominated by such men and the principles which make them possible must be inefficient and resistant to progress. Inevitably costs must be high, for the cost of a building includes not only the very high cost of all the honest work that goes into the building but the high cost of all the dishonest practices and the equally high cost of excluding from the industry all the cost-cutting building techniques that have or might be developed.

Building in Chicago had risen to its greatest volume in 1926. From that time the industry began to shrink. Now it must be remembered that the price of almost everything has declined heavily since that time. National income, wages, profits, everyone's purchasing power declined. You would naturally suppose that building costs would also decline. Yet see what happened. The following simple table tells the story. It reveals the prices of all commodities in 1926 and in 1939 and it shows the costs of building in 1926 and 1939 in Chicago.

	1926	1939
All commodities	100	78
Frame dwelling	100	110.6
Apartment: brick and concrete	113.2	122.9
Apartment: brick and steel	109.1	118.3
Commercial bldg.: brick and steel	112	122.3
Commercial bldg.: brick-concrete	116	126.9

There in a nutshell is why building is dead. Some building materials have declined in price, such as steel and lime. But many others have risen heavily, such as cement. Here are the prices on a few items in Chicago:

	1926	1939
Cement	$2.10	$2.50
Sand	1.47	2.00
Gravel	1.65	2.00
Hollow tile	175.00	234.90

Here is a brief schedule of labor wages per hour in Chicago:

	1926	1939
Bricklayers	$1.56	$1.625
Carpenters	1.39	1.625
Structural iron workers	1.405	1.70
Plasterers	1.50	1.70
Common labor	.86	1.025

But these actual figures on comparative costs do not by any means tell the story of building costs. For into structures must be reckoned those costs which arise out of loss of time, labor disputes, the compulsion of union and material dealers that prevents builders from using the most economical means of construction.

For instance, building in Chicago must be done, as in most other American cities, under a group of city regulations known as the building code. These building codes tell you how much lumber you can use, also what sizes and strengths, how much cement, what the plumbing must be and so on. Manufacturers' associations and trade unions keep up a constant pressure on cities to put into these codes provisions which will insure the maximum use of their products and labor. Rival products are banned by indirection. Out-of-town products are handicapped. This Chicago building code might well be entitled: "A plan to keep up building costs and kill building in Chicago."

The city contractors have been trying for sixteen years to get this antiquated and constricting document changed. They recently succeeded in making a revision which undoubtedly, in many respects, is an improvement on the old code. But there are still plenty of similar provisions in the new one which the unions and material dealers were strong enough to preserve.

For instance, the code provision for inside walls specifies lathing and three coats of plaster. But new materials have come on the market for erecting walls just as good and a good deal cheaper. Wallboards of all sorts that can be applied with great rapidity are on the market.

There is nothing in the code to prohibit the use of wallboard. But there is a provision that requires that the finish shall be the same thickness as plaster walls. Of course, the thickness of the plaster wall is not a good standard in itself. It is the result of the peculiar method of applying plaster. There must be lath and three coats. Wallboard may be three eighths of an inch or three quarters of an inch. But to apply wallboard and obtain a wall as thick as a plastered wall it is necessary under the code to put on three layers of wallboard, which is preposterous and makes such a wall economically impossible. That provision is in the code in the interest of the plasterers and the sellers of their materials.

There are, open and hidden, various kinds of provisions to prevent the use of new materials and new methods. *If tomorrow a prefabricated house were perfected, or the prefabricated parts of a house, it would be utterly impossible to erect such a house under the Chicago building code.*

The painters' and glaziers' union had a quarrel with the manufacturers of kitchen cabinets. The cabinets are painted at the factory and the glass installed there. The painters and glaziers objected to this. They demanded that the cabinets be shipped to Chicago without glass and unpainted so that the Chicago glaziers and painters could do the job in the most costly way by hand. The Chicago building contractors were compelled to refuse to use cabinets painted and glazed because the painters and glaziers threatened to call strikes on their buildings.

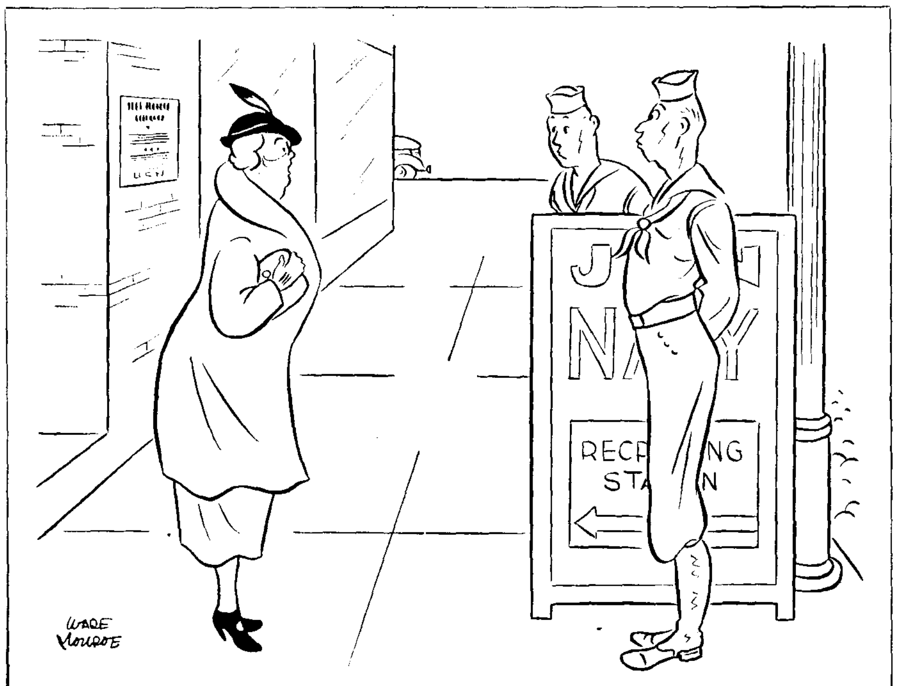
Unending Harassment

Ultimately the head of the painters' union was indicted on a charge of extorting $2 from the kitchen-cabinet manufacturers for every cabinet shipped in fully painted. He was tried and the jury was deadlocked and discharged. But a United States court issued an injunction against the painters and glaziers from further interfering with the cabinet manufacturers. But builders, material men not in the combines, and owners face continuously this unending succession of harassments which hold up jobs and introduce these invisible costs into buildings.

There are the endless jurisdictional disputes. Chicago is about to build a subway with federal money. Promptly a dispute arises as to whether the work will be done by the tunnel builders' union or the engineers, and the tile builders and the carpenters got into a dispute as to who should put up the composition tile, which looks like tile but is made of wood.

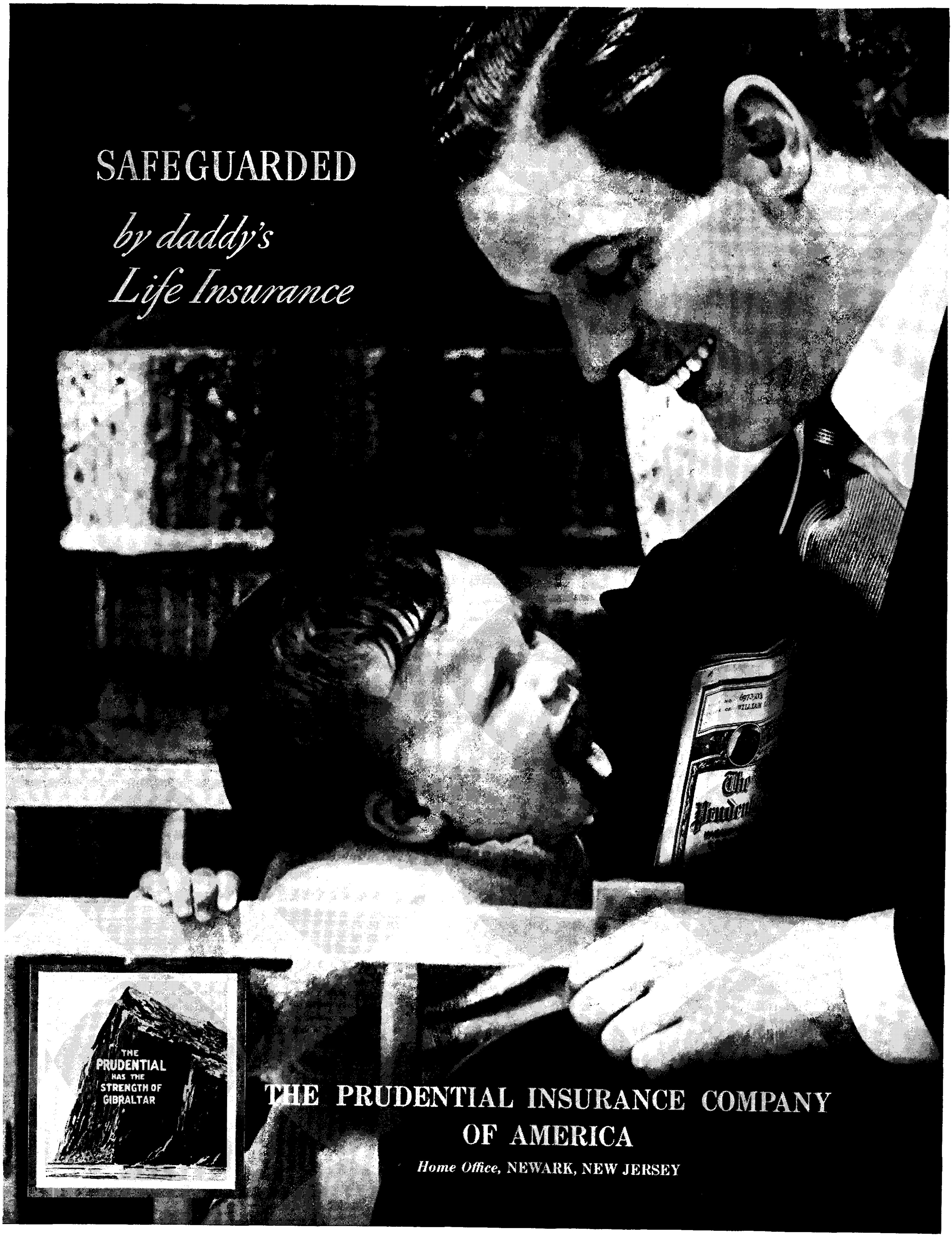
When Julius Rosenwald put up a $2,500,000 low-rent apartment house for workers he planned to install an electric refrigerator in each kitchen. The old-fashioned icebox required a drain. So the plumbers' union demanded that drains be put under every mechanical refrigerator even though they were not needed. These instances could be multiplied indefinitely.

This, briefly, is a group of reasons why building in the city of Chicago is practically dead. Outside of Chicago, in the suburbs, there has been a more or less active movement of small-house



"Oh, you enlist! I thought everybody was just shanghaied"

WADE MONROE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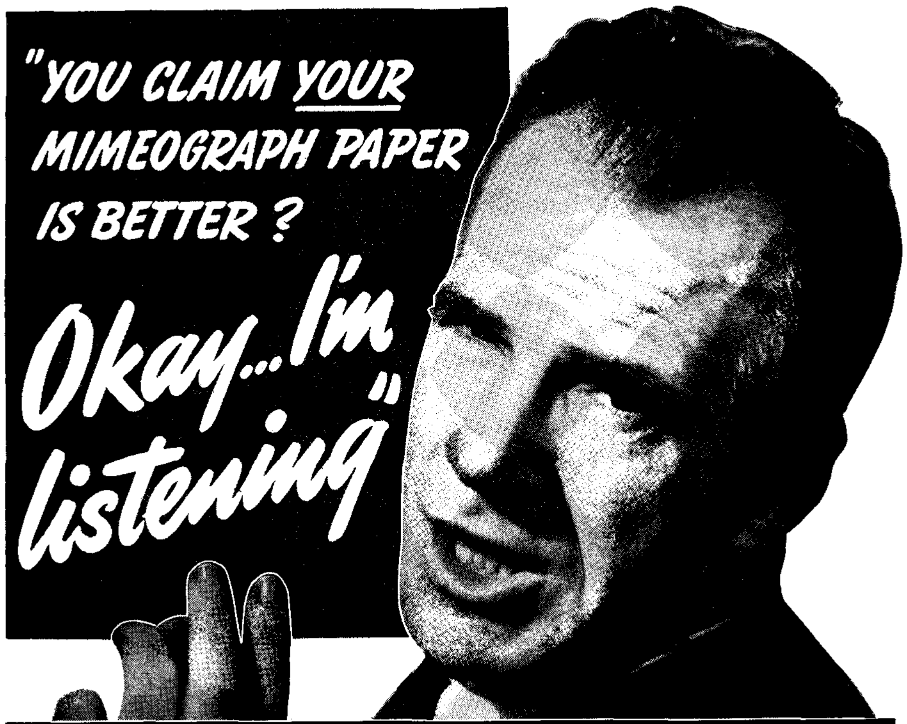
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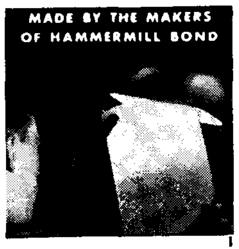

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building. But in these suburbs the builders have managed in one way or another to get around the union wage scale. Some of them just use nonunion labor. Others use union labor but by various devices pay far lower wage scales. Still others get around the unions by hiring a group of workmen under the guise of treating them as subcontractors, paying them not wages but a set sum for the job. It is pretty generally agreed that but for this the small-house building movement in Chicago suburbs would be crushed. No one can advocate this. The union is essential to a square deal for the building trades worker. But it is the unions themselves and their leaders who are digging their own graves.

The one great fundamental cause of the building lethargy in Chicago is the high cost of building. What I have described constitutes the chief reason for the high cost. But there are others, of course.

Taxes is one. Social security taxes, sales taxes and compensation taxes have added to the cost of building. Here is an estimate made for me in Chicago of the taxes on a $6,000 brick residence in Chicago in 1926 and 1939:

	1926	1939
Workmen's compensation	$84	$251.73
Sales taxes	None	68.47
Social Security	None	112.18
	$84	$432.38

There are certain types of building, however, which involve maintenance after they are built. The small house sold to a homeowner has no maintenance problem for the real-estate investor. But the apartment house and the commercial office building have. Here again costs do their deadly work on the industry. Taxes in Chicago are high. Labor costs of maintenance are high, however justifiable the wages may be. In one large federal project the maintenance unions of the A. F. of L. simply laid down the law to the managers of the apartment as to the number of men to be hired. They demanded three steam fitters in each large unit, although there was not fifteen minutes' work per week for one steam fitter.

One thing is certain—that there are few commercial buildings or apartment houses in Chicago which are making enough to pay taxes, interest and maintenance costs.

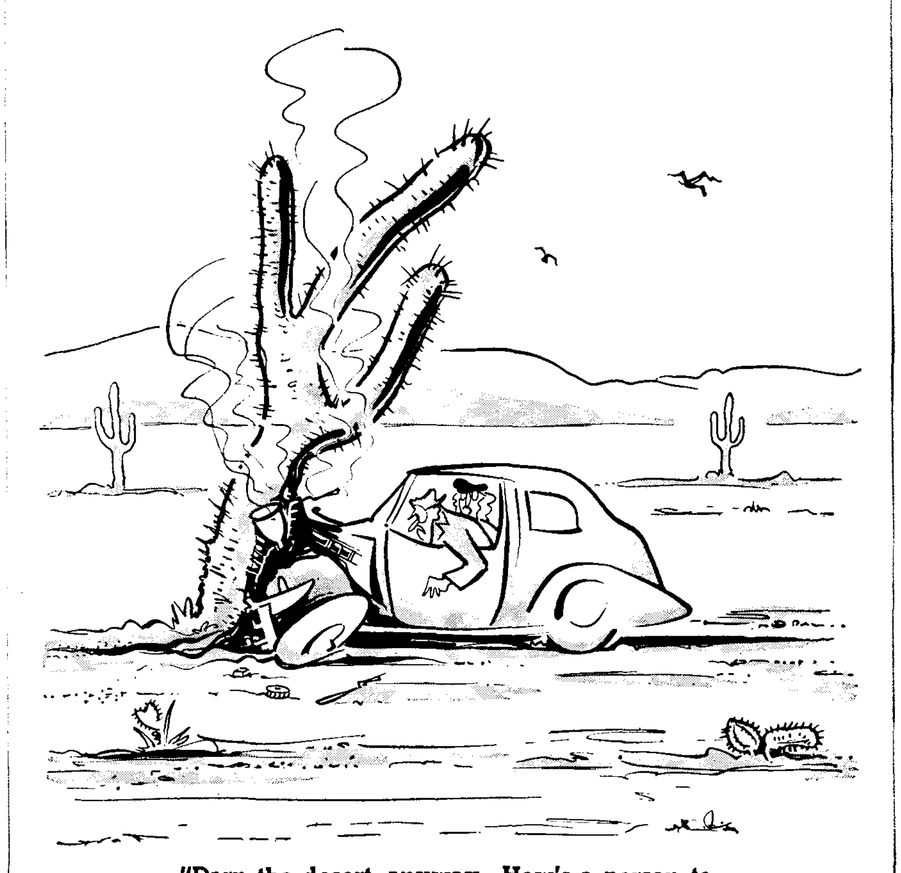
An ordinary moderate-sized apartment cannot be built and operated at less than fifteen dollars a room. But at the present time, in Chicago, fairly good accommodations can be obtained for ten dollars a room.

Real-estate interests make what seems an erroneous argument from this. There are a large number of vacant offices and vacant apartments in Chicago. Of course there are. Chicago has her blighted areas—great numbers of once gaudy and pretentious old office buildings and apartments which have grown old and outmoded and undesirable. They are plastered with mortgages. The owners have nothing left; the equities have been devoured by time.

But they cannot admit this. To do so is to admit themselves bankrupt. The men who hold the mortgages cannot admit it, for then it would mean that the mortgages are worthless. The city cannot admit it, for it needs the taxes even though it may not collect any. All keep up the pretense that there is value left in these decaying hulks.

I walked around Chicago looking at these ancient relics. A man could neither work nor live in one of these places without feeling that he had been trapped in the past. Chicago has got to write all this off—stop calling them vacancies.

There is a demand for new and modern buildings, particularly home buildings—single and multiple. People will pay the prices for the new buildings, though they will not pay them for the old. They may not be willing to pay fifteen dollars a room. But they will pay more than ten. What the building industry has to do is what every other industry has to do (and many have done it): cut its costs to meet the available and effective demand. This is a job for everyone—the government, labor, material men, subcontractors and the city.



"Darn the desert, anyway. How's a person to know whether anything is a mirage or not?"

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Murder makes It Worse

Continued from page 16

the thumbprint. Corvis looked straight ahead and didn't say anything. "Is this a police trick?" he inquired at last.

"No, Mr. Corvis."

"Then it's a police mistake. Some other thumbprint must resemble mine."

"There ain't no two thumbprints in the world alike."

"Nevertheless, it's a mistake. I repeat, I didn't know Krockin. To the best of my knowledge, I never saw the man, and certainly I never was in his office."

"This is a miserable affair, O'Malley!" I declared unhappily, when we had left the offices. "The Corvises are a fine family. Of course, Corvis wasn't telling the truth, and he wouldn't deny being in Krockin's office if he were innocent."

"Why, innocent guys tells lies like other people."

Next day I didn't see O'Malley. I bought all the newspapers and I was surprised to find that Corvis' name wasn't even mentioned in them. There had been nothing in any of them about the thumbprint. I found O'Malley at headquarters the day following.

"Well," I exclaimed, "I see the Krockin murder never will be solved!"

"Yeah? How come?"

"Corvis has too much influence."

"Don't kid yourself."

"Then why hasn't he been arrested?"

"Say! Give us time. We're working on this business. We been trying to find out what happened in Krockin's office that morning. It shapes up this way: Miss Melton come to work at her usual time of half past nine. Burkil was in the office and Krockin come in a little later. At ten o'clock Krockin sent Burkil out to look up some records, the same as Burkil told us. At ten-thirty he told Miss Melton to go out and stay out an hour."

"Why was that?"

"She don't know why. She says he done that sometimes. She never asked no questions but just figured someone was coming there she wasn't supposed to see."

"Of course!" I exclaimed. "Corvis was coming."

"Well, it might be that way. You'll maybe feel better when I tell you we've pinched Miss Melton."

"Now I know you're crazy!" I asserted. "Miss Melton didn't kill Krockin."

"Have it your own way. I got a place to go to. You might come along."

WE WENT to a building not far from Krockin's office and went up on the roof, and then across a couple of other roofs, and down a short stairway into a small room where two cops sat wearing headphones.

"You boys getting anything?" O'Malley asked them.

"Not a thing, Detective."

"Let this guy listen in."

One of the cops gave me his headphone and I listened while O'Malley looked over the notes the cops had taken. I didn't hear anything important. A woman was making an appointment with her hairdresser.

"You ever do much thinking about beauty shops?" O'Malley asked me, after I had given back the headphone.

"What's that got to do with it?" I demanded.

"Why, ladies talk a lot in beauty shops. Some of 'em talk about things to their hairdresser they wouldn't have told to their best friend."

"You better get this," one of the cops interrupted.

O'Malley listened, and put down the headphone.

"Come on," he told me.

We went but we didn't go anywhere. Instead, we stood so long on a street corner that I got thoroughly tired of it. Then I saw Miss Halland, the girl from the beauty shop, approaching. A plainclothes cop was walking a little behind her, and when the cop saw O'Malley, he wiped his chin with his handkerchief, and O'Malley stopped Miss Halland and showed her his shield, and we all got into a cab. In the cab O'Malley opened Miss Halland's handbag and found three thousand dollars in it.

"Sister," he said, "you've got yourself in trouble."

WE TOOK her to headquarters, and we found a woman there whom I hadn't seen before. She was pretty and seemed thirty-some years old, and the two women and a lot of cops went into the detectives' room and I was left in the corridor. O'Malley came to the door and spoke to me.

"I'll meet you at dinner."

I met him at seven o'clock.

"Well," he said, "this case come out about like we expected. Burkil killed Krockin."

"Burkil?" I echoed. "Why?"

"This was a blackmail outfit. Krockin and Burkil and that beauty lady, Miss Halland, was the members of it. When some customer in Miss Halland's shop told something they could make use of, that beauty lady reported it to Krockin. Burkil, who one time had been a private detective, went round and looked the thing up, and if Burkil found enough to make a case out of, Krockin drew up the papers. There wasn't no idea of ever bringing them cases into court, but Burkil seen the guys and made 'em think they meant to prosecute. Then he suggested it could be settled if they saw Krockin.

"When they seen Krockin, he told 'em it could be settled secretly for a certain amount of money, and a lot of them people paid rather than take the chance the charges might become public."

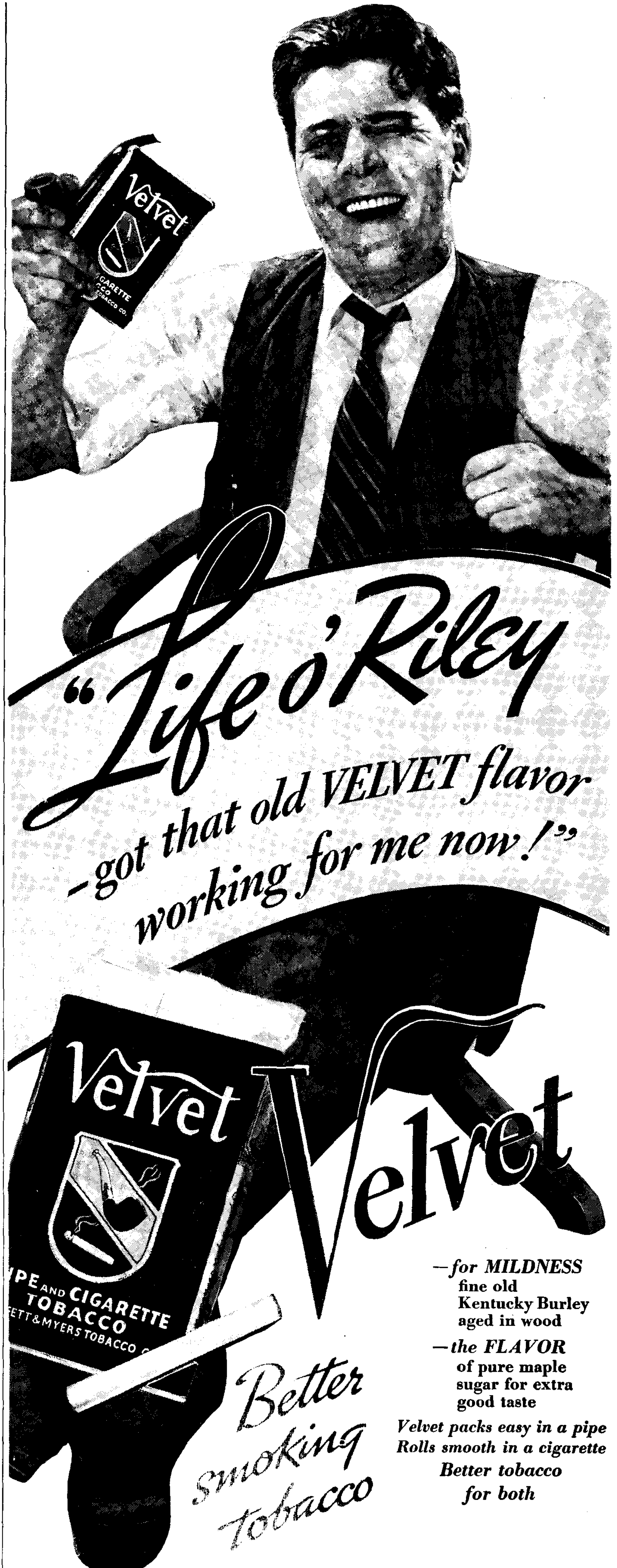
"I see," I said. "Then Corvis was one of those they blackmailed."

"You got it. You seen the lady we had there at headquarters? Her name is Miss Darret, and she was one time an actress. Quite a few years ago her and Corvis was friends and they made a trip to Bermuda together. Corvis' daughter's engagement was in the newspapers, and Miss Darret was getting her hair dressed, and she made the remark to the hairdresser that she one time had knew Corvis and they had went on a trip. So Krockin drew up a complaint in Miss Darret's name against Corvis.

"Miss Darret didn't have no idea of making any trouble for Corvis, and she wouldn't have signed the complaint, but when Miss Halland made an appointment with one of her customers she had the customer sign the appointment. So she had all their signatures. Krockin forged Miss Darret's signature on the complaint; then Burkil seen Corvis, and Corvis couldn't afford no scandal when his daughter was being married, and he knew Miss Darret's signature. So he come and seen Krockin and paid him ten thousand dollars to settle the case."

"I still don't see," I declared, "why Burkil killed Krockin."

"Why, you're kind of simple. Guys like that Krockin are so crooked they can't hardly be square with themselves. When somebody was coming to pay Krockin money, he tried to get Burkil and Miss Melton both out of the office. If he could do that, he took a cut out of the money for himself; then he told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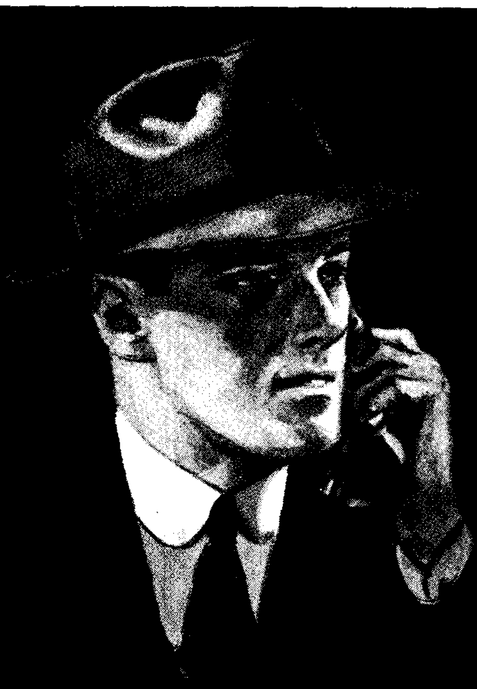

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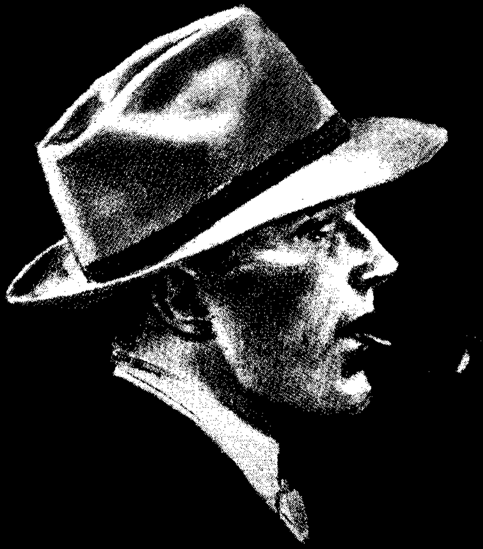

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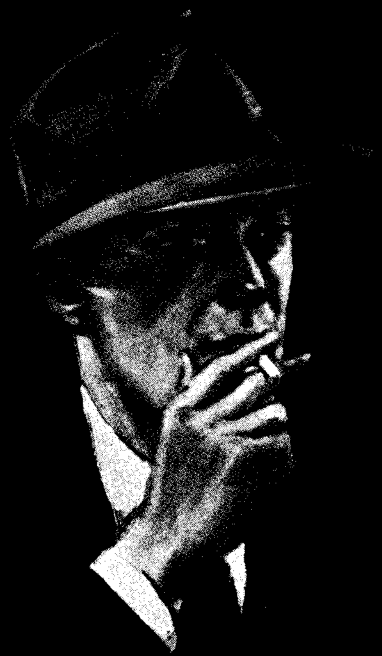

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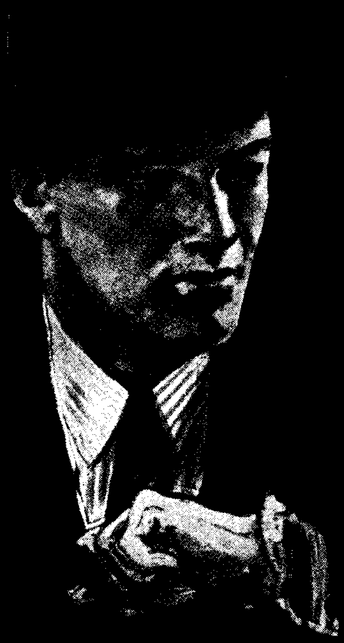

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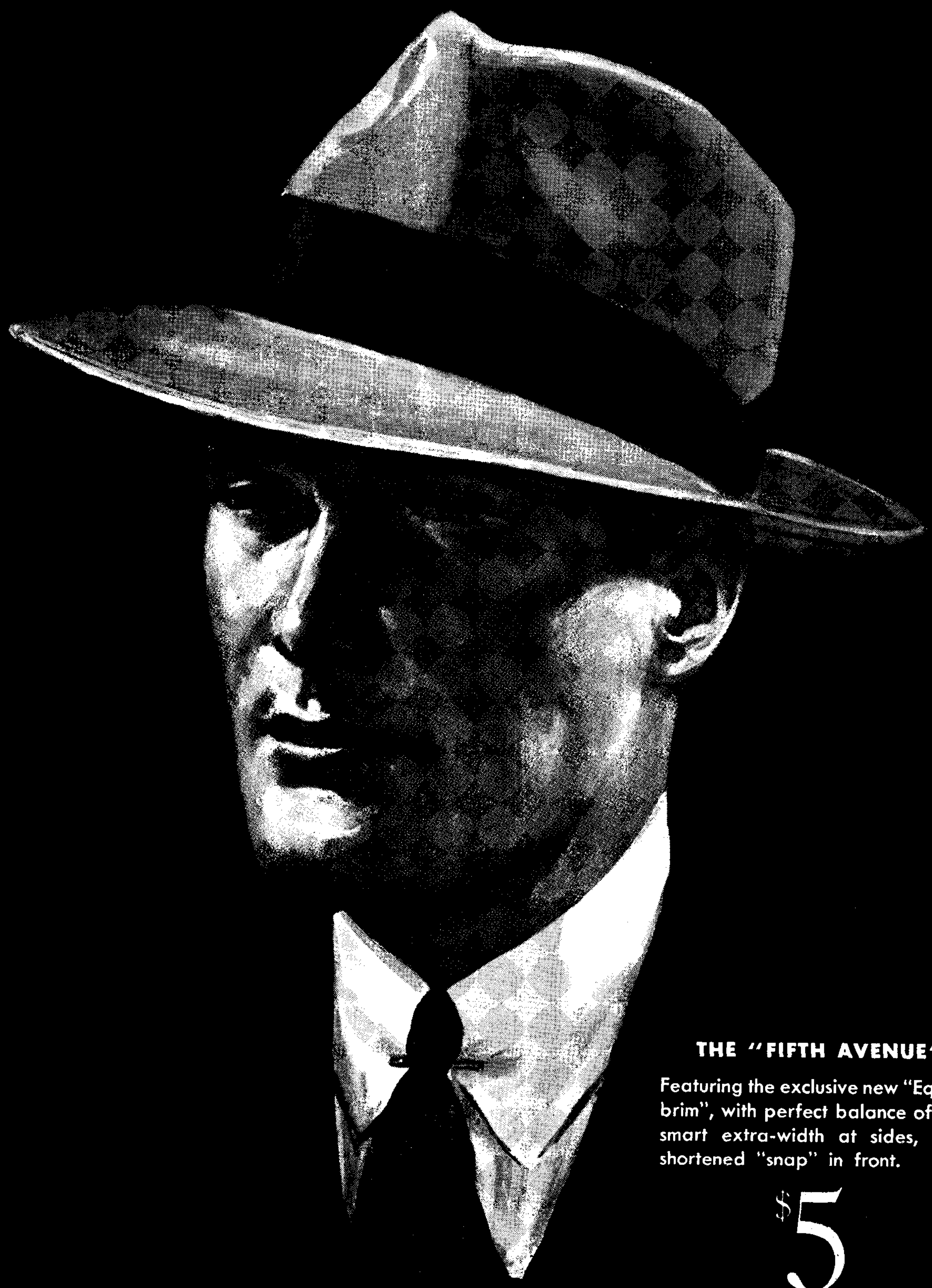

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Burkil and Miss Halland he'd had to settle with the guy for less than they expected. For a long while Burkil suspected Krockin was doing that, and he accused him of it, but Krockin denied it, and Burkil decided to find out.

"There's a vacant office across the court from Krockin's where you can see into Krockin's windows. Burkil went to the building people and told 'em him and Krockin was thinking of changing their office, and they give him a key so he could look at that office, and he had a key made like it. The morning Krockin got killed, Krockin sent Burkil and Miss Melton out, but Burkil didn't never leave the building. He went around and got into that other office. He seen Corvis give Krockin the money, and he seen Krockin put part of the money in his pocket and the rest in the safe. When Corvis had gone, Burkil went and accused Krockin, and they had a big quarrel and Burkil shot Krockin. Then he went back and waited in the vacant office till the police come."

"WHAT did Miss Melton have to do with it?"

"She didn't have nothing."

"Then why did you arrest her?"

"Well, that was a piece of police business. The case shaped up this way: Them legal papers found in Krockin's office hadn't hardly any of 'em ever come into court and they concerned wealthy people. That looked like blackmail. The question was: had somebody that was being blackmailed knocked off the lawyer, or was it something else? Somebody had left a thumbprint on Krockin's desk and it turned out to be Corvis. Still, we didn't never think Corvis had killed Krockin."

"Why?" I demanded.

"I'll tell you later. We figured Corvis had gone to the office but somebody else had gone there too, and the second guy had killed Krockin. So who? Before it was known Krockin had been knocked off, a beauty shop called up. A beauty shop is all right when it is all right, but it's all wrong if there's a crook in it, and cops know a lot of blackmail originates in crooked ones. The beauty shop give us the idea there might be a blackmail ring.

"So how to find out who was in it? There's an old-time police trick: When several people are mixed up in a crime, you lock up one of 'em and you don't let that one communicate with anybody. You don't let nobody know you suspect 'em, but you keep watch of everybody, and they worry about what you might be getting out of the one you've locked up. When people have worried enough, they have to do something. So we locked up Miss Melton."

"But you said she had nothing to do with it."

"Why, not with the murder. She knew about the blackmail. She wouldn't tell us nothing because she thought by claiming to know nothing she'd keep out of trouble. Burkil didn't know how much Miss Melton knew. He thought maybe she knew he hadn't went out of the building. He was worried about Miss Halland, too, because he had told her he thought Krockin was gyping 'em and he meant to find out. After we pinched Miss Melton, he called Miss Halland up and arranged to meet her, and he told her he hadn't killed Krockin but he had got the money, and he give her three thousand out of what he had got out of Krockin's pocket and out of the safe. Well, you know about that. We'd had her phone tapped. I and you couldn't go to see him and Miss Halland meet because both of 'em knew us, but them cops phoned headquarters, and a couple of plain-clothes guys was there when they met and seen him pass her the money.

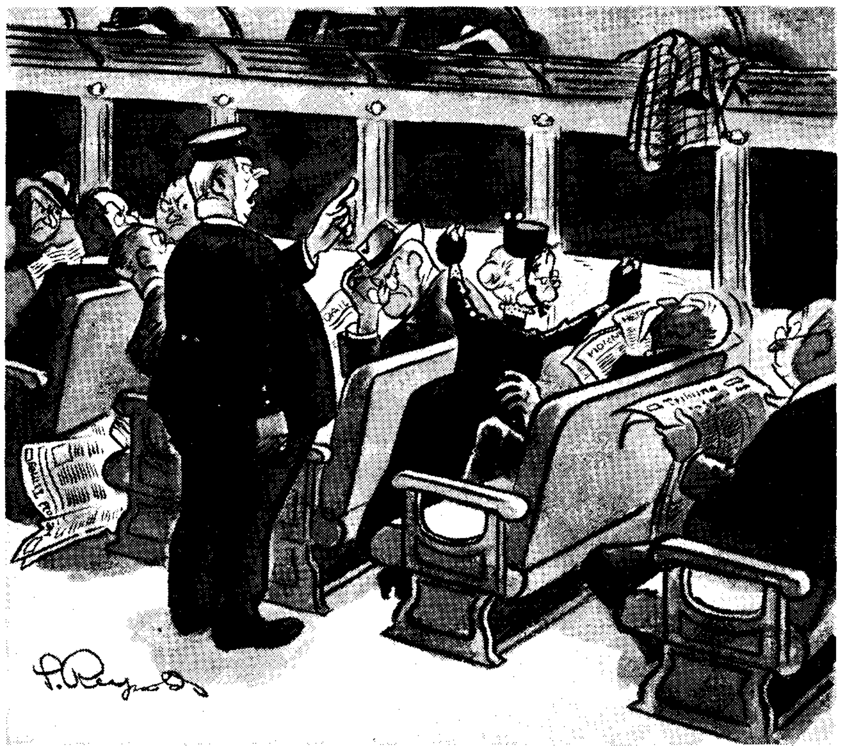
"Then we pinched both of 'em. When we got 'em to headquarters, we questioned all them people together, and cops brought in seven thousand more that they'd found at Burkil's hotel, and we got how it all was. Now we got a plain murder case."

"BUT I still don't see," I said, "with so much proof against Corvis, why you didn't suspect him."

"Say! Use common sense. He's a smart guy and head of a big company. Guys as smart as him don't do no murder, because they know however much trouble they might be in, murder will make it worse."

"A nice piece of psychology," I reflected, "and Corvis owes you a debt of gratitude."

"Yeah? Try and collect it. When an innocent guy's in trouble a smart cop looks like an angel to him, but once he's got out of it, the cop only done his duty."



"Now, now, Madam! Just because you can't stand the shades uneven—"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

Feel fresh as all outdoors . . .

Sweet as a seabreeze, fresh as all outdoors . . . that's the way your mouth can feel right after a brush with SQUIBB TOOTH POWDER. It starts with a tingle on your tongue . . . a cool, minty fragrance that awakes your sleepy taste sense. Then the other SQUIBB ingredients get to work with a rush . . . sweetening, freshening, cleaning, polishing . . . till you catch your breath in sheer delight at the smile you see in your looking glass. Want to know what makes it so? Just glance at the SQUIBB label . . . at the name that stands for purity and safety even for teeth that might be harmed by harsh abrasives. So why not treat your mouth to this happier "wake-up" today? Brush your teeth with SQUIBB TOOTH POWDER and find out what it means for your mouth to feel fresh as all outdoors.

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CONTAINS MAGNESIUM HYDRATE
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★ Taste and feel the refreshing difference

Squibb tooth powder

Suspect Unknown

Continued from page 19

"Oh, you've been here before?"

"This is my third trip in three days."

"Interested in law enforcement?"

Manton Kent smiled.

"I didn't realize it until I came through here the other day. Then I began to see how many features could be applied to my business. Fingerprinting, for instance, and scientific apparatus. Although, of course," he added slowly, "one only gets the barest sort of a glimpse on one of these tours."

The inspector agreed.

"I'm sorry you didn't make yourself known at the director's office. He'd have arranged for a special guide."

"You really think so?"

"Oh, yes. Persons like yourself, heads of corporations and the like, are the real ones he wants interested in the things we are doing here—"

Manton Kent shrugged.

"So what do I do? I play the boob and look at what turns out to be a confidential matter."

Inspector Jessup grinned.

"Oh, it isn't that bad. Fact is, what's on this sheet is not so terribly secret."

"I'm glad of that."

"IT'S a bureau matter, of course. Naturally, we don't want any investigative information to fall into the wrong hands. This just happens to be some multigraphs of reports on evidence we've picked up in a murder case here in Washington a few days ago. A man named James Tilliver was killed in his home. Ordinarily that would be a case for the Washington police, except that the government had purchased the place a few days before; Tilliver was to move out the next day. Thus he was on government soil, and that put the case in our jurisdiction."

"I noticed the report was headed 'Suspect Unknown,' or something like that."

"Yes. We always do that until we have narrowed a case down to its essentials."

Jessup viewed his watch.

"I've a few free minutes. Perhaps I could show you around."

"That would be a great privilege."

They walked together down the long hall. The inspector folded the sheaf of multigraphed reports.

"A queer affair, the Tilliver case. We'll all be glad to get it cleared up."

"I suppose you have to chase down every tiny lead."

"Everything. For instance, you perhaps know about the finding of a woman's shoe near the curbing, and a pair of gloves, with blood on them, a half block away. Naturally, we have to prove or disprove any connection between this evidence and the identity of the murderer."

"Then you know the killer?"

Jessup shook his head.

"Oh, I didn't say that. I said we're running down these clues. The investigation isn't completed. I'll let you watch an experiment or two in the laboratory if you're interested. I don't see how it could harm the case."

"I'd be delighted."

"First we'd better dip into the Identification Unit if you want to see it again—the fingerprint section, you know." He opened a large pair of doors leading to a huge room, set with many metal filing cases. "Of course, you've been told how we classify the thousands of fingerprints received daily. Which reminds me—have you thought about introducing civil fingerprinting into your business? For identification, in case of illness, accident, amnesia, anything of that sort?"

"I've been thinking seriously about it," said Manton Kent.

"And of course, your own fingerprints are on file here?"

"You mean in the file reserved for civil fingerprints? I'm sorry to say they're not."

"Well, of course, we never urge anyone to—"

"But I'd be delighted."

"Good. If you'll just step over this way." Then at a table where stood a moist pad and a large card, clipped in a holder: "Now your right hand first—just relax; I'll roll your fingers on this pad, then on the paper; it's really quite painless, unless, of course, a person has a criminal background—just relax again, Mr. Kent. Thank you. Now, the other hand."

Manton Kent glanced at his fingers.

"I've always heard they'd be dirty from lampblack."

"No. This is a special pad, and sensitized paper. It leaves no marks on the hands. Now, if you'll just fill out this card: your name, address, who to notify in case of accident."

Manton Kent sat at a desk.

"It gives you a feeling of security, doesn't it?" he queried. Then as he wrote:

"I've been wondering why you haven't been able to learn something by fingerprints about that murder case."

"You mean the Tilliver affair. Evidently the murderer wore gloves."

"Oh, of course."

Manton Kent finished the writing of his description and handed the completed card to the inspector. An agent happened to be passing. Jessup called him:

"File this for Mr. Kent please. Civil fingerprints."

THE agent took the card and hurried away. Inspector Jessup turned to a dissertation on the fingerprint division. At last:

"Suppose now we step into the Technical Division—the Crime Laboratory as it is known." From a near-by corridor of filing cases, a machine began to whir. It caught the inspector's attention. "Before we leave the fingerprint section," he said hastily, "I want to show you how law enforcement has borrowed ideas from the business world."

"Yes?"

"By using an ordinary mechanical card sorter to catch crooks." He led the way to the machine, where a special agent and a fingerprint clerk were busily feeding it large stacks of cards, each punctured with many holes.

"An indexing machine," said Manton Kent. "We have a dozen of them in my organization."

"Of course. We merely adapted it to crooks. Instead of names or addresses, the prongs of that machine are set to fit into the holes in a card which designate one certain man's fingerprint classification. That big pile of cards the men are feeding it represents a search for a certain criminal. They are the records of every crook who has a classification resembling that of the wanted man in any manner whatever. And if the crook we want is among them, this machine will find him." Manton Kent looked toward the side of the sorter, where two large slots appeared. One was rapidly filling with cards, representing rejections. The other was empty. The inspector said:

"Let's stay and see if they find the fellow."

"Certainly."

A minute passed. The machine

Movie-goers you've undoubtedly seen!

1. **THE BARKING SEAL** coughs incessantly because his collar's tight! The collars on Arrow Shirts *always* fit right: Arrows are Sanforized-Shrunk, fabric won't shrink even a measly 1%!

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4. **THE ADMIRING WIFE** can't take her eyes off her hubby—he looks so swell in his Arrow Shirt. Get *Gordon*, a fine oxford shirt, with a perfect Arrow collar—$2 at your Arrow dealer's.

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit

"Waterman's gives you 40,000 INSTANT STARTS AND STOPS ON ONE FILLING"

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"Here's the Test that Proves it's the Quality Pen!"

"WHEN L. E. WATERMAN invented the first practical fountain pen 55 years ago, his ideal was to provide an instrument that would write the instant it touched paper. Down through the years we have maintained this ideal—so successfully that today 60,000,000 users know a Waterman's *always* starts—without coaxing or shaking. And now machine tests prove what Waterman's users already *know* — 40,000 *instant* starts and stops on a single filling!

"In every way, our company has adhered to the policy of *quality*. Every Waterman's point is hand made—and size for size, contains more gold than any other leading pen. Waterman's offers not one but *seven* types of points—to meet your individual handwriting requirements. And Waterman's uses the simplest, most dependable filling device ever designed.

"We honestly believe a Waterman's offers greater value, greater writing satisfaction. Try a Waterman's. Compare it with other leading pens. You'll agree, it's the *quality* pen!"

① **EXCLUSIVE INK FLOW** Keeps ink always ready for instant writing—makes leaking absolutely impossible. No other pen offers these patented features.

② **HOLDS MORE INK** than any other leading pen of comparable size or price. By actual test, stock pen writes 3/5 mile on one filling.

③ **MORE GOLD** in a Waterman's point than in any other leading pen of comparable price. That's *extra* quality!

ALL INK

WATERMAN'S QUALITY INKS

Resist air, water, time, light. "Tip-Tilt" bottle. 10c

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Waterman's

★ THE FIRST AND LAST WORD IN FOUNTAIN PENS ★

stopped, its piles of cards exhausted. The inspector turned away without waiting for the eye signal of the special agent to tell him that a search of the entire Identification Unit in the hope of finding some criminal reference to Manton Kent had been in vain.

"I suppose that machine is infallible," said Kent.

"If a record exists in the bureau," the inspector answered. "Unfortunately, some of our enforcement bodies and prisons did not keep complete files prior to ten years ago. So, in old cases, we are always at a disadvantage."

"Unfortunate," answered Mr. Kent.

"Very. Shall we take a look at the Crime Laboratory?"

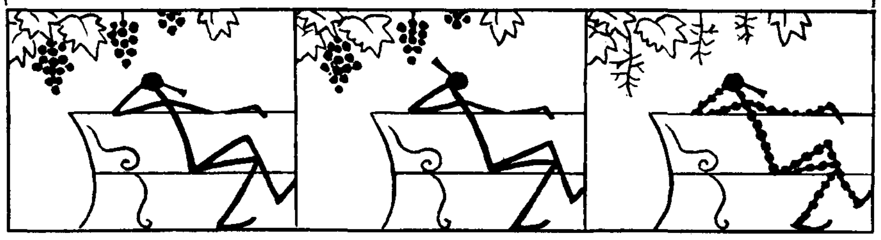
HE LED the way to another double door, and held it wide for his guest. They entered an anteroom, filled with exhibits of guns, an X-ray machine for looking into packages without unwrapping them, pictured histories of scientific crime detection in widely known cases.

"You've seen all this on the tours you've taken," said the inspector. "Let's go behind the scenes."

"Wonderful."

The inspector did not answer. He led the way into a big room that reeked with chemicals and stepped swiftly to a laboratory table where a sober-faced man in a white smock had apparently just completed a microscopic examination of a sheer silk stocking. Near by, on the table, lay a woman's suède shoe.

HAIRLINE HARRY



ALAN FOSTER

"What experiment is this?" the inspector queried.

"The shoe is part of the Tilliver evidence," answered the scientist. "The stocking came from the room of Mrs. Bradford Bowen, in the Maytown Hotel."

Kent stepped closer.

"Oh, a suspect?"

The inspector smiled.

"Be patient now. I'll show you how scientific detection works out. This, as you have guessed, is the woman's shoe that was found outside the Tilliver house after the murder. The next morning, Mrs. Bowen reported to the hotel management that a shoe and a pair of gloves had been stolen from her room—that someone must have taken them while she was out."

"Easy enough," said Mr. Kent.

"Yes, of course. But we can't accept the palpable. So we conducted experiments to prove or disprove her story. You will notice that this stocking, which we obtained from her for experimental purposes, is of an extremely odd shade. We have determined that she never wears any other type. Therefore, microscopic examinations were made, both of the shoe and the stocking. The shoe revealed many tiny shreds of silk that match the fibers of this hose exactly. But the scientist could find no other fibers." He faced the besmocked laboratory man. "Is that correct, Mr. Moberton?"

"That is correct, sir, indicating that the shoe has not recently been on any other foot than that of this particular woman."

Manton Kent exhibited interest:

"Then you do have a suspect?"

"It begins to look that way. This experiment points suspicion either toward Mrs. Bowen or some person who may have stolen that shoe from her room, in an attempt to divert suspicion toward her."

"That makes it a woman's deal all the way round, doesn't it?" asked Kent. "I see your deduction now. Two women are possibly in love with this Tilliver. One decides to kill him. So she steals a shoe and pair of gloves from her rival and leaves them at the scene of the crime."

Jessup laughed, and slapped his man on the shoulder.

"The first thing you know, we'll be giving you an examination for the job of special agent. That's a very good deduction, except for the motive, which appears to have been blackmail—on Tilliver's part, not on that of the murderer."

Kent's eyes had widened.

"Oh, you've established that?"

"Is the evidence handy, Mr. Moberton?" asked the inspector; then, following the scientist's glance, he moved toward a few pieces of charred paper under a glass cover. "This was found in the fireplace."

"But I don't see anything on it—merely some black ashes."

"Photography, under the ultraviolet ray, brought out the writing. Evidently Tilliver was in tight circumstances, and knew somebody who was rich. Have you the photostatic copy of your experiment on this charred document, Mr. Moberton?"

Silently the scientist opened a drawer and brought out the photograph, while Kent stared as with disbelief.

"It seems impossible!"

"Oh, we do lots of impossible things," Jessup said.

"You say that this letter was sent from Tilliver to someone else?"

"Yes. It has been determined to be Tilliver's writing." He referred to the photograph. "You will notice that this fragment of the letter says: 'I need a hundred thousand dollars and you have got it to give me. And unless you do give it to me, Old Pal, the reputation you have built up over all these years will not be worth five cents.' "

MANTON KENT cleared his throat. "Is that all the writing you were able to recover?"

"Unfortunately, that is all. Except for the beginning of the letter."

"You mean the name of the person to whom it was sent?"

"It was only 'Dear Pal.' "

"Unfortunate," exclaimed Manton Kent, and gave his attention to the woman's shoe. The inspector eyed him closely; Kent's demeanor was that of enthusiastic interest, and nothing more. Jessup turned.

"Suppose we see what experiments are being made with the gloves," he suggested, and led the way with a pawlike hand on the suspect's shoulders. Again he sought to break through possible armor. "Perhaps I shouldn't dismiss that letter so lightly, because it really did aid us to some extent. It showed us the motive was a quarrel over blackmail. Tilliver had sent it to an old

Your new $5 hat owes you both ...get both!

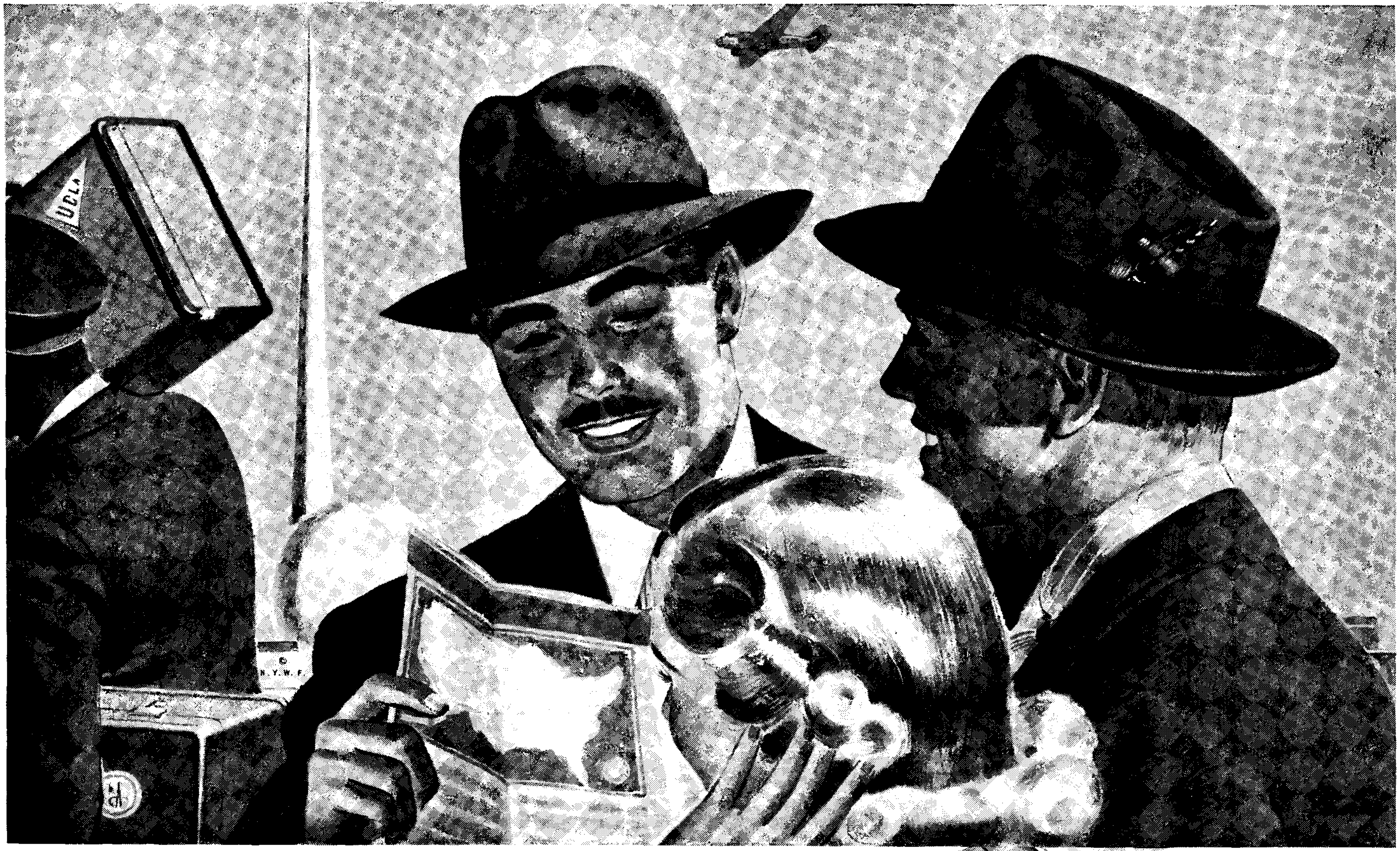
THIS season, gentlemen, hat yourselves in style that even the women in your lives will applaud. And insist on proof—*advance proof*—that your new hats will take a full season's buffeting and still come up smiling.

In simple truth, Mallory fills both of these specifications. STYLE is the first, of course—and this season more than ever, it's Mallory for the deft style changes, new finishes, smart colors.

But no less important is Mallory's unparalleled STYLE LIFE! At *retaining* their style... at *staying* handsome... Mallory hats admittedly have the edge. Why?...

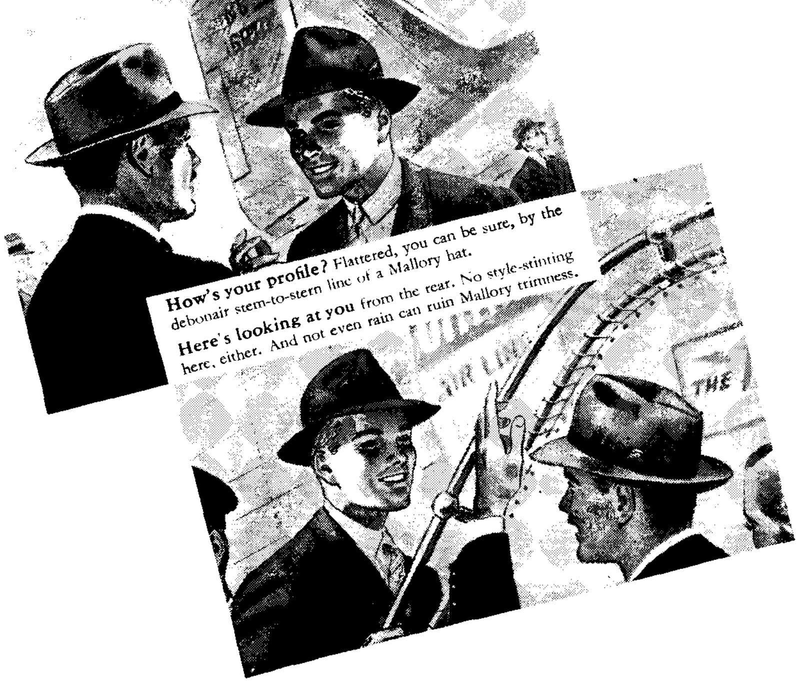
Partly because Mallory felts are made from the world's choice hat furs, with the full benefit of 116 years' experience...but also because *only Mallory hats are "Cravenette" weatherproofed.*

So for looks, for wear, and for value—from *every* angle—a Mallory hat is right. Let *time* and your Mallory dealer prove it. Most styles are $5. The lightweight *Sportabout*, $4. Others, $7.50 and $10.00.



The *Aircool* Nokabout (at left, above) is a blissfully easy-fitting new lightweight style. Note its soft, cosmopolitan "draped" look . . . its air of serene nonchalance. Natural edge brim. $5

The Pebble (right, above). New color mixtures in the exclusive pebble finish. Looks like rough chamois, feels like soft suede. The casual knitted band accents its town-and-country character. $5



How's your profile? Flattered, you can be sure, by the debonair stem-to-stern line of a Mallory hat.

Here's looking at you from the rear. No style-stinting here, either. And not even rain can ruin Mallory trimness.

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friend, apparently. That person evidently became wild with anger, rushed to Tilliver's house, stealing the shoe and gloves on the way. There was a fight, or quarrel, at least a struggle—"

"I suppose you found chairs overturned and things like that?"

"No, nothing of the sort," the officer answered blandly and explained no further. "As I say, there was a struggle, and the murderer drew a pistol, killed Tilliver, remembered that the letter might be incriminating evidence, threw it in the fireplace, ran from the house, dropped the shoe at the curb and threw away the gloves."

"And after that?" asked Kent.

Jessup shrugged.

"You know as much about that as I do," he answered with a grin. "Oh, here we are." He nodded to another besmocked man, who was busily dousing a pair of kid gloves in a laboratory tray filled with slightly discolored water. Jessup asked, in routine fashion: "This is an experiment with Tilliver evidence, Mr. Graves?"

THE scientist, tall, freckled, sandy-haired, turned quietly.

"Yes, sir."

"Would you mind explaining it?"

"Not at all, sir. The object is to determine whether the murderer left his fingerprints on these gloves." He raised one from the tray with a rubber-shielded hand. "As you see, I have immersed the evidence in a solution of three per cent nitrate of silver. I now place it upon this large blotter and put it under this lamp—"

"Which is?"

"Ultraviolet rays, sir."

"And if there are fingerprints?"

"They will appear in a very few moments, of a brownish color, but perfectly detectable. Oh, by the way, a messenger asked me to give you this memorandum."

The inspector took it, cupping it in his hand.

"Thank you," came briefly. Then as the ultraviolet ray poured its weird light upon the saturated leather, Jessup glanced again at the memorandum:

$$\frac{12 \qquad 25 \;\; \text{W} \;\; 100 \;\; 17}{4 \;\; \text{aW} \;\; 101 \;\; 13}$$

This visualized to him, until the numbers became ridges and lines and whorls and deltas, assembling themselves into a mental picture of the fingerprints of this dapper, coldly calm man beside him. If once, during this well-planned murder, there had been a slip, if, for instance, there had been no protective covering for Manton Kent's fingers when these gloves were stolen, then the story would now be told.

Second after second the inspector waited. Twice he leaned forward as something brownish began to appear upon the white texture, only to draw back again.

"Only smudges," said the scientist, "from grease or a like substance."

"Yes, I see," answered Jessup. "And that was our big chance to nail him."

Kent turned swiftly.

"Him?" he asked. "Then you don't think it was a woman?"

"Suppose we go over to the comparison microscope," replied the inspector. "I'll show you something interesting."

Again a besmocked man awaited them. Jessup asked for the murder gun. It was forthcoming: an automatic, blue-steeled, ugly, with the serial number filed off, to prevent tracing. The inspector held it out to Kent, who looked at it intently.

"This was found in a trash can some ten blocks from the murder scene," said Jessup. "You will note that it is a forty-five caliber. That is an extremely heavy gun for a woman to handle."

"Yes, I suppose so. But how do you know it is the murder gun?"

"If you'll come this way." He moved a few feet to what appeared to be a double-barreled microscope, fitted with a single eyepiece. "The comparison microscope," he said. "If you will remember, my theory is that there was a quarrel. Then Tilliver was shot. After the gun was found, a bullet was fired from it into a box of cotton, so that it might be recovered. Then the lethal bullet was extracted from the body of the murdered man.

"These two bullets were put on those prongs you see projecting beneath the lenses of the comparison microscope. Now, if you will look down through that eyepiece, you will see that the rifling of the gun barrel made distinctive marks on each of those bullets so that they exactly match." Kent bent forward. "You can see better if you'll take off your hat," added the inspector.

Manton Kent obeyed.

"I don't believe I quite get what you mean," he said, staring through the eyepiece.

"Perhaps the bullets are not in alignment. Just move that thumb set either forward or backward until the bullets come together—"

"Oh, this little gadget here?"

"Yes."

"Of course! I see the bullets begin to move, coming closer together—" Suddenly, with an ejaculation, he straightened, looking about him in surprised fashion. A hand went to the top of his head. "No bees around here?" he asked queerly.

"Bees? Why?"

"The queerest little jabbing pain hit me for an instant in the top of the head." He rubbed his scalp. "It's gone now."

"Neuralgia?"

"Probably, although I never had it before." Kent bent again to the microscope, moving the adjustment knobs until at last the two bullets seemed as one. "Remarkable!" he exclaimed.

Inspector Jessup touched him on an arm.

"Not half as remarkable as this final experiment," he said. "You will remember that I mentioned one piece of evidence as pointing to a struggle. Let's see how it is turning out in the hands of science."

With a hand on Manton Kent's arm, he led the way to another of the besmocked clan that peopled this big room. This time the scientist was a squat, pale man with a flat voice. He was surrounded by test tubes, and chemical vials; a microscope stood before him.

INSPECTOR JESSUP went through his usual preliminary:

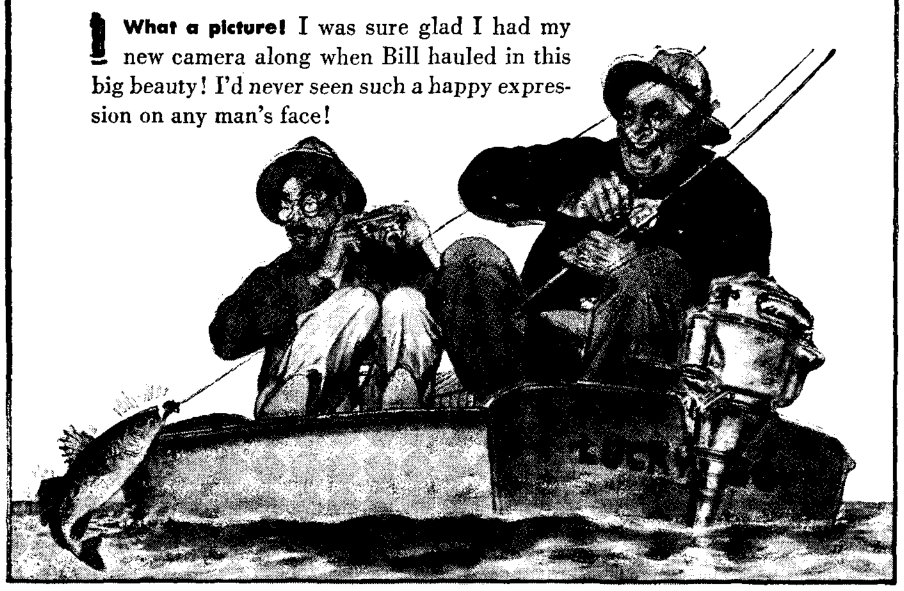
"May I inquire, Mr. Caruth, what experiment you are conducting, and if it is the Tilliver case?"

"It is in the Tilliver case," came the toneless, precise voice, as the scientist raised a cellophane container. "I have here two human hairs, each alike in size, color, thickness, texture, chemical analyses and other characteristics both as to the fiber itself and to the follicles and adhering epithelia. One of these was found in the clutched hand of the murdered man, indicating that it had been torn from the head of the killer during a struggle. The other"—he looked up—"was, as you know, Inspector, just taken from the head of your guest as he bent over the comparison microscope."

Manton Kent gasped. He whirled, hands outstretched. Wildly his eyes sought the doorway—but two special agents stood there. Then Inspector Jessup's voice sounded, chilling in its cold courtesy:

"Will you please complete Mr. Kent's tour—by showing him to the detention quarters?"

So I "SHOT" him again!



1 What a picture! I was sure glad I had my new camera along when Bill hauled in this big beauty! I'd never seen such a happy expression on any man's face!

2 "I'm going to Double My Enjoyment *of this!" exclaimed Bill, pouring* out a couple of drinks of TEN HIGH—the whiskey with No Rough Edges. "Here's *just the special treat I need* to celebrate this prize catch!"

3 So I shot him again and got a prize snapshot! For Bill was the picture of satisfaction when he tasted that TEN HIGH. And I discovered why, when he handed me *my drink* of this grand whiskey! Bill says TEN HIGH is doubly rich and mellow because it's distilled under doubly careful control in the world's largest distillery. And all I can add is that smooth TEN HIGH tastes like double its low price!

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TEN HIGH

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY ☆ STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois

The whiskey with "NO ROUGH EDGES"

Fleetest Little Fella

Continued from page 22

this junior-college boy in university competition throughout the rest of the season!

Clyde Jeffrey, in spite of his defeat, was also happy. He understood, whether anyone else did or not, what a terrible start he had gotten. Now he had full confidence for the future! A few minutes later, he drove through the 220 yards to win as he pleased.

As for Jeff's physical advantages, he has the ideal build, standing almost six feet and scaling 182 pounds. That amount of weight means power. And power is the secret of sprinting success, although many youngsters do not realize it.

Because it looks so easy to run a hundred yards, there are thousands trying it each year who do not have the natural speed. Without that asset, you cannot succeed.

Sprinters Are Born

There is no sport that demands less in form than short-distance running. There are not more than a dozen coaches in the world today capable of developing form. Offhand, I can think of Boyd Comstock, former coach of Southern California University, Yale and the Los Angeles Athletic Club and now athletic director of Italy; Dean Cromwell of Southern California University, Lawson Robertson of Pennsylvania, Dink Templeton of Stanford, Tom Keane of Syracuse, Dad Butler of Detroit, and perhaps a few more. In each instance it will be found that they learned their worth-while pointers from some natural sprinter who came their way. Comstock and Cromwell had Howard Drew before the war, and the others gained their knowledge from sprinters good enough to represent Uncle Sam in the Olympic Games.

In short, a sprinter is born, not made, and generally he cannot be improved very much. The fundamental principles that he should be told by his coach or that he can read for himself can be boiled down for the benefit of the prospective sprinters to a few paragraphs:

The start is the least important part of the sprint, though many labor under the impression that it is the most vital. A sprinter can attain the best position in his starting holes if he digs them so that the toe of the left foot comes opposite the knee of the right leg. The holes will thus be far enough apart to prevent a cramped position in the "set" command and yet will properly balance the weight on both feet and both hands.

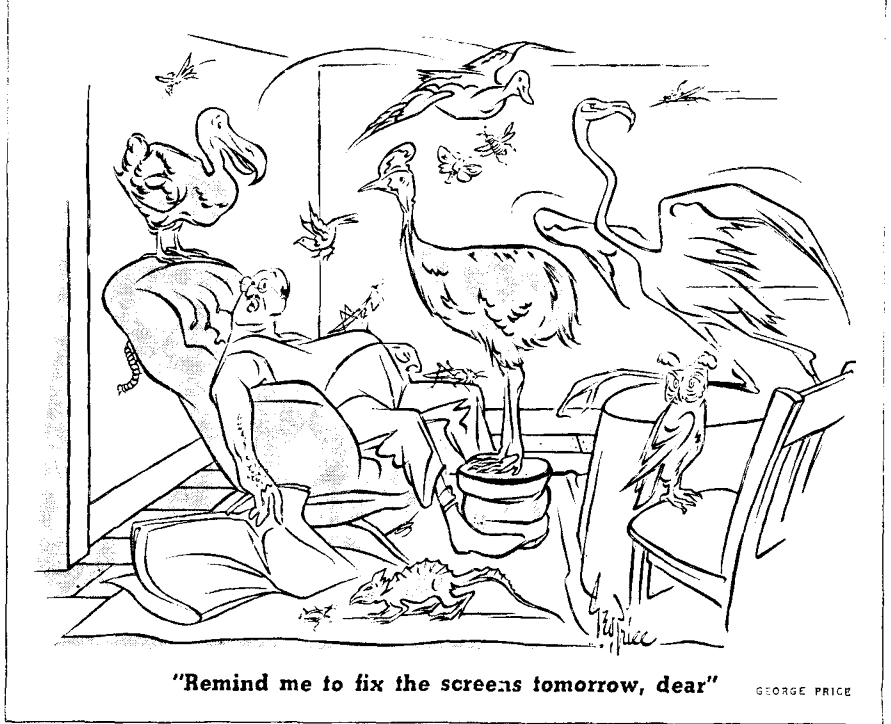
At the crack of the gun, the sprinter drives forward, pushing against the backs of both the front and rear holes. A common fault is to push from one foot. There is no need to stretch out for the first step or to snap it too short. A medium-length drive is essential for the first few strides, allowing momentum to be gained and the body to ease into a straight line from the rear foot to the shoulder at the end of each stride.

Years ago a hundred-yard race was divided into three parts, namely: the start, the stride and the finish. But a great sprinter from Glendale High School, in California, taught the track world the importance of a fourth essential, now known as the "pickup."

Frank Wykoff, contrary to popular opinion, was not a fast starter. There were sprinters who beat him for the first two or three steps out of the holes. Then suddenly he went by them as fast as lightning. Old-timers remembered, after watching Wykoff, that Loren Murchison had done the same thing indoors for many seasons. He was invariably the last man out of his starting holes and the first man at ten yards.

Just what Murchison and Wykoff had in common came to be known as a special part of the race, and for want of a better name it was called the "pickup." In actuality, the pickup consists of a series of short, powerful drives that aid in keeping the body well in front of the feet and, at the same time, in bringing the body to an erect position. The pickup has been smoothed out to a point of such perfection that it is difficult to tell when the start form is dropped and the pickup begins, or when the pickup becomes a part of the stride.

The section from the thirty- to the ninety-yard mark of a hundred is devoted to the stride. Since this encompasses the main part of the race, it is, naturally, the most important. A poor start may very well be overcome by good striding. This part is entirely dependent upon two factors, power and high knee action. The one thing that the sprinter has to remember is to keep lifting his knees, which means that he will be taking a longer step without any



"Remind me to fix the screens tomorrow, dear" GEORGE PRICE

SHE THOUGHT IT WAS HER GRANDMOTHER!

Don't be a little Red Riding Hood when you buy slide-fastened merchandise! For every slide fastener you see is not necessarily a Talon fastener.

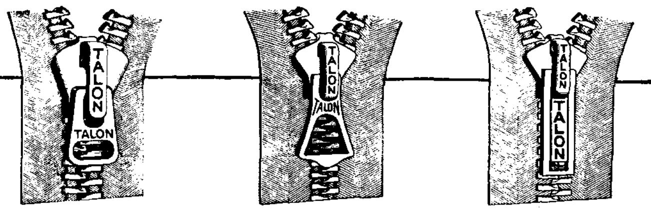
Some are unreliable imitations—deliberately "dressed up" to look like Talon slide fasteners. Not one of these gives you the many exclusive improvements that make Talon fasteners completely dependable.

Frankly, we tell you this because we are a little jealous of our good name. We do not want you to accept an unreliable slide fastener, believing it to be a Talon fastener.

When buying clothing or anything else, it's important to be sure the slide fastener is marked "Talon." Then you know it's dependable.

ALWAYS "TAKE A SECOND LOOK" FOR THE TRADEMARK

TALON



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more effort or without the consumption of very much more time, and in so short a space as sixty yards he may easily gain a full stride, or about eight feet.

Power, of course, plays a tremendous part. It helps to throw the knee high and to bring down the descending foot with great force. This is the place where natural speed counts most and where it may be taken advantage of thoroughly.

There are three ways to finish, known to followers of the game as the "shrug," the "lunge" and the "jump." Of these I favor the jump. Running high, I was able to bear down on the string, getting not only a much longer last stride than most sprinters, but also gaining momentum as I came down rather than arching upward in the final leap for the tape.

The more conventional shrug is merely transforming the "gather" into a side twist of the body, which gives a sprinter about a six-inch advantage over the runner who goes straight through.

The lunge consists of throwing the body far forward and the hands far back, gaining every inch of forward motion possible in the last stride.

Any one of the styles may be used, depending upon that which comes most naturally to the sprinter. There is little need to practice on finishing form until all other parts of the race have been mastered.

Obstacles Don't Scare Clyde

Clyde Harvey Jeffrey, besides having a world of speed and power, has a grand competitive heart. This was proven throughout the 1939 season. He was clocked ten times in 9.6 seconds for the 100 yards, and ran faster unofficially on several occasions. He covered the 220 yards in 21 seconds, or better, in several meets, and turned in the fastest quarter of the year when he anchored the Stanford mile relay team at Fresno, California, in 46.4 seconds.

Jeff took the Pacific Coast Conference championship in both the 100 and 220 yards, captured the National Collegiate 220 yards, the National A.A.U. Senior 100 meters, won the undisputed sprinting championship of the United States, and was selected for the second straight year to represent his country abroad, being the only sprinter so honored.

He justified his selection by winning the 120 yards championship of Scotland at Glasgow on August 5, 1939, in new record figures for that country of 11.8 seconds. Incidentally, he was the only athlete in the meet running from "scratch" who overcame the handicaps given his competitors.

Two days later, in the International Games at London, a meet which the All-Star American team won, Clyde Jeffrey again came through with victories in both the 100 and 220 yards. Considering the miserable weather and track conditions under which he ran, his times of 9.8 seconds for the "century" and 21.8 seconds around a turn in the furlong were splendid.

A less courageous youngster would have fallen by the way, for no sprinter of my acquaintance, past or present, ever overcame so many obstacles in a single season. His speed was hampered by his quarter-mile work and he never did learn to start, giving away as much as four or five yards to the best sprinters in the country in the first half of a hundred-yard distance.

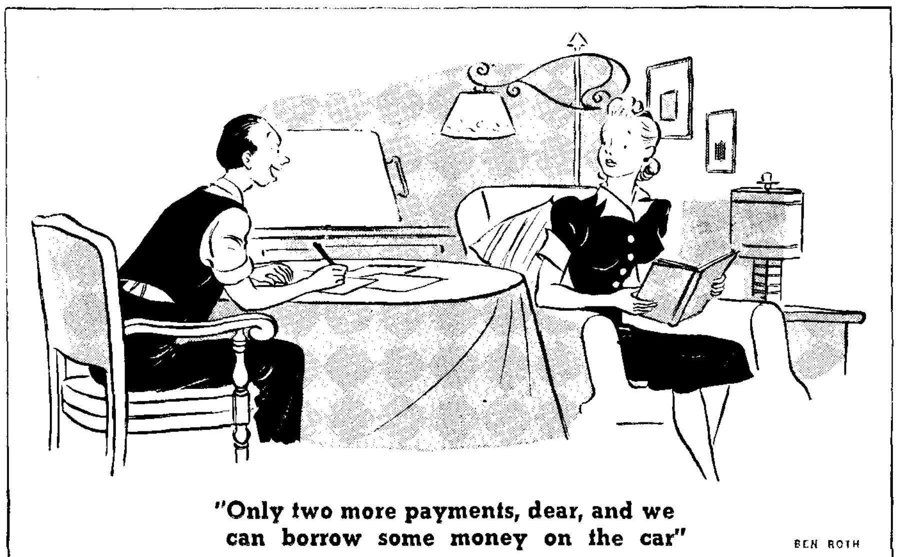
Throughout the entire season, Pacific Coast timers gave Jeffrey the worst of it. When other officials and coaches caught the sprinter in new world's record figures, the authorized clockers invariably caught him in slower time. This was probably due to the fact that before Jeffrey started it was a foregone conclusion that he might break a record and the timers, as is so often the case, wanted to be on the "safe" side and allowed the boy to be well over the finish line before they stopped their watches. They did not wish to be accused of "fast timing." Even in the national championships, when Jeffrey ran the 100 meters twice in 10.2 seconds, equaling the world's record and breaking the A.A.U. championship mark, it was ruled out because of "aiding" wind, although the wind machine recorded that it was a cross wind and not of sufficient speed to be of any advantage.

Not being allowed to compete in the I.C.A.A.A.A. Games was also a bitter disappointment to Clyde Jeffrey, as track champions would rather win a title in the tradition-laden Eastern Intercollegiates than in the National College championships. The attitude of the Stanford team as well as of the school toward track also hurt Jeffrey, for during the spring of 1939 there was a general indifference toward the sport displayed on every hand and there were troubles in the athletic department both from within and without.

Yet, through all of these disappointments and setbacks, the boy never lost heart. He continues to believe in himself. Not by the wildest stretch of the imagination could he be called cocky, yet he is sure of what he can do. His attitude is well reflected in his answer to my question as to how he feels about competing under the different rules that govern the Amateur Athletic Union, College and International sprinting:

"So long as we all run under the same rules, at the same time, I do not see that it makes any difference."

When you read of Clyde Jeffrey winning the Olympic 100 meters at Helsingfors next summer, please remember that besides being "The Fastest Human," Jeff is also a fine fellow, and a real sportsman!



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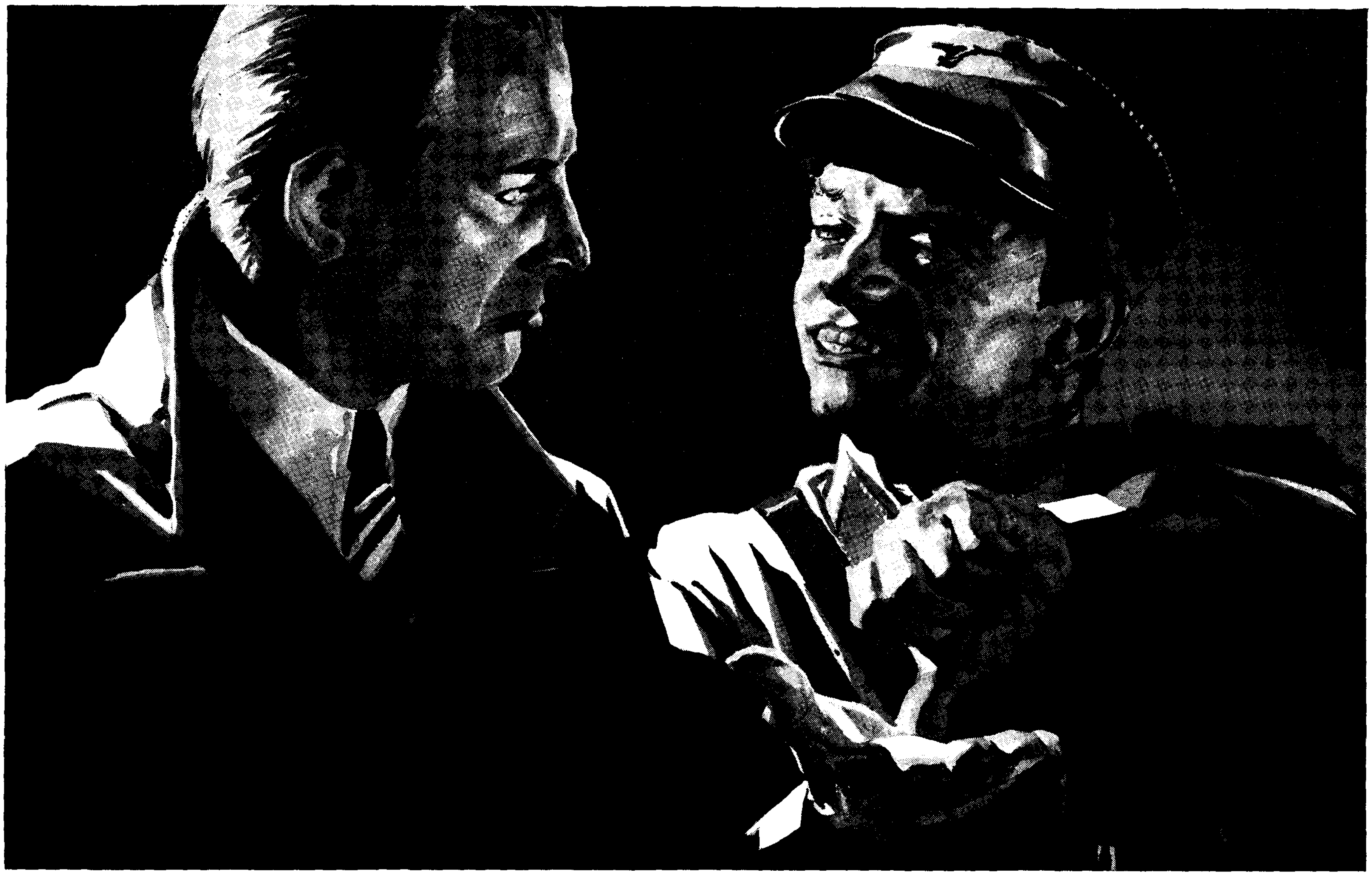

GEORGE HOWE

The man grinned. "Only a good conscience. It gets better and better the more of you I have under my thumb"

FLOTSAM

By Erich Maria Remarque

TRANSLATED BY DENVER LINDLEY

The Story Thus Far:

OUSTED from Germany, with his father and mother, because his father is a Jew, young Ludwig Kern becomes separated from his parents. Since he has no passport, no rights of citizenship anywhere, he can find a home in no country. Wherever he goes—Vienna, Prague, Switzerland and elsewhere—he is arrested, ordered to move on.

At last, following a series of harrowing experiences, he succeeds in making his way to Paris, where—with Ruth Holland, a charming girl whom he loves and who loves him—he finds a respite from persecution.

But what to do to earn a living? The answer is supplied by Josef Steiner, another exile, whose friendship Kern had won in Vienna. Steiner, arrived in Paris, finds Kern almost penniless; he finds work for himself, Kern and their friend, Marill, at the Paris World's Fair.

Still none of the exiles are safe; all live in dread of being forced to leave France. So, learning that Durant, a physicist who has an assured income, is in love with Ruth, Kern urges her to marry the Frenchman, and so find security. Ruth says that she would rather starve with Kern than marry someone else.

Steiner receives a letter from Berlin. It informs him that his wife, Marie—whom he idolizes—is in a hospital, dying. He goes to Berlin (fully conscious that if he is apprehended he will be killed or imprisoned), finds Marie, has a brief talk with her as she lies on her deathbed. Then, leaving, he is told that she has only two or three days to live.

Steiner's departure comes as a terrible blow to Kern. Another shock follows—he is arrested, ordered to leave the country. Then, while endeavoring to slip back into Paris after pretending to obey the order, he is again arrested. This time he is sentenced to serve a six-weeks prison term.

From his solitary cell, he sends a letter to Ruth; he implores her to marry Durant. . . . In Paris, Ruth reads the letter. Realizing that what Kern needs is co-operation from some influential person, she inveigles Durant into introducing her to his uncle—an old fellow with considerable political power.

Durant's uncle gives her a letter to an official. It is ignored. Whereupon, she implores the old gentleman to insist on quick action.

Conclusion

I'LL come again tomorrow, Marie." Steiner bent over the still figure and then straightened up. The nurse was standing by the door. Her sharp glance swept over him, but she avoided his eyes. The tray in her hand trembled and the glass on it clinked softly.

Steiner walked out into the corridor. "Stand still!" a voice commanded.

On each side of the door stood a man in uniform with drawn revolver. Steiner stopped. He did not even jump.

"What's your name?"

"Johann Huber."

"Come over here to the window."

A third man approached and looked at him. "It's Steiner," he said, "no doubt of it. I recognize him. You probably recognize me too, eh, Steiner?"

"I've never forgotten you, Steinbrenner," Steiner answered calmly.

"You'll catch it this time!" the man snickered. "Welcome home! I'm really overjoyed to see you again. Very likely you're planning to stay with us for a little while this time, eh? We have a marvelous new camp with every modern convenience."

"I can believe it."

"Handcuffs!" Steinbrenner commanded. "As a precaution, my sweet. It would simply break my heart if you were to desert us again."

There was the click of a door latch. Steiner looked over his shoulder. It was the door of his wife's room that had opened. The nurse looked out for an instant, then quickly drew back her head.

"So that's how it was," Steiner said.

"Oh, yes. Love." Steinbrenner snickered. "It brings the most hard-boiled birds back to the nest—for the good of the state and the joy of their friends."

Steiner looked at the blotched face with its receding chin and blue circles under the eyes. He looked at it calmly; he knew what that face portended for him, but it was all very remote—like something that did not actually concern him at all. Steinbrenner blinked his eyes, licked his lips and took a step back.

"Still not a grain of conscience, Steinbrenner?" Steiner inquired.

The man grinned. "Only a good conscience, darling. It gets better and better the more of you I have under my thumb. My sleep is first rate. But in your case I'm going to make an exception. I'm going to visit you at night so that I can chat a little with you. All right, take him away!" he commanded suddenly in a sharp voice.

STEINER went down the stairs with his escort. The people who met them stopped and let them pass in silence. In the street too this silence prevailed as they went by; no one shouted at them.

Steiner was given a hearing. A middle-aged official questioned him and the facts were put down in the records.

"For what purpose did you come back to Germany?" the official asked.

"I wanted to see my wife before she died."

"Which of your political friends have you met here?"

"No one."

"It will be better for you to tell me before you are sentenced."

"I have already told you: no one."

"On whose instructions did you come here?"

"I had no instructions."

(Continued on page 52)

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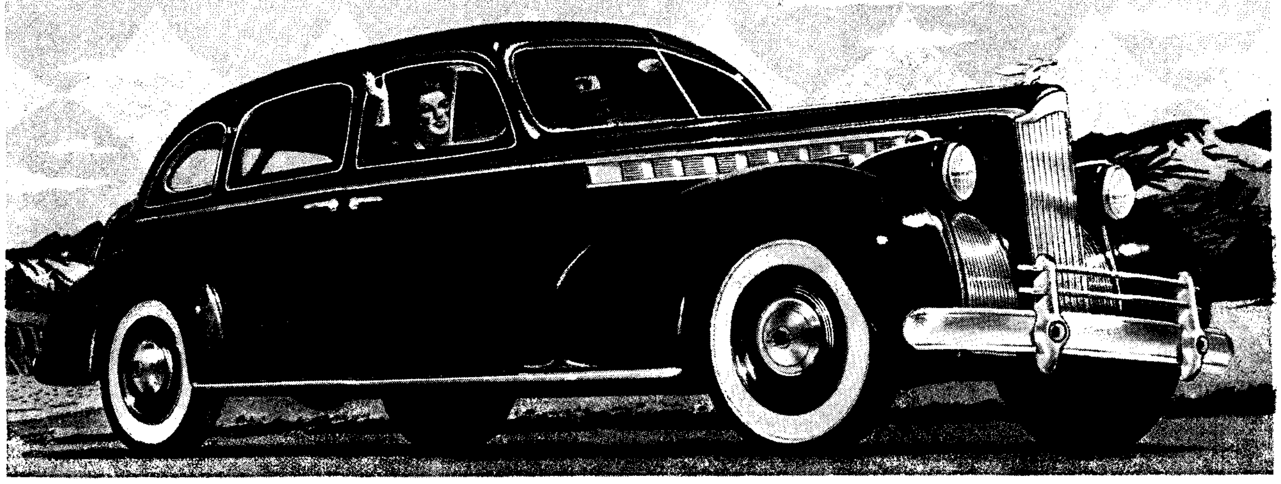

Model illustrated is Packard Super-8 One-Sixty Touring Sedan $1632 (white sidewall tires extra)*

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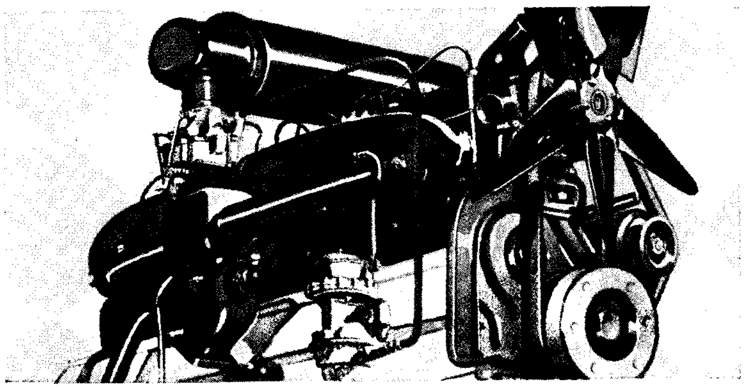

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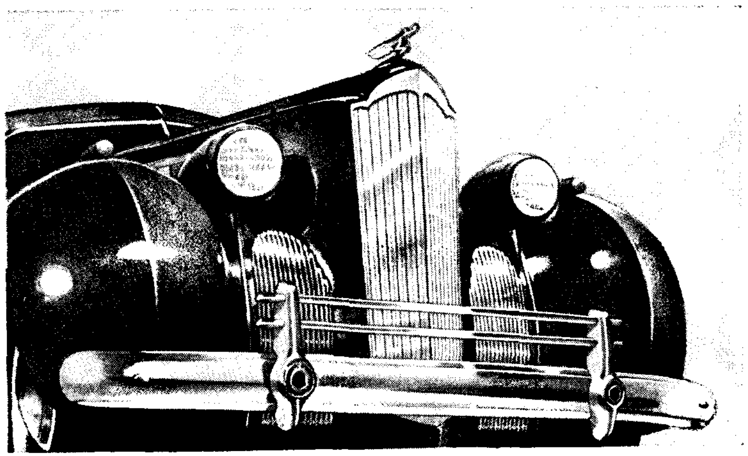

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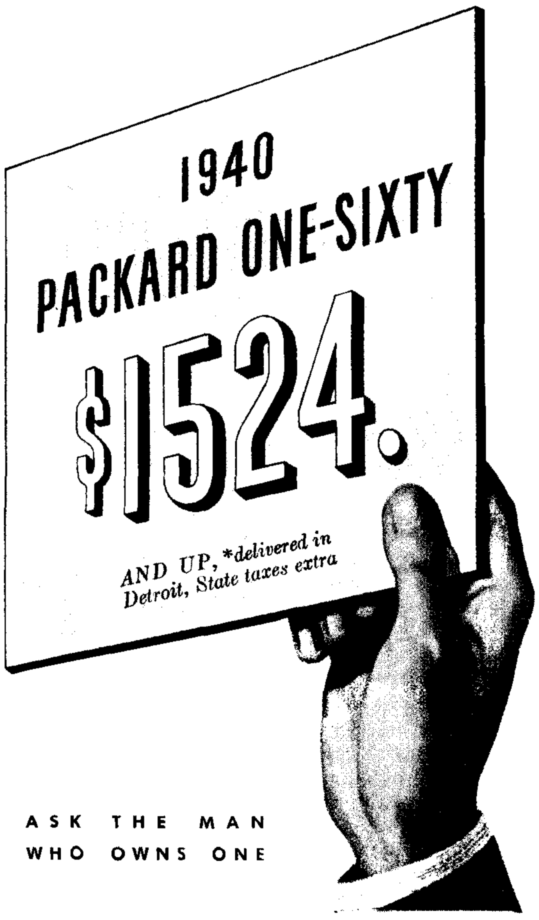
1940
PACKARD ONE-SIXTY
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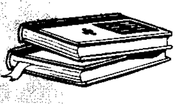
AND UP, *delivered in Detroit, State taxes extra

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Makes Truth sound like Fiction



This new 1940 Packard Super-8 One-Sixty is a car that makes truth sound like fiction!

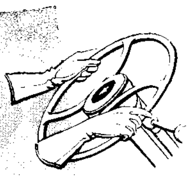
Imagine, if you can, a car so spirited and so powerful that it can zoom up hills that other cars simply cannot make in high gear, *and pick up speed all the way to the top!*

Imagine acceleration so fast that you'd think it would throw you back against the cushions, yet so smooth that actually you seem to drift past other cars!

A Giant of an Engine

Try to picture a giant, brand-new engine of 160 horsepower—*the most powerful 8-cylinder engine in any American passenger car today*—that delivers this quiet torrent of power on an amazingly scanty diet of gasoline. So scanty, in fact, that the new Packard Super-8 One-Sixty comes surprisingly close to equalling the gasoline mileage of cars weighing hundreds of pounds less, and with forty to sixty less horsepower!

Velvet Control



To our knowledge, never has such tremendous power been so easily controlled, either in traffic or on cross-country driving. Again truth sounds like fiction—but in *one* finger you have more than enough strength to pilot this great car. And for sheer, unadulterated comfort, its ride is something to marvel at!

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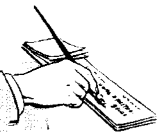

With its stunning new lines, its mighty power, its luxurious interior, this is a car to keep you on pins and needles till you own it. But that day needn't be far off—for its price is set at an incredibly low figure. *Actually, this car sells for several hundred dollars less than did its predecessor, the Packard Super-8, a year ago!*

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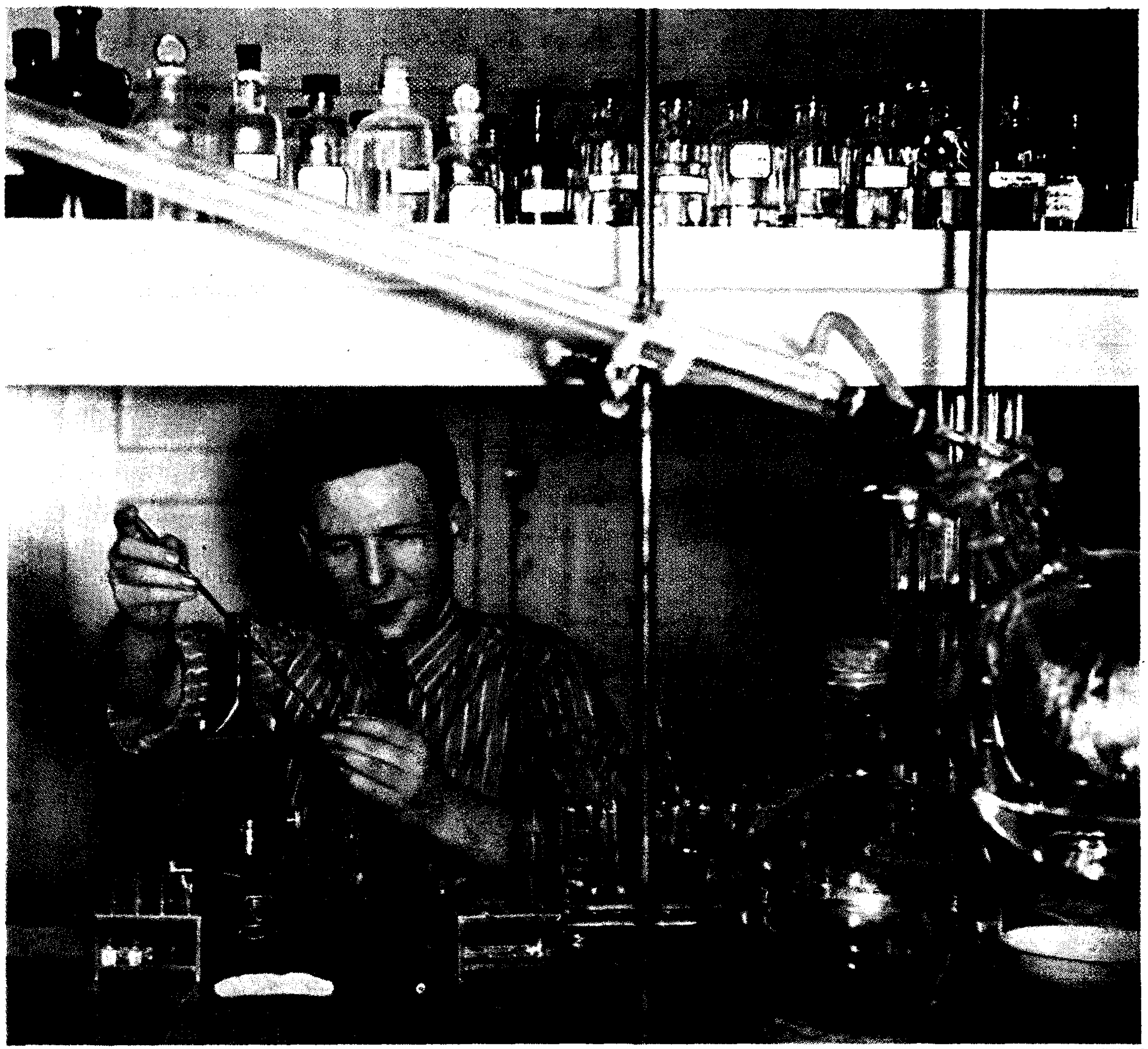


IFOR THOMAS

Dr. Arthur Steinberg, whose research resulted in the discovery of koagamin

Thicker than Blood

By Hannah Lees

PHOTOMICROGRAPHS BY DR. FRANCIS F. LUCAS

It was Dr. Steinberg's purpose to prevent blood clots; instead, he found a way to produce them quickly. It's a neat achievement. There'll be lives to show for it

A FEW months ago, at a Philadelphia hospital, a prominent obstetrician did a Caesarean section and delivered a fine, healthy baby. Now, there's nothing terribly exciting about that these days, but what is exciting is that when the sponge nurse finished her count her eyes nearly popped out of her head. Normally, in a Caesarean, which is a pretty serious operation, there are some twenty or thirty sponges used. This time there were only five, and two of them were practically as fresh and dry as before they had been put to work. And all because, shortly before the operation, the patient had been given a couple of injections of—you can have fifty guesses—oxalic acid, the common floor bleach, the common ink and rust remover. An incredibly small amount of oxalic acid it was—three milligrams per shot, which is about one ten-thousandth of an ounce, but still oxalic acid. And upstairs in his laboratory, in that hospital, a young chemist heard the news with satisfaction but not much surprise. He knew it would be that way.

It's a curious, contradictory tale, the way this discovery came to be made. About four years ago this young chemist, Arthur Steinberg by name, found himself wondering if he couldn't find something (here's your first contradiction) to keep blood from clotting inside the body, something to prevent those thromboses that occasionally form in the blood vessels after operations and in the course of some diseases and do all sorts of damage from gangrene to sudden death.

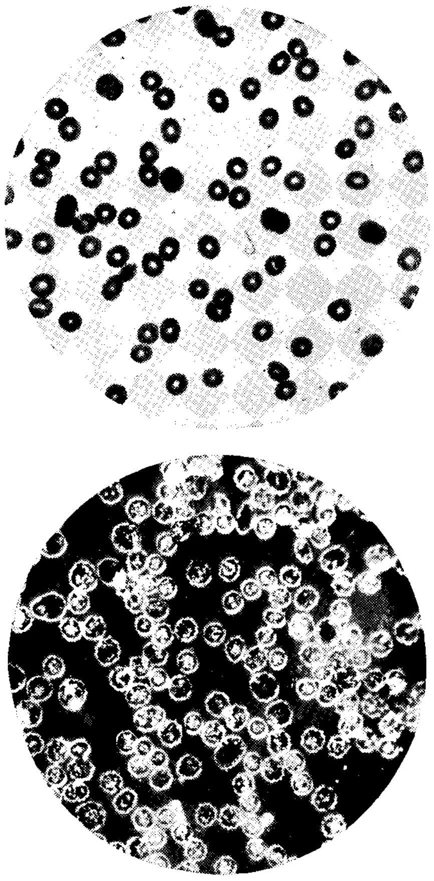
There was a substance called heparin that was supposed to do that job, but heparin had to be made in a very elaborate, intricate way from beef blood and was almost unbelievably expensive, something like a hundred dollars a dose, which is hardly practical. So Dr. Steinberg was wondering if there might not be something else.

He had a full-time job, working on another problem in a research laboratory, but this thing seemed to be on his mind. Research workers are a little strange that way, and, after all, what is a man to do with his evenings and Sundays? So he began tinkering with the idea. He knew that, among other things, sodium oxalate, a compound of oxalic acid, was used to keep blood from clotting in test tubes (I told you this was a story of contradictions). He knew this compound worked by taking the calcium, which was supposed to be necessary to clotting, out of the blood. But you can't remove all the calcium from a person's system. He'd die. People had been known to die, in fact, from taking oxalic acid. So he never thought of using that. Instead he began to try solutions of various animal tissues, injecting them into rabbits and then seeing how the blood behaved and whether it seemed to clot more slowly. Then one day he injected a solution of some tissue extract—spleen extract it happened to be—into a rabbit and tested the blood, and—well, it certainly wasn't clotting any slower; quite the contrary, it was clotting faster, much faster.

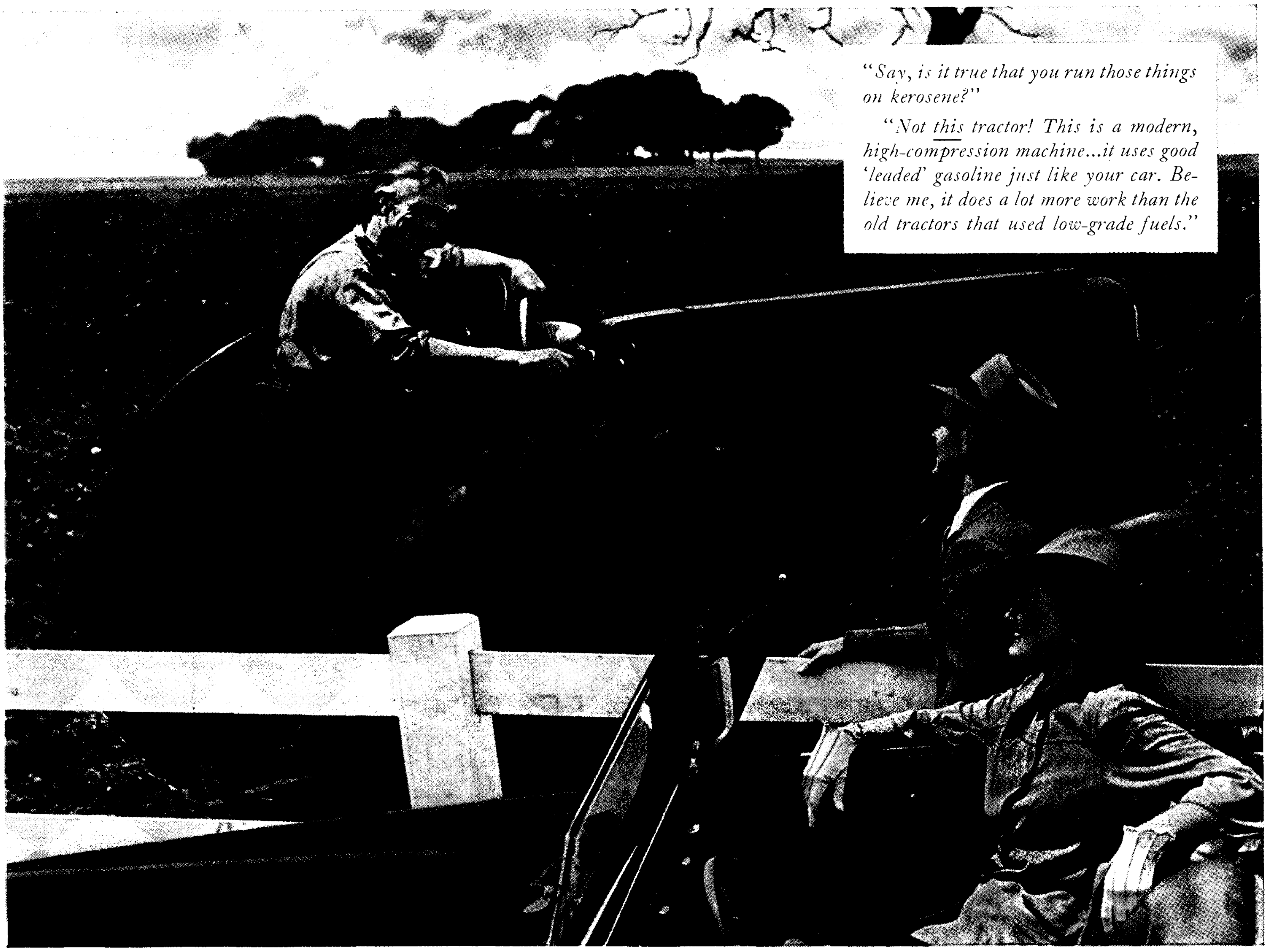
A Real Need for a Coagulant

Well, that was pretty interesting even if it wasn't what he was looking for. He tried it on a few more rabbits and it looked still more interesting. Now, Steinberg is just a born research worker with a highly overdeveloped curiosity. The chances are he didn't bother to think of the medical implications right then. There was just this problem: if certain animal extracts made blood clot faster, would plant extract, for instance, do the same thing? So he got a variety of dried plants from various drug houses and started in on them—things like wood sorrel, and shepherd's purse, and rhubarb, and euphorbia—weeds we'd call most of them, but they turned out to have been a good hunch. Make an extract of certain of those weeds, particularly shepherd's purse and wood sorrel, and inject it into the vein of a rabbit. Test the rabbit's blood fifteen minutes later and instead of clotting in two and a half minutes, which is normal, it would congeal in about a minute and a half.

Maybe, he began to think, it would be a good idea to table that anticoagulant problem for a while in favor of this, because a really good coagulant that could be injected into the blood stream would help doctors quite a bit. A lot more people died of hemorrhage every year



What happens to normal red blood cells (above) when oxalic acid is added to blood in test tubes. The blood (below) will not clot. Oxalic acid has a directly opposite effect when injected into the blood stream, hastening coagulation



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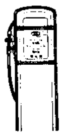

POOR PERFORMANCE—with low-grade gasoline, poor in anti-knock quality. With low-grade gasoline in a modern car, the engine's spark must be *retarded*—which means *loss* of power and economy.

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than of having their blood form clots that anything like heparin couldn't help. Lots of other things had been tried as coagulants, of course, for years and years, snake venom among them, but none of them had seemed very successful. He tried a few more rabbits.

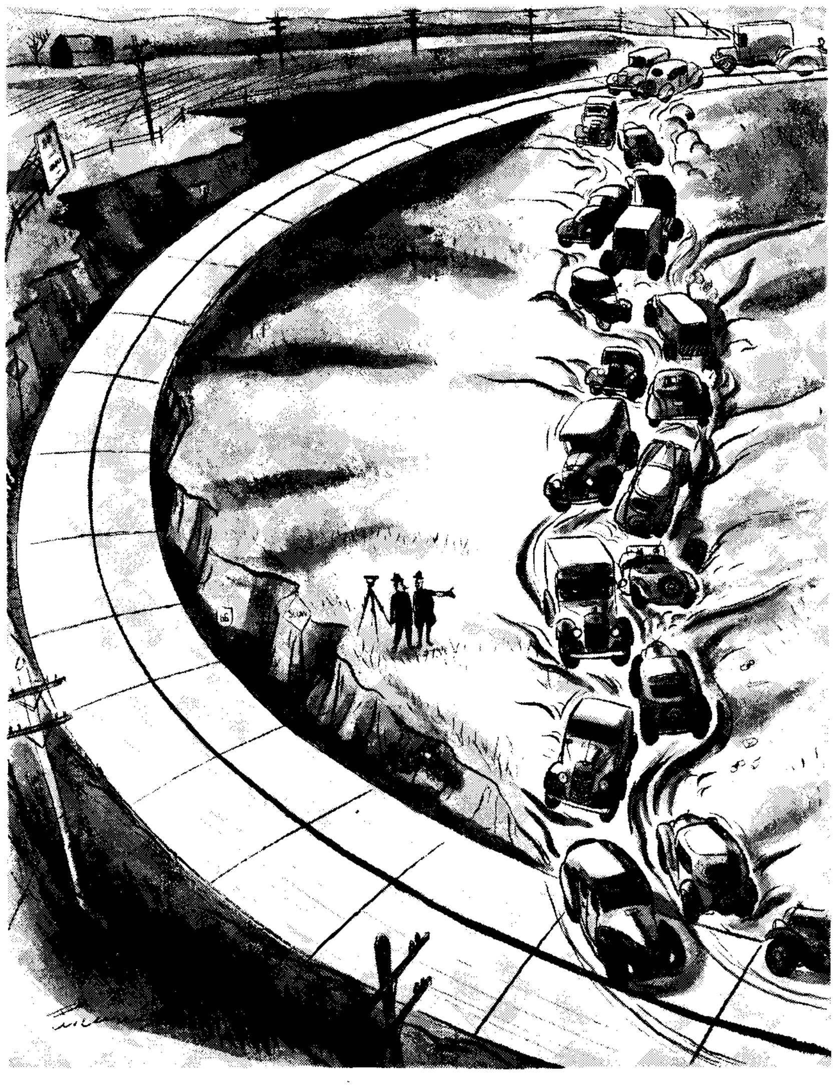
After testing out the extract on dozens and dozens of rabbits, Steinberg naturally began looking around for a human to try it on, still in his spare time, you understand, still on his own, quietly, evenings and holidays. He had talked to various doctors about the idea and some of them were interested but most of them were pretty scornful. Plant extract to make blood coagulate? Why, the theory of coagulation was one of the most complicated and unsatisfactory in medicine. There seemed to be at least six factors, and most of them had been only guessed at, never identified. It was crazy to think any one simple extract was the answer. Steinberg didn't know then, you see, what it was in his extract that made the blood clot so fast. If he had known, and told the other doctors, they'd have been still more scornful. But he didn't know. He just knew this plant stuff made the rabbits' blood thicken nearly twice as fast and didn't seem to hurt them, and he called it koagamin, a name that has stuck with it right up to this day.

But what about humans? Well, a man can always try a thing on himself. So he took a shot of the stuff and did a test and it worked the same way, faster in fact, and he felt just as well as ever the next hour and the next day and the next week. Of course, then he wanted more human guinea pigs, and they were harder to get. But he talked to all his friends—physicians and surgeons and other chemists—and finally got some of them to play guinea pig too . . . and it worked the same way on them. They felt no ill effects, no effects of any sort when the stuff was injected intravenously. Their blood just clotted faster than normally when tested, much faster. Which was fine, but there's no real good in thickening, as it were, the blood of a *perfectly healthy person*. Where this might be valuable was with sick people, people dying of hemorrhage. Yet even the most curious research man could hardly expect doctors, even doctors who were friends, to turn their patients over to him as guinea pigs, unless, of course, they were dying anyway.

A Patient with Nothing to Lose

That, grimly enough, seemed to be Steinberg's only chance. If a doctor had a patient who seemed absolutely moribund, who was losing blood at a fatal rate and nothing else seemed able to stop it—well, you couldn't do any harm even with stuff made from a weed, with a funny name like koagamin. Pretty soon a case like that came along. A doctor Steinberg knew had a woman patient with a very serious bleeding gastric ulcer and nothing he did seemed to do any good. Pretty much in desperation, he gave her an intravenous shot of the shepherd's purse extract. He could hardly believe it when the bleeding stopped. He could hardly believe it when she began to respond to the treatment that hadn't done any good before, and got well.

Pretty soon another doctor Steinberg knew found himself with a patient with a nosebleed. Now, this doesn't sound so serious, but it was, because it was a sort of familial hereditary nosebleed in which nothing seems of much help in checking the flow, and the patient sometimes bleeds to death. It's not like hemophilia, which we'll come to in a minute, but it's almost as serious, and this patient was slowly but surely bleeding to death. Her doctor, again in des-


"It's a short cut!"

FRITZ WILKINSON

peration, gave her an intravenous shot of the plant extract . . . and the bleeding stopped and she got well.

Then of course, the news began to spread, and it wasn't so hard to find doctors who were willing to try this extract on their patients. They began using it to stop hemorrhages after operations, after childbirth; hemorrhages due to diseases in nearly every part of the body. And in practically every case the bleeding was checked, often in a few minutes, always within a half-hour after the extract was injected.

But there was another whole group with bleeding trouble, people who had something actually wrong with their blood; people with purpura who would get spontaneous hemorrhages all over their bodies, and especially under the skin; people with jaundice who needed operations and yet were bad operative risks because the jaundice in some complicated way affected the blood so that it was slow to clot; hemophiliacs who were born with something missing from their blood so that it would take hours to clot, or never clot at all, who might bleed to death from a simple cut. It was a question whether this plant extract would do those people any good, but the only way to find out was to try it. So they did.

Discovery of a New Vitamin

It all took time, for Steinberg was still working on his own at nights, still getting individual physicians and surgeons to co-operate with him, to try his stuff, when and where they could. But he did it. A hemophiliac, for instance, who had always needed to be rushed to the hospital and given transfusions whenever he so much as cut himself shaving, had an impacted wisdom tooth removed with no trouble whatever because, two hours before, he had had an intravenous and also an intramuscular injection of this extract. And this was revolutionary. Nothing had ever been known to be much help to hemophiliacs before. Things like the snake venom I mentioned earlier had looked hopeful but had not turned out so well.

Jaundiced patients needing operations, who a few years ago hadn't had much chance, have had a good deal better break in recent years. A new vitamin was discovered, Vitamin K, which seemed to be just what people with jaundice were lacking, seemed to be what they needed to make their blood clot normally. But this vitamin was effective only in jaundice, and had to be given along with other things to make it work. Dr. Steinberg tried his extract on jaundiced patients, and it not only worked but even worked in a few cases where Vitamin K had seemed to fall down. As for people with purpura . . . this plant extract seemed just as valuable in stopping their uncontrollable hemorrhages as in jaundice and hemophilia. It was all pretty amazing.

A few surgeons began routinely using the stuff before operations . . . and found that they could work much faster and more efficiently because there was so much less oozing to obscure their vision. There were still only a few surgeons, only a few physicians using it—still are in fact. It's such a new idea, such a revolutionary one, and doctors are a very conservative lot. Lucky for you, in general, that they are. But those that were using it were sold on it. Surgeons found their operating work was being revolutionized.

Meanwhile Steinberg was worrying about what it was in this plant extract that did the job. Working in the same laboratory with him was a man named William Redman Brown, with whom he'd discussed his ideas a good deal. So he and Brown now set to work, in Steinberg's basement and Brown's garage, to see if they couldn't discover the chemical composition of this plant extract. And they analyzed and analyzed and discarded one theory after another. Every once in a while they'd get a few white crystals, but they couldn't find out what they were, because if they heated them even one degree beyond a very delicate point, *pouf*, the crystals would sublime, which is the fancy chemical name for vanish, go up in smoke.

When they finally got the crystals to stay with them long enough to be identified, and identified them as oxalic acid, they could hardly believe their eyes . . . or their test tubes. But they tested them again and again, and there wasn't any doubt. Oxalic acid it was, in spite of the fact that oxalic acid was known to be a dangerous poison, and in spite of the fact that sodium oxalate was an anticoagulant in a test tube.

"Will it stand up under an ice bag?" HELEN HOKINSON

And then they remembered something they'd known but hadn't paid any attention to before: there is a certain small amount of oxalic acid in the blood, yours, mine, everybody's. A Japanese had discovered that quite a few years ago, but it hadn't meant anything then, and he'd had trouble finding out how much. Maybe they could find out how much. So they began analyzing and analyzing again, blood this time, and found there was not only some, but quite a lot; as much as six or seven milligrams per hundred cubic centimeters, which is only a little less than the amount of calcium we have in our blood if we're healthy.

So oxalic acid was a deadly poison, was it? Well, of course, but then so was morphine, so was strychnine, so were many of the really valuable drugs if taken in anything but minute doses. The only thing was, oxalic acid had never been thought of as a medicine before. But it was a medicine, a very valuable medicine obviously, and one we all carried around inside us all the time.

And there was another odd thing: they had analyzed, among other things —because as I said before research men are curious that way—the blood of women who had just had babies, and the blood from the babies' cords, and they found strangely enough in those bloods quite a little more oxalic acid than normal. It looked as if Dr. Steinberg had just hit on a method of coagulating blood that nature had been using for centuries to keep mothers and babies from dying when the babies were born.

Scientists Are Never Satisfied

It was all very exciting, too exciting to believe. Last April, Dr. Steinberg and Dr. Brown carried their news to Toronto, where the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology was meeting. When they met with some skepticism Dr. Steinberg injected some koagamin into a rabbit and tested its blood and proved before the eyes of all the skeptics that the clotting time was cut almost in half. A couple of months later, in June, they received a gold medal from the New Jersey State Medical Society for their original —very original—research.

Call it koagamin, or shepherd's purse extract or oxalic acid, the stuff has been tried now on nearly 2,000 sick people in whom hemorrhage was a danger. And there was scarcely one of them in which the bleeding wasn't checked, scarcely one who, if the extract was given in time, didn't make a remarkable recovery. But Steinberg and Brown aren't satisfied. They want to know why minute quantities of oxalic acid make blood clot in the body, while large quantities of an oxalic acid salt keep it from clotting in a test tube. They want to know what the processes are that make the oxalic acid have this effect and where it fits into the whole difficult, complicated theory of blood clotting in general. Maybe it will help simplify that theory. There are all sorts of ideas they could have about these things, and probably do, but all they will admit so far is that the oxalic acid seems to be some sort of catalyst to the other clotting forces in the blood.

There are so many things they still want to find out and they're going right ahead to try to find them out . . . in their spare time. Meanwhile, Dr. Brown is working his eight hours a day on cancer and Dr. Steinberg is working his eight hours a day on endocrine research, particularly the adrenals, and wondering between times what you could use as a good cheap anticoagulant to take the place of heparin.

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EAT
YOUR PAPER...

AND
READ
YOUR MEALS?

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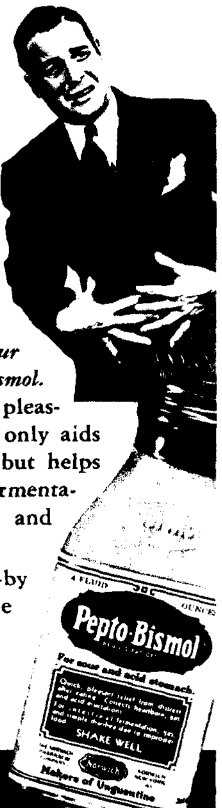


PEPTO-BISMOL
WHEN YOUR STOMACH IS UPSET

Flotsam

Continued from page 46

"With what political organization were you associated abroad?"

"None."

"Then how did you live?"

"From the money I earned. You see I have an Austrian passport."

"With what group were you to get in touch when you arrived here?"

"If that had been my intention I'd have hidden myself better. I knew what I was doing when I went to see my wife."

The official continued to question him for a while longer. Then he scrutinized Steiner's passport and his wife's letter, which had been taken from him. He looked at Steiner, then read the letter once more. "You will be transferred this afternoon," he said finally.

"I would like to make one request," Steiner said. "It's a small matter but very important to me. My wife is still alive. The doctor says that at most she can only live for one or two days more. I have told her that I am coming back tomorrow. If I do not come, she will know I am here. For myself I expect neither sympathy nor favors of any kind; but I should like my wife to die in peace. I beg you to keep me here for one or two days and allow me to visit my wife."

"Not a chance. I can't give you such an opportunity to escape."

"I won't escape. The room is on the fourth floor and has only one entrance. If someone takes me there and watches the door there will be nothing I can do. I make this request not for myself but for a dying woman."

"Impossible," said the official. "I have no authority to grant it."

"You have the authority. You can order another hearing for me and you can make these visits possible. You could give as a reason that I may tell my wife something that is important for you to know. That could be the reason too for having my guard wait outside. You could arrange for that reliable nurse to stay in the room and listen to what was said."

"That's nonsense. Your wife won't tell you anything nor will you tell her."

"Of course not. She doesn't know anything. But she would die in peace."

The official reflected and leafed through the documents.

"We examined you formerly on the subject of Group VII. You did not give us any names. In the meantime we have caught Müller, Boese and Welldorf. Will you tell us the names of the others?"

Steiner was silent.

"Will you tell us their names if I make it possible for you to visit your wife for two days?"

"Yes," Steiner said after a pause.

"Then tell them to me."

Steiner was silent.

"Will you give me two names tomorrow evening and the rest the day after tomorrow?"

"I will tell you the names day after tomorrow."

"Do you promise that?"

"Yes."

The official stared at him for a time. "I'll see what I can do. Now you will be taken back to your cell."

"Will you give me back my letter?" Steiner asked.

"Your letter? It has to stay with the rest of the evidence." The official looked at him, undecided. "There's nothing incriminating in it. All right, take it with you."

"Thanks," Steiner said.

The official rang and had Steiner taken away. Too bad, he thought, but what can a man do? You're in the soup yourself the minute you show any sign of being human. Suddenly, in a flaming rage, he smashed his fist down on the table.

"LOOK at this, Marill," Ruth said, laying a slip of white paper on the table.

Marill bent over it incredulously. "A permit! A four-weeks residential permit! And it's real. How in the world did you do it?"

"I don't know," Ruth replied. She really didn't know precisely. "Others got it for me."

"You got it yourself."

"There's only one. For me," Ruth said. "And that wasn't as hard as I expected. Now I must get one for Ludwig. That will be harder. I've written to that lawyer Levi. In reply he demanded five hundred francs retainer."

"We'll get a lawyer from the Refugee Committee; the appeal will be heard here. He can handle it in collaboration with the French lawyer, and even if the trial isn't here, it seems better to me to have a different lawyer."

"I think so too, but won't that cost more money than we have?"

"No, you have about three thousand francs to take care of all that."

"You're much mistaken, Marill."

"Unfortunately I am not mistaken. It's Steiner's money. He gave it to me and told me to turn it over to you if he was not back by yesterday."

"Do you think—"

"Yes—"

"Oh, God," Ruth said.

"Perhaps he'll still come," Marill said doubtfully. "Sometimes there are accidents. However, he expressly instructed me to give the money to you and Kern if you needed it."

"Come along, we'll start at once."

KERN was transferred to a larger cell, where he found two cellmates—an Austrian named Leo and a man from North Germany who was called Möncke. They had been arrested for working without a permit. All three were put to work pasting together paper bags.

"There comes the grub," Leo said, "and I had always heard French food was good."

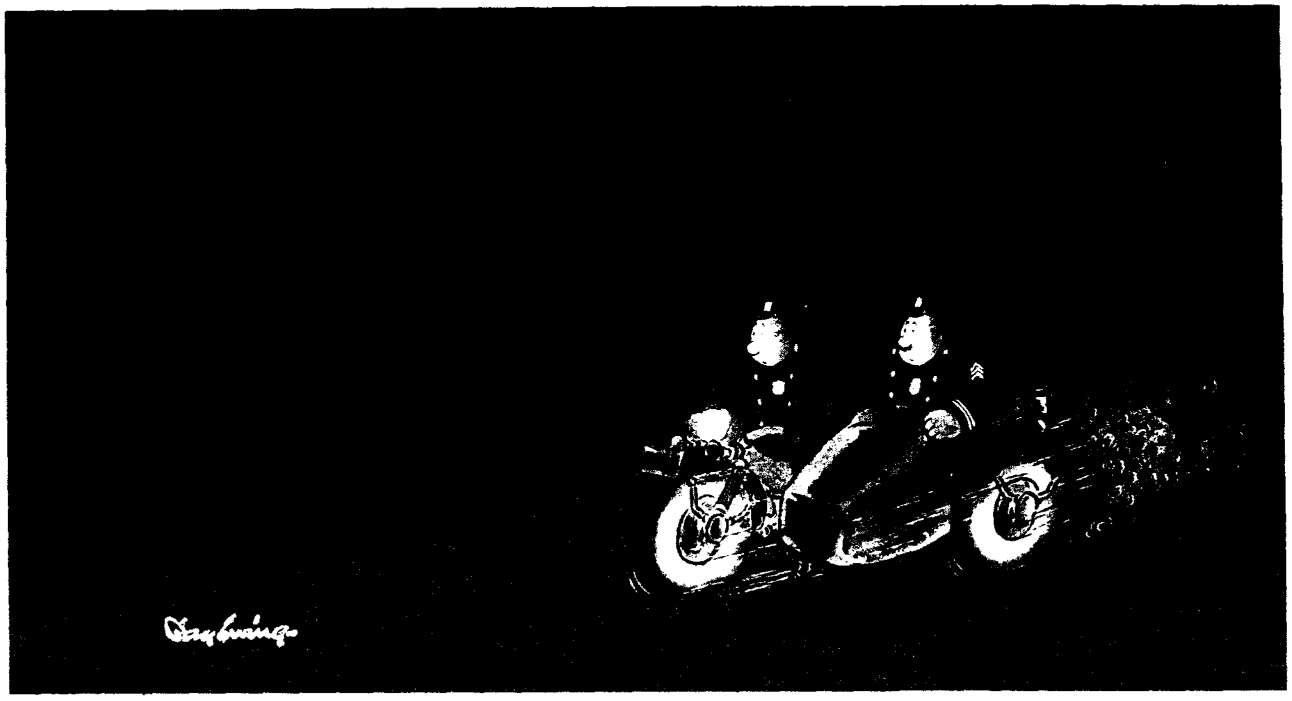
The turnkey filled three bowls with one ladle each of thin soup; that together with a piece of bread was their day's ration. The food was very meager and bad; they were under the district control of the Einsheim Penitentiary, which was notorious for the quality of its food. To be sure, any convicts who had money could order additional food from the canteen, but most of them had no money.

They devoured their helpings and stared hungrily at the bowls. "We could eat the paste," Möncke said, "if it weren't that we'd be punished for it."

"Well, at least they give us tobacco here," Leo replied. "Has anyone saved any of the three cigarettes from the morning round?"

"I have," Kern said, getting a cigarette out from under his plank bed.

"Magnificent," Leo said, drawing out from under his belt a piece of flint and



". . . Edgar Allan Poe . . . but of course he made 'em all up . . ." JAY IRVING

So you're the Guy

. . . who was never going to polish your car again!

Bill Jones and I had sworn on a stack of old auto polish cans we'd never shine up a car again. Too much work for what it got you, we said. So you could have knocked me over with a dust cloth when I saw Bill polishing up his crate the other day. "How come?" I asked.

"I can take a hint," he said. "This morning at breakfast the little wife hands me a Du Pont No. 7 Polish ad which says it's easy as pie to use. So what can I do, to please the little woman, but try it? And say, by golly, it *is* easy!"

When I saw Bill's car, believe me I broke down and got a can of this No. 7 Polish myself. And say, that ad was right! It sure is quick and easy to use. Why, in no time at all I had the old bus looking like a shaving mirror on wheels!

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some cotton which he had obtained from the infirmary on the pretext that he had an earache. He expertly struck a spark on the iron pail while Kern kept watch at the peephole. Smoking in the cells was strictly forbidden.

Leo took a deep drag and seated himself. When he had smoked his third, Möncke had his turn and after him Kern.

"Now I feel like a human being again for five minutes," Leo declared.

"It would take a big pig's hock with sauerkraut to make me feel that way," Möncke replied. "The hock of a pig as big as an elephant. A giant elephant."

Leo frowned. "That's not the sort of thing to eat at noon. A goulash, with a small beer, that would be correct."

"The hell with goulash!" Möncke persisted stubbornly. "Pig's hock and, if you like, purée of peas."

"I guess you don't understand much about food in North Germany," Leo remarked loftily. "A nice cut of boiled beef with vinegar—have you ever heard of that?"

"Small pickings for little Austrians! Food should have strength in it. First a good lentil soup, then roast pork, plenty of potatoes, pickles, red cabbage and afterward groats with vanilla sauce—"

Leo laughed derisively. "That's for peasants. Lentil soup as a first course! Groats! Now, what you want is a fine, light pudding!"

"Nonsense, you windbag. That doesn't put flesh on your bones. That's just why we lost the war; on your account, because you had no flesh on your bones."

"What's that? We lost the war on account of you loudmouthed fellows!"

"My socialist friends, I think the superintendent is coming," Kern said.

The next instant the three prisoners were sitting completely and enthusiastically absorbed in making paper bags. Four weeks more, Kern thought—and even after that no Ruth—

MARIE regained consciousness once more. She had lain for the whole morning in a kind of twilight agony. Now she definitely recognized Steiner.

"You're still here?" she whispered in terror.

"I can stay here as long as I like, Marie."

"What do you mean by that?"

"The Amnesty has been proclaimed and I am included. So you needn't be afraid any more. Now I shall stay here always."

She looked at him doubtfully. "You only tell me that to calm me, Josef—'

"No, Marie. The Amnesty was announced yesterday." He turned to the nurse, who was busying herself in the back of the room. "Isn't it true, nurse, that since yesterday there's no further danger of my being arrested?"

"That's true," the nurse replied indistinctly.

"Please come closer. My wife would like to hear about it from you."

The nurse remained bent over. "I've already said it."

"Please, nurse," Marie whispered.

She remained silent.

"Please, nurse," the sick woman whispered once more. The nurse reluctantly approached the bed. Marie watched her anxiously. "Isn't it true," Steiner asked, "that since yesterday I can stay here permanently?"

"Yes," gulped the nurse.

"There is no further danger of my being arrested?"

"No."

"Thank you, nurse."

Steiner saw the dying woman's eyes become veiled. She no longer possessed the strength to weep. "Now everything is all right, Josef," she whispered. "And now, just when I could be useful to you, I must go—"

"You are not going, Marie—"

"I would like to be able to get up and go away with you."

"We will go together."

She lay for a time watching him. Her face was gray and the bones seemed to be working their way through the skin. Overnight her hair had become dull and lifeless like an extinguished fire. Steiner looked at all this and did not see it; all he saw was that she still breathed, and as long as she was alive she was Marie, his wife, crowned by the glory of youth and of their life together.

WHEN the death rattle began, he sat beside her and held her hands. Evening crept into the room, and from outside beyond the door the impatient Steinbrenner was audible from time to time urgently clearing his throat. Marie's breathing became shallow, then it came in gasps with pauses, it grew almost inaudible and ceased like a gentle breeze falling asleep. Steiner held her hands until they became cold; and he died with her. When he got up to go out he was an insentient stranger, an empty shell that had the motions of a man. With an indifferent glance he examined the nurse.

Outside he was taken in charge by Steinbrenner and another man. "For more than two hours we've been waiting for you," Steinbrenner rasped. "We'll have plenty of chances to talk about that later on, you may be sure."

"I *am* sure of it, Steinbrenner. I always count on such things with you."

Steinbrenner moistened his lips. "You know perfectly well the way to address me is Herr Major, don't you? Go right on calling me Steinbrenner, but for each time you do it you'll spend weeks weeping bloody tears, my dear. Now I shall have plenty of time with you."

They went down the broad stairway, Steiner between his two guards. It was a warm evening and the French windows in the oval bay of the outer wall were open wide. There was a smell of gasoline and a hint of spring.

"I will have such a lot of time with you," Steinbrenner declared slowly and gloatingly. "Your whole life, sweetheart. And our names go so well together, Steiner and Steinbrenner. We'll have to see sometime what we can make of that."

Steiner nodded thoughtfully. The open window became larger, came closer; quite close— He gave Steinbrenner a thrust toward it, leaped against him, over him, and plunged down.

Steinbrenner got up from the stairs. He was white as chalk. "Has he—?" he stammered.

The other man looked out. "Flat as a flounder," he reported in a matter-of-fact tone. "Naturally enough; it's the third floor."

"That demon!" Steinbrenner snorted. "Wanted to pull me down with him, didn't he?"

"Looked that way."

"That demon!"

"SOMEONE is waiting for you," said the prison director as Kern entered his office to be discharged.

"I know," Kern replied wearily. "A policeman. Where's he going to take me—Basle or Geneva? I know my way around in Geneva better and I'd be sure of getting across the border there."

"It's not a policeman," the director said.

Kern looked up.

The director pressed a button. "Admit the lady," he said to the employee who came in.

"Lady?"

As he stared at the director it seemed to Kern as though a fist closed around his heart. It couldn't possibly be Ruth. After sending his letter he had heard nothing from her and had tried to think of her as little as possible. It was all

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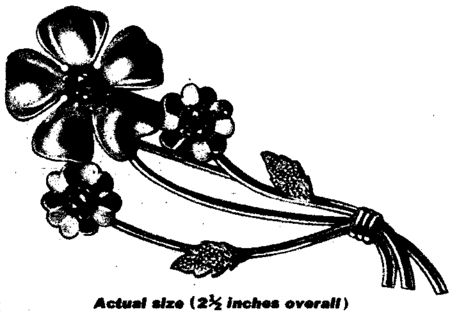

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over, he was alone and he would never return to France—that was that.

When he heard the light, quick steps behind him he turned slowly. The fist closed tighter around his heart.

"Ludwig!"

She ran to him and embraced him. She kissed his face, which had grown thin and pale with the pallor of sunless, underground cells, which was unshaven and shadowed with pain. "Heavens, darling," she whispered, forcing herself to smile, "I was just in the nick of time. I only got here two hours ago. The train was four hours late. Four hours!" she repeated. "And I almost missed you!"

Kern emerged from the tidal wave that had engulfed him. He pushed Ruth away and threw a quick glance toward the superintendent, who was attentively leafing through his calendar. "Ruth," he said, controlling his gasping breath with difficulty, "what does all this mean? What are you doing here?"

"I've come to get you, Ludwig."

"But they're just going to deport me—" Kern's head suddenly cleared and he saw the full danger. He looked again at the superintendent, who, he knew, understood no German. "Ruth," he said in a low, excited voice, "you must go at once! You must go before the man behind me finds out you have no papers. He will have you detained as soon as he learns that. You haven't said anything to him, have you?"

"Yes, Ludwig," she said, looking at him, "I've told him everything."

"You've told him—"

Ruth nodded.

"Then go quickly. Good God, why did you do that? The one comfort I had was to know that you were in some degree safe. Oh, Ruth, go at once! Perhaps you can still get away! Be careful at the station—that's where they make most of their arrests. Get on the train at the last moment. Now hurry. Go on before it's too late!"

He acted as though he were saying goodby and extended his hand with an empty, artificial smile.

Ruth did not take his hand. "No one can arrest me," she said, looking at him with sparkling eyes.

Kern let his hand drop. "What do you mean? I don't understand you."

"He can't have me arrested. No one can do anything to me, Ludwig. Here—" She snapped open her handbag and drew out a white certificate. "Here, look, just look!"

SHE held the paper toward him. He stared at it without taking it. "Why, Ruth, why, that is—why, that's a *récépissé!* You've got a permit to stay? My God, then you're safe!"

For the first time he looked her straight in the face and searched her eyes. "A residential permit for you, Ruth! You're through with filth and fear and flight!"

Ruth gulped. "I have another, Ludwig. It is—here it—" Her voice trembled and suddenly tears poured over the rigid smile that still lingered on her face. "It's yours, Ludwig," she whispered, "it's for you. You don't need to go away. You can stay here!"

Kern grew pale. "For me?" he stammered. "For me? Why, that can't be possible!"

"Yes, it is! Just read it. Here—"

Kern took the paper. He saw his name and read that he had the right to stay in France for four weeks.

"Then it will be extended," Ruth said, laughing and crying at the same time. "I've been promised it will be extended again and again. It's not for four weeks, that's just a formality; it's for good."

Kern nodded absently, staring at the paper. He was afraid to move, he was numb and as yet could not even rejoice. It had happened too fast. He just stood there and thought that pretty soon he would wake up and then Ruth would be gone and the paper in his hand would be transformed into the familiar order for deportation.

The superintendent rustled his papers; then he got up and came around the desk.

"That's a surprise, isn't it?" he asked.

"Is it really in order?" Kern asked softly.

"Yes, everything is exactly as it's written there. I congratulate you, Herr Kern," he said, shaking hands.

Kern took a deep breath. He saw that the superintendent, for whom he had hitherto been convict number 217, was smiling at him cordially and calling him by name—for the superintendent he had suddenly been transformed from an impersonal number into a human being. And what Ruth had not been able to do in the first moments was accomplished by this unimportant gesture on the part of a stranger—it convinced him and suddenly brought with it full realization. It seemed to him as if the days and weeks and months of flight were silently collapsing about him like gray shadows; as if the cobwebs of uncertainty, concealment and humiliation were rent by a strong beam of light; as though the inconsolable feeling of innocent guilt and guilty innocence had all at once melted into past memories—and as if he finally saw, after so much hopeless fumbling from one anxious moment of the present to another, for the first time a panorama of the future spread out before him in the bright rays of freedom.

He looked at the superintendent and at Ruth and then once more at the insignificant little slip of paper in his hand, a simple printed form on which his name had been inscribed, one sheet among millions, with the printer's number K48412, a scrap that could be torn up, but that brought back to him life, freedom and the rights of a human being. Suddenly and involuntarily he began to laugh; he laughed and laughed, harshly and loudly. He held the slip of paper firmly in his hand and laughed as though he could never stop.

The superintendent exchanged an anxious glance with Ruth.

Finally he said, "Tell me, Herr Kern—"

Kern quieted down. "Herr Superintendent," he said softly, "if I hadn't received this slip of paper a policeman would have taken me away as convict 217. That's true, isn't it?"

The superintendent nodded.

"And now through this piece of paper I have become a respectable person, a free man who can do what he likes, haven't I?"

"Absolutely!"

"Doesn't that seem strange to you?"

"What's strange about it? The fact is that you have just received a residential permit."

KERN shook his head. "But yesterday I was the same man I am today. I had the same hands, the same brain, the same thoughts—and yet yesterday everything was prohibited and illegal that today is permissible as a matter of course."

"Not yesterday," the superintendent corrected him. "Day before yesterday. The date on the permit is yesterday."

"Well, then, day before yesterday," Kern said acquiescingly. "Day before yesterday I was officially blotted out and my existence was a crime and a punishable contradiction in the sight of the great law codes of the world—and today I can breathe and sleep and live at peace, and everything is all right. Do you understand that?"

"Of course. Nothing could be simpler. Today you're entitled to all that."

"Don't you find that strange?"

"Them police cars is stoppin' here! It must be sumpin' right in this buildin'!"

ROLAND COE

"Not in the slightest," the director replied in surprise. "I find it quite in order. Now you have the right to live, in writing, stamped and signed. So everything is clear."

"Yes." Kern carefully folded the certificate and put it in his wallet. "The right to live! That's it!" he laughed. "Perhaps you're right. Goodby and good luck, Herr Superintendent."

RUTH and Kern were sitting in the station waiting room drinking coffee. The train for Paris was due to leave in half an hour. Kern was like a changed man; each step on the way from the prison to the station had made him freer, more carefree. He had gone with Ruth to a barbershop and had a haircut and shave—and suddenly, like an imponderable happiness, had come the realization that he need no longer be afraid.

"Ruth," he said, raising his cup, "it's all new and unique. The whole world has changed. It is no longer a great unknown danger: it's a great unsuspected joy."

Ruth looked at him, beaming.

"You're not in the picture yet," Kern said. "That's still too much. It will take a few days before I can comprehend it all. But perhaps it will go faster. The other thing is already ages in the past. When was I in prison? Years ago—"

"Never," Ruth said.

"How did you manage it? What did you do, Ruth? I don't understand it."

"Neither do I. And don't ask me. Sometimes I still don't believe in it. I don't want to think about it; I'm afraid it might all disappear."

"It won't disappear. I'm sure of that now. *You* achieved it; it won't disappear."

He looked around. "What is it?" Ruth asked. "What do you want?"

Kern flushed. "It sounds silly, Ruth Nothing but a cigarette."

She brought out her case and opened it. "Here—"

He took a cigarette and lit it, inhaling the fragrant smoke. He no longer need fear the superintendent's eye; he was free, unrestrictedly free.

A train thundered into the shed. The windows rattled and steam rose hissing in white clouds around the sooty cars. Kern sprang up and ran to the door.

"Is that the train for Paris?" he asked the stationmaster.

The latter shook his head. "No. For Cologne and Berlin."

"I see."

For a moment Kern looked through the windows. The platform was crowded with people. The car opposite the waiting room was a long, low-sweeping car. From it a group of travelers slowly emerged. They had ridden a certain distance together and now were parting and probably would never see one another again.

KERN went back to the table. He lit another cigarette.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Ruth asked, smiling.

"Oh, I don't know. It has just occurred to me that now I shall lose you."

"Ludwig—"

"Yes! We have traveled a certain distance together, now we have arrived and the trip is over."

"That's true. The trip is over, but only the trip."

Kern looked at her moodily. "Fate brought us together," he said thoughtfully, "and it has kept us together, but now all at once it's over. We no longer have a fate that forces us together. Now we have a life like everyone else. What sense is there in your wanting to stay with me?"

"Yes," Ruth replied, "what sense? What sense was there in my coming here at all?"

"I don't know. Perhaps to get me out." He patted her hand. "But after this? All at once I'm nothing at all; I can no longer help you. Now I'm just a down-at-the-heels young man who is going to try to get work, probably tiresome—"

Ruth laughed. "And I'm no longer a helpless refugee with an interesting fate, but an insignificant little student—"

"Don't laugh about it," Kern said. "There's something in what I say."

Ruth seized his hand. "Shall we quietly wait and see what happens?"

Kern looked at her guiltily. "You're right, I'm talking nonsense. But you know why?"

"Yes, I know why. And I know too that some things do not separate people but hold them together more strongly than ever before."

Kern looked at her. "Why can't I take you in my arms now?"

"But you can! What do people matter to us now?"

"Yes! I can. I'm not used to being able to do what I like." He got up quickly and went around the table. "I'll soon learn. I'll learn very fast indeed."

He pulled her to her feet and kissed her. The touch of her lips was warm and familiar on his mouth.

"Ruth," he murmured, "every place is home when we're together, isn't it?"

She nodded, and her large eyes beneath the thick dark eyebrows gazed at him and seemed to him to be life itself.

A BELL rang and a train came puffing into the shed. "Train for Paris. All aboard!" a loud voice called.

"Come." Kern picked up his things.

"Just a minute!" A man of military appearance was suddenly standing beside them.

Kern looked at him and knew immediately what was up. It was the type of face he could recognize even in his dreams. Automatically his eyes sought a way of escape.

The detective raised the lapel of his coat under which there was a badge. "Police. You have no papers, have you?"

The old fear that had suddenly flamed up in Kern died away. He looked at Ruth and suddenly they both smiled. "Yes," Kern said, "we have papers."

"Valid ones?" the detective asked, raising skeptical eyebrows. He had caught a great many emigrants and he knew he could rely on his powers of observation.

"Of course they're valid," Kern replied cheerfully.

"Well, my boy, let's just have a look—" The detective grinned at him in keen expectancy; he knew the coming drama by heart.

Kern ceremoniously took out his wallet and produced the certificate. He unfolded it carefully, glanced through it and handed it to the detective.

The man studied it for a long time. The smile died on his face and his expression became serious. Finally he handed back the certificate. "Quite in order," he said, disappointed.

"Yes, of course," Kern replied. "Isn't that what I said?"

"Here are my credentials," Ruth said.

The detective barely glanced at them and returned them with a bow. "Please pardon the interruption. Everything is in order." He saluted courteously and stepped back. "May I wish you a pleasant trip?"

"Thank you."

"Ruth," Kern said breathlessly when they were alone, "can you believe it?"

"Yes," she replied happily.

"It's the first time since I've known you. The first time the law has been on our side." He laughed. "Now I know it's really true. When even the police salute us! Come quickly or we'll miss our train and be forced to become honorary citizens of Mühlhausen!"

THE END

"DAD—HERE'S A BAND-AID!" Carol Anne knows from experience! When she gets a scratch or scrape, Mother cleans and treats the wound, then sticks on Band-Aid . . . to help keep dirt out. Band-Aid is a neat, ready-made adhesive bandage that sticks on *instantly*. It's easy to apply. And Band-Aid *stays* on—even on awkward, hard-to-bandage surfaces. Be sure you get genuine Band-Aid. It's made only by Johnson and Johnson. Look for the red cross on the package.

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TIP TO ELECTRIC SHAVERS
For closer, smoother shaves use Mennen Skin Bracer and Talcum for Men.

The World is Like That

Continued from page 10

him; her breath coming from slightly parted lips.

"What—what does Lilian think?" she presently said, vaguely aware that he had been talking on, irrelevantly and uneasily; he had said things about rents in Portland and Lilian's dislike for the fogs of San Francisco.

"Oh, she's delighted to move! Her brother lives there." Lilian had a dull, prosperous brother, Jocelyn reflected; he and his wife and their children would all help in the good work of bringing Lilian's artistic and temperamental husband back into the fold. "But there's more to it than that, Joy," Kent said, suddenly courageous and honest. "Even if we weren't going—even if things were going along here as they always have, I'd made up my mind to—to stop it."

Jocelyn looked steadily at him; she did not speak.

"For your sake, and my sake, and hers," Kent said.

"Hers?"

"Lilian's. She's always been square with me, and I have to be square with her."

"I wonder why, so suddenly, after eleven completely eventless years of marriage?" some remote part of Jocelyn's brain questioned dispassionately. "Lilian has been square." Another detached bit of thinking formulated coldly: "Because no human being has ever tempted her to be anything else." She said nothing aloud.

"I happen to be a horribly honest person," Kent was saying. "I've not been happy about all this. Not a bit! But our friendship was so sacred to me, Joy, I was so proud of it, that I think I lost my bearings for a little while. And now—that's that!" Kent went on, in a lighter tone, "and—you're walking home? Here's your coat; I'm walking too. I'll go as far as Powell anyway with you. And I was going to say," he resumed—and Jocelyn could tell from his tone that he had thought out all these phrases in advance—"we're always to be the best of friends. Here's the elevator. Good evening, Lenny. My dear," Kent said, steering her along the dusky street past the lighted restaurants and corner cigar stands, "I'll never have another friend like you—I know that. Nothing can take away from us the beauty of this friendship of ours. You're always going to have a place in my heart."

THE drab streets slipped by them; the city was ugly and dull and cold tonight. Jocelyn's chief consciousness was of a hatred of herself so violent that it eclipsed all feeling for him. Fool to play along with a man whose wife could whistle him back so easily, who could take this position of understanding and pity and kindness, and go free, as she could never go free, she told herself bitterly, of his words and kisses again! Oh, if she could have been talking this way to him, rather than he to her!

"Lilian's packing now; we'll be out by the twenty-first. That's a Monday. But she wants to get out the Saturday before and have a day or two with her mother. I'm going up to Keble's place that night. He's away, but there's a lot of my stuff there, and he left the key with me. So it's boots and saddles for the Dunhams! Luckily we have only a cat to worry about—"

Afterward, when she was alone, it all seemed too bad to be true, and she felt merely dazed and dull. She went through the usual evening routine automatically; conscious that agony was ahead but neither feeling it nor fearing it yet. She sat through dinner; went upstairs afterward; moved about her room quietly and steadily, making everything right for the night.

It was a pleasant square room on a little hallway of three rooms; the other two were also occupied by single women, and the three had a bath to themselves, which was very pleasant, and also an extra large closet in the hallway. There was also a big closet in Jocelyn's room, and she had a small balcony outside her window; not practicable, but somehow a nice thing to have.

The bed wore a tufted cotton cover of red and white by day; Jocelyn folded it carefully and put it on a closet shelf. It was just eight o'clock.

JUST eight o'clock. The evening was young. She tried not to think. But in her heart she was writing Kent passionate letters. One after another; one after another: "My dear Kent—Kent, my dear—Kent, it can't end this way—there's friendship, and that's all I ask. Friendship can't hurt anyone. We said we would keep it friendship because then it could always go on, and I need it. My pride's crushed, dear. I can't pretend. I need you in my life."

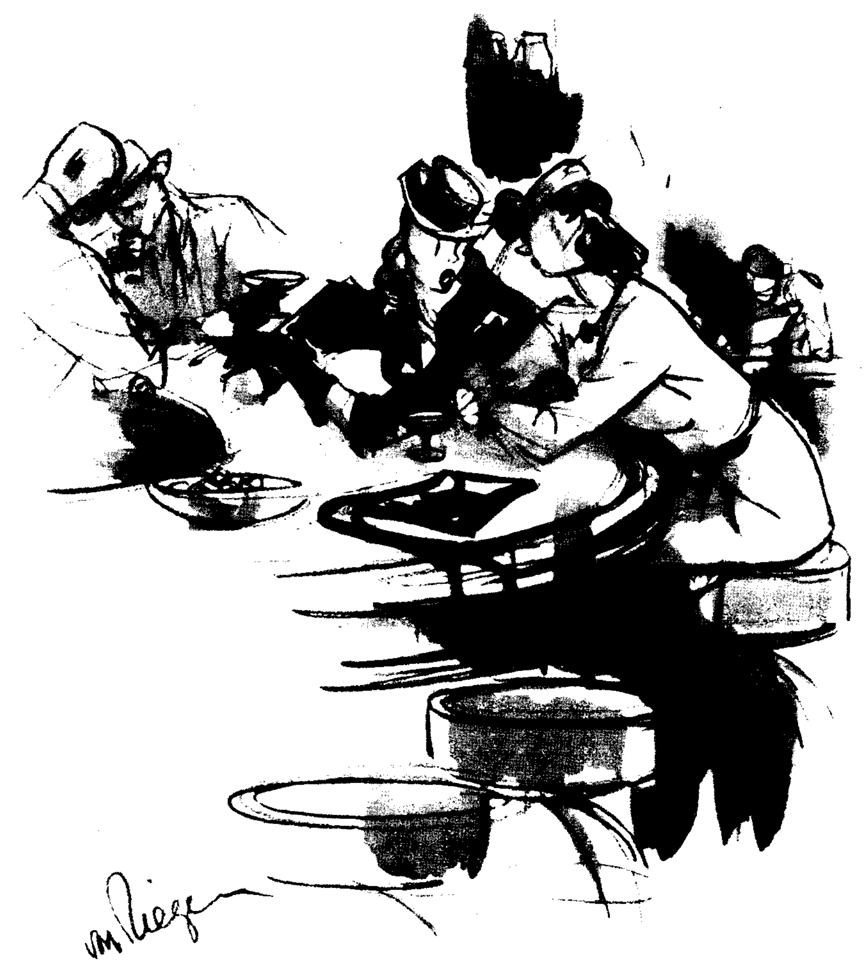
She brooded, mentally tossing aside these images as she had mentally evoked them.

It must be shorter. "By the way, Kent, I want to see you before you go." Or, "Save me a lunch date next week, Kent." Businesslike. She wouldn't cry or reproach or be feminine and annoying. There were eleven days before the first of the month; if he managed a luncheon or tea date at once she would have time to make another engagement with him. And if that luncheon or tea went well it would be quite simple to say, "If you're free tonight, come 'round my way about eight o'clock and we'll walk."

There had been a time when he had been tireless, ingenious, in arranging for these meetings; there had been a time when they had tucked them in everywhere. Once she had begged off; she had said that she was facing a hard session with a dentist. And he had met her outside Doctor Thorne's office with a little ice pack ready, and had taken her to a waiting taxi, tenderly reassuring as to the effect of the swollen face and cut mouth; and when she had reached her room there had been roses there, and a new book, and new puzzles, and someone had been given instructions that Miss Britton would have only hot tea and ice cream for supper, and was to stay in bed.

Oh, memories of exquisite protectiveness and concern! How they burned and tortured now! But she must not think of them now. She must think straight ahead; she must hold firm to what was left. A luncheon with Kent, and afterward perhaps a long walk and tea somewhere. They had once walked through the park from the cliff, past the big Dutch windmill and to the Japanese garden, and they had talked and talked there among the little arched bridges and canals full of lotus flowers and water lilies and fringed goldfish. They could not do that now, in forbidding winter weather. But if Lilian chanced to have a lunch engagement for Saturday—she would not though! Leave it to Lilian to want Kent that day! But if by some miracle she did have an engagement, then Kent and Jocelyn might walk across the bridge to Sausalito, scramble up hills and gasp with joy at wide bay views, come back by bus to lunch on fried oysters and hot French bread.

Or better, they could go to Keble's place in Piedmont, go through it picking



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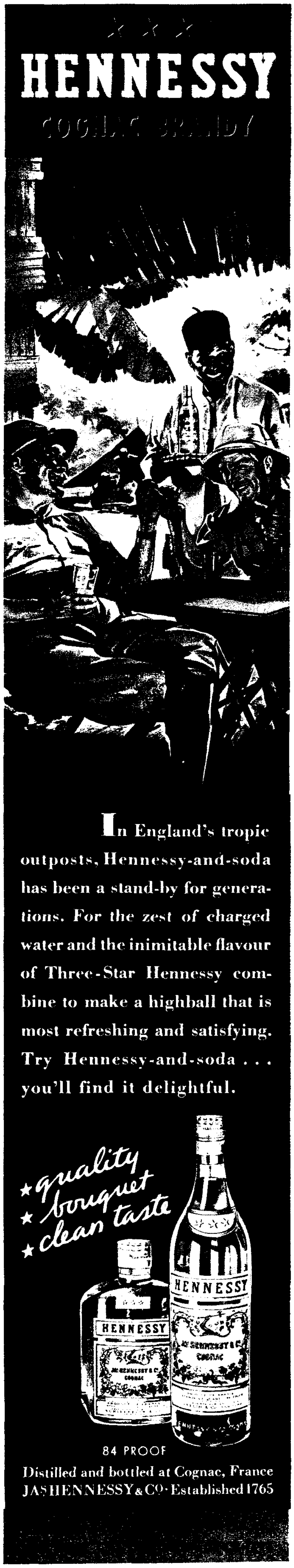

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up Kent's possessions; he had said he wanted them when he went away. They would build a big fire to warm the little-used place; they might take chops and buns and a can of tomato soup for sauce. Jocelyn's hands would get grimy from handling books and dusty boxes; there would be hot water in the stark little bathroom with its out-of-door shower and "board-and-bat" walls, and she would wash herself there, tossing her hair back from a soapy fresh face, calling out to Kent, invisible and hammering somewhere, that she was just about done. Then they would have a late lunch, and fall into long talk by the fire. And there would be afternoon shadows on the winter hills and a murmuring fire and perhaps pine branches occasionally sweeping the low shingles of the roof.

Covington Keble was a painter who lived for three or four years at a time in his tiny, isolated cabin up in the hills, and then, having sold a picture, or having saved enough money from his small income, left for an indefinite visit to the less-known towns and roadways of the old world. He took his bicycle and his dog along, and such luggage as would fit in the bicycle basket; he had various belongings in storage in Paris, and from that base he shifted about, now copying a Tiepolo in Venice, now carrying a sausage sandwich in his pocket so that he might sit uninterrupted for an entire day before a Vermeer in an Amsterdam gallery.

WHEN he was away his friends might use his studio as their own; there was no time when they were not welcome there. Kent was numbered in this select little company—Jocelyn had met him through Kent—and old Keble had capitulated at once to Jocelyn's rare beauty and quiet appreciation. She loved him and she knew that he loved her. Lilian he tolerated only when there was no escape; Kent was to him an especially beloved son, and he would not hurt Kent's wife nor Kent through his wife.

Jocelyn connected some of her happiest memories with the cabin; now Kent had said that he must go over there before he went away. Who would go with him? Not Lilian. She was going to visit her mother for a few days in Portland before Kent followed her to the new home up there. If Covington were here, how heavenly for Jocelyn to join them at the cabin, to steal just that one delicious evening from the bleak, empty months to come! It would tie her loss and Covington's together; it would mean she had company in misery. But Covington was in Switzerland, painting blue snow, "which really has a great deal of pink and green in it, too," he had written Kent.

Kent might go over alone, of course. Or he might ask the Booths. If he asked the Booths it would be perfect, for Una was a darling and Red loved to cook. Jocelyn determined that when she and Kent had lunch together she would find out exactly what his plan was. If he had no definite plan then why not say lightly: "By the way, if you're going over to Covey's, want Una and Red and me along? Let's have a final jamboree."

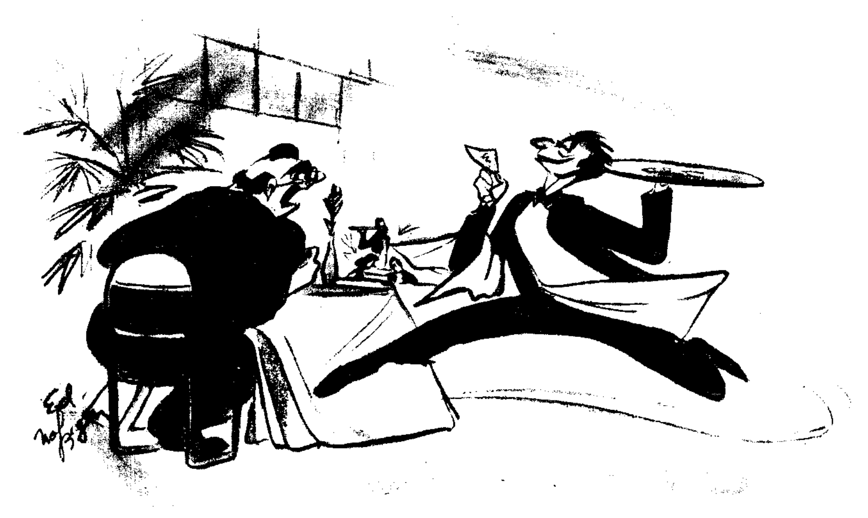
No harm in that. If he said, "A few fellows are going with me," that would end it. Her heart sank at the thought of the finality of that ending, for after that he was going away. But between now and the utter inevitable blankness of the future there must be one more meeting.

The days went by and he did not telephone or send her any word. Early in the week came a summons from her aunt in Sausalito; Jocelyn was wanted for Saturday night and Sunday lunch; if she couldn't make both, Sunday lunch was the important time. Probably, Jocelyn thought, studying the telephone message apathetically, another of the girls was going to announce her engagement. Aunt Nell had six daughters whose ages ranged between twenty-four and fifteen, and one son, Richie, who was eleven. Two of the girls had already married: Jane was Charles Rossiter's wife; Jossy was Mrs. Peter Leicester Smith. Madeleine, called Tots in the family circle, had been going with Rusty Livermore for some years, and little Sissy, who was only eighteen, had a beau, too—one Ned Whitehouse. Bam and Peaches, christened Sarah Alice and Adelaide respectively, were supposedly too young for love affairs, but one never could tell with the Partridges.

Jocelyn loved them all; her aunt was the nearest thing to a mother that she had now, and Mrs. Partridge's own enormous family did not prevent her feeling a keen, affectionate interest in her brother's lonely daughter. She loved to have Jocelyn with her, and Jocelyn usually loved to go to "Maple Den," as the girls had named their home in a mood of high hilarious irony years earlier. There were no maples on the place, and the rambling, homely house was like nothing so little as a den, but the name clung, and Peaches and Bam had added a last touch of Victorian reality to it by planting the words in sturdy marigolds and brushy border flowers across the front lawn.

They loved to think of the casual opinion of passers-by as their eyes fell upon this elegant decoration. Jocelyn felt that the Partridges carried their sense of humor too far in this as in other instances, but the family, once having accepted a joke, never grew tired of it.

This week end she dared not leave town, even at the risk of offending her aunt. Kent might telephone; indeed Kent unquestionably would telephone. If he did not, of course she could telephone him. Why not? Friends telephoned each other. . . .



"Yes, that's quick service all right; but where's the order?"

ED NOFZIGER

FRIDAY came with no message. The hours went by; it was afternoon; it was night. No word. The telephone rang at Mrs. Buck's; not for Miss Britton. "I'm expecting a message," she said, loitering in the clean, pleasant, dull hallway.

Friday night. Saturday morning. Sissy Partridge telephoned—"for Mother"—to remind Jocelyn that they wanted her. Jocelyn, in her first keen disappointment, felt that she could have slapped her innocent cousin. Kent, she thought frantically, might be trying to get her on the telephone this minute.

"Tots specially wants you to come, Jocelyn," Sissy said. "I'm not supposed to say why." Sissy's tone was bubbling with excitement and happiness, and Jocelyn could hear Bam and Peaches giggling in the background somewhere.

"Oh, darling, I'm so sorry! But I have an engagement I can't get out of."

Yelling at the other end of the line, of course. They were always yelling in the Partridge house.

"Mother says then come for sup-p-per!" finally screamed Sissy.

"I surely will, if I can." Jocelyn hung up the receiver.

Now she had to do something about it. Now she must definitely find out what Kent's plans were. This was Saturday, at ten minutes to ten. By Monday he would be gone.

FEVER burned in her veins. She sat quietly at her desk in the office and tried to concentrate, to think quietly. Was Kent upstairs, in his studio? The advertising agency for which he worked was on the top floor. She could telephone. Better, she thought, with her pulses suddenly hammering, better to go up. There was nothing to stop her. Her absence from the office for a few minutes would not be noticed.

Trembling in a sudden ecstasy of hope she went to the elevator, pressed the "Up" button; smiled at Tony and said, "Tenth, Tony." Here were the doors marked "Wilson and Williams, Commercial Advertising." And here was the one that said "Enter." And here was little Miss Pettigrew at the desk. Was Mr. Dunham in?

No, he wasn't. He might be in later, to get his things, but he hadn't come down yet.

"We're losing our darling," said Jean Pettigrew, who was common.

"So he told me, or his wife did," Jocelyn said carelessly, with a nod. "Too bad. We'll miss him!"

"Sad but true," Jean agreed flippantly. Jocelyn said she would leave a message, said she would not; asked that Mr. Dunham telephone her when he came in.

"I'll tell little Kentsy-wentsy!" promised Jean. Jocelyn knew she was laughing, deep down inside, at the stenographer who had such a crush on handsome Mr. Dunham. Well, it didn't matter what girls like Jean Pettigrew thought!

Then to wait. And how she detested waiting! There was salvation in action, in having anything to do. This was a quiet, empty Saturday morning; the office staff was almost idle. Jocelyn's only moment of real occupation was when Philip Fordyce came in, to dictate a letter to his wife, who was in New York. They had been divorced for many years, and Janet Fordyce had been married twice since her divorce, but there was a child, Norma, their only interest in common now. Norma must be sixteen or seventeen, Jocelyn calculated, as she dutifully took down the dictation; the letter was about the child.

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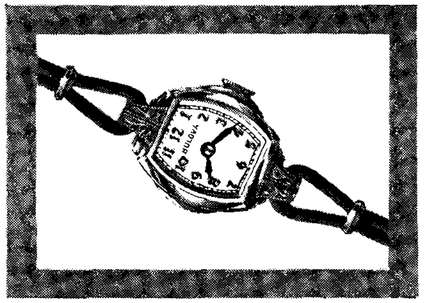

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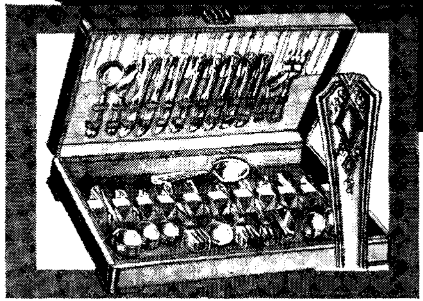

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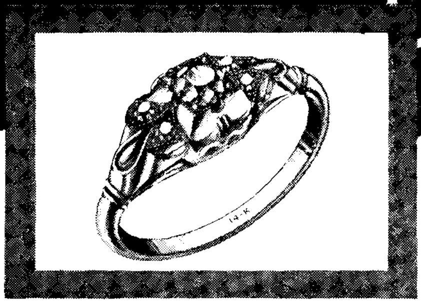

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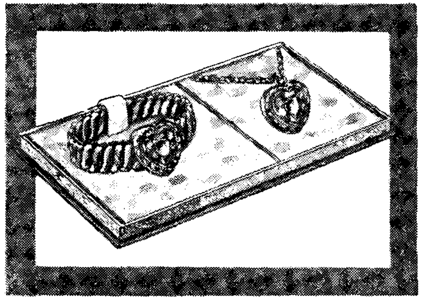

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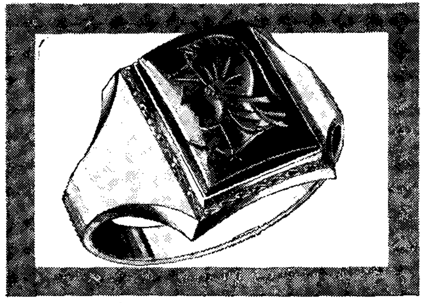

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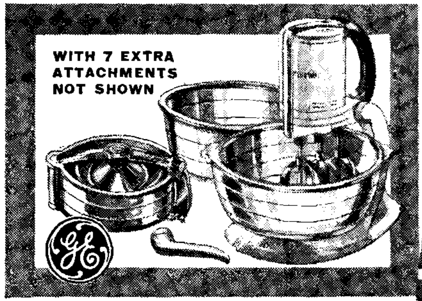

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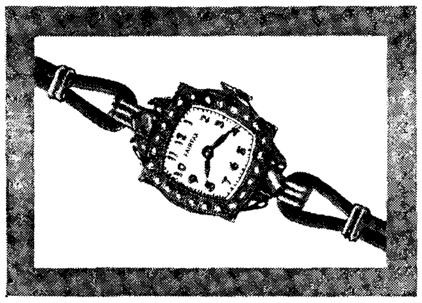

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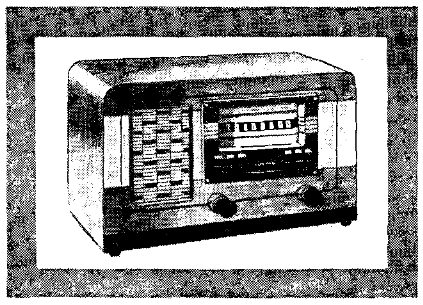

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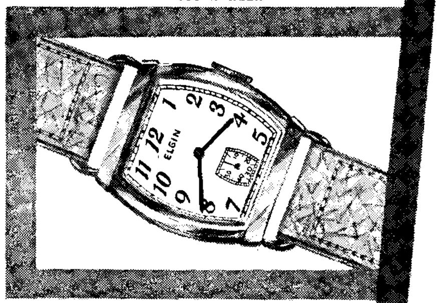

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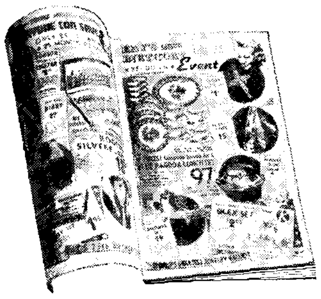

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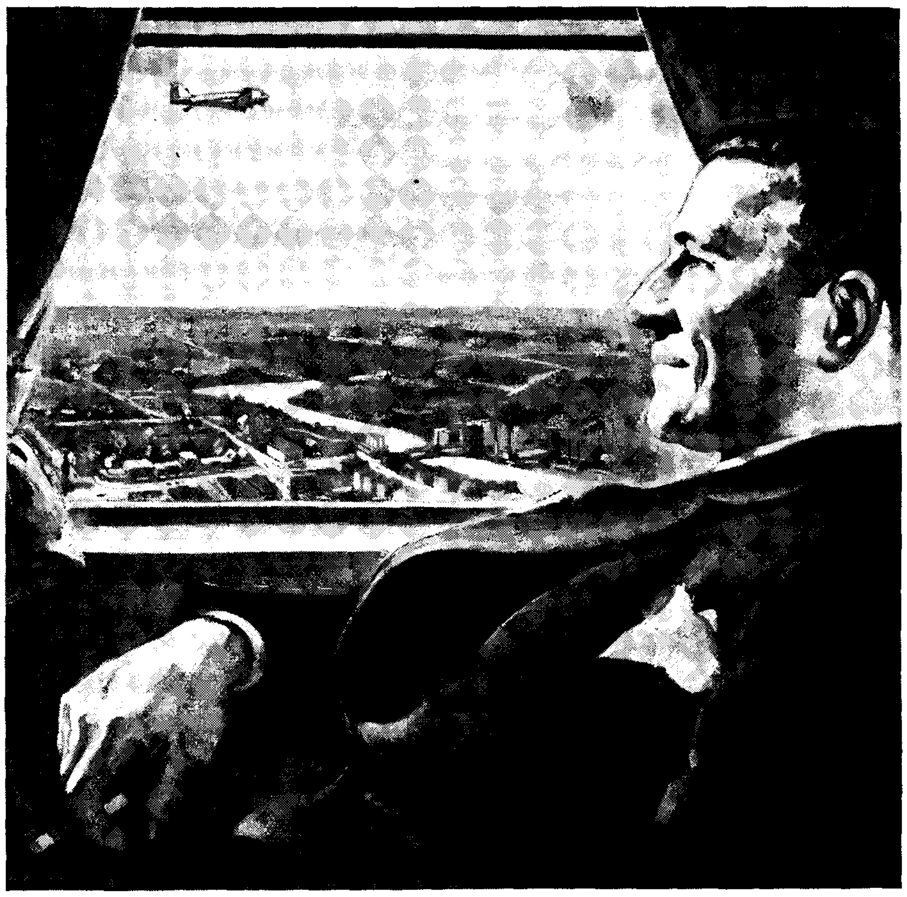
IS IN A HURRY!



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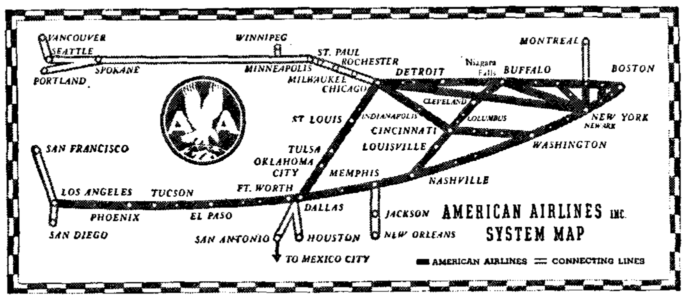

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ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS • • • COAST TO COAST

Norma Fordyce, for her grandfather had been the great Lockey, inventor of the Lockey car, and had left the bulk of his enormous fortune to his only grandchild. His daughter had been richly benefited, too, in his will, but Janet's extravagances and her matrimonial ups and downs had considerably impoverished her interests. Norma's wealth, on the other hand, left in the original investment in the great motor company and handled by her father, had increased by leaps and bounds, so that today she was one of the conspicuous heiresses of the world, followed by newspaper and social sleuths wherever she went, proclaimed as the potential glamor girl of all glamor girls, and already bidding fair to satisfy a sensation-craving public with a diet of steady eccentricities.

SHE was a beautiful, wild little creature, who had been consigned at the time of her parents' divorce to her father's care, but with a proviso that under proper circumstances she might spend three months each year with her mother. Circumstances had not, unfortunately, always been favorable to either course, and much of Norma's time, since her small-girl days, had been spent in boarding schools, camps and trips with tutors, nurses, governesses, maids.

Usually letters concerning Norma went through the office of the Lockey family lawyers, Jocelyn supposed; today's note was the first with whose contents she had ever been made acquainted. It was brief.

"Just say 'Dear Janet, I'm delighted of course that the child's coming to me,'" dictated Philip. "'I've gotten hold of Mother, and we're opening the Burlingame place. There are lots of nice kids here and she ought to have a fairly decent time,'" the letter concluded. "And sign it 'Phil,'" said Philip. "I haven't time to wait for it."

Jocelyn smiled at this, involuntarily, and looking up expectantly for further directions, saw that he was smiling back.

"She's on the loose again," Philip explained. "Something's gone haywire with her schooling, I don't know quite what it's all about. Her mother took her to some place in Florence last September, and she's run away—she's in New York now. Janet cabled some Frenchwoman she knew to get hold of her and bring her over, but she doesn't want the responsibility of her."

"The Frenchwoman doesn't?"

"No, no, Janet doesn't. She's probably going to be married again."

"Norma!" Jocelyn ejaculated.

"Janet. It's an Italian count this time, I believe. He has estates that need about a million dollars' worth of painting and papering, that's all. She wrote us about it last week. She wants money."

To this, marveling, Jocelyn could find nothing to say. After a smiling moment, and a little shake of her head, she went back to the letter.

"You're opening the Burlingame place?"

"Yes, my mother'll be here. She's in Florida now, but she'll come. And we're trying to get an old governess for Norma; she was Janet's governess, as a matter of fact. Miss Sanderson. She'll keep the kid in line."

"The Florence school wasn't so good?"

"She *hated* it. Climbed over a wall and cut her arms on broken bottles so that we had to get her into a hospital. She's a sweet handful, that kid. I hope she marries young. She'll have a month with her mother, and Janet'll see that she gets some clothes and sees all the good shows, and then she'll be shipped out here. After that Janet will go to Palm Beach, I suppose. She wants to be married at Netty Rogers' place."

"What—" Jocelyn's shadowed purple eyes danced and a deep dimple appeared in one cheek. "What, if I may ask, was the matter with this last marriage?" she asked delicately.

"Well, Count von Sturnberg kept threatening to kill people," Philip answered with a laugh. "It made her nervous. Every time she stayed away all night he suspected the worst, which generally was the case. She makes no bones about it. When she likes a man she goes off with him for as long as she likes him."

"Oh, she doesn't!" Jocelyn murmured.

"She keeps hoping to find happiness," the man began seriously, and stopped. "Well, perhaps all of us do!" he added with a sigh. And in another moment he was gone. Jocelyn looked after his departing form sympathetically. Everyone liked Phil Fordyce. He was a gentleman and a sportsman, polite and rich and appreciative and handsome and clever.

It was now twenty minutes past twelve. No word, no sign from Kent. Jocelyn telephoned his office; he had not come in. She began to tremble with anxiety and nervousness, and presently, with a sudden reach for the telephone, a sudden agitated jerking over the dial numbers, she called Una Booth. When Una answered the telephone unsuspectingly, cheerfully, naturally, Jocelyn felt something like a shock of reaction.

"Una, this is Jocelyn. How is everything?"

"My dear, this great furry cat is pressing himself right against my mouth! Tipsy, get down!"

Jocelyn felt an instant chill. Something was wrong. Una was sparring for time.

"Una, what are you doing today?"

"Well—" Was she really disengaging the cat, or was she looking at Red for advice? "We have no plans. Red's out now, but when he comes back I suppose we'll make up our minds!"

"Horrible about Kent's going, isn't it?"

"Kent and Lilian. It's awful."

ANOTHER hint of hesitation. Jocelyn felt a rueful, scornful twist come into her own expression. Una was never bothered much about Lilian. This was a new attitude.

"They go Monday," Jocelyn said. The statement fell flatly into silence.

"I know; it's rotten!" Una said. And then briskly, as if she had found at last the swift way out of the conversation, "We ought to do something quite drastic about it, oughtn't we? Lilian's gone, you know; I said goodby to her yesterday. I'll tell you, Jocelyn, I'm just awake and everything's fuzzy. But I'll tell you, let's— where'll you be this afternoon? If I can stir up anything—"

"Kent said something about going over to Covey's," Jocelyn put in eagerly, as the other woman's voice again hesitated for a second.

"Oh, did he? Was that yesterday?" Una wasn't giving her any lead.

"No. I've forgotten just when he said it." That sounded as if she had seen him casually, frequently, in the last few days.

"Well—" Another little flag in the conversation. "Well, suppose I telephone you?" Una asked.

"They're going over there without me," Jocelyn thought. Aloud she said: "I was going to go to Sausalito. But if there was any plan for today of course I'd put it off. So do telephone me, Una."

"I'll do that very thing!" It was too spontaneous; too carefully sincere; too obviously relieved.

Jocelyn hung up her telephone and sat quite still, feeling a little sick. Something had been wrong with the talk; it left her with a snubbed and chilled sensation. She had done all she could do, and it was no use. Now there were blank hours ahead. The Booths were notoriously dilatory; they might get around to telephoning Kent at about three; they might put it off until later.

Why hadn't Una said: "Come right up here, Jocelyn; we'll get hold of Kent and make him do something?" Why hadn't she said that? It would have been so simple, then. Jocelyn, who knew the state of the Booths' finances, could have stopped for a few pounds of sausages, for a couple of pink, cold boiled crabs, for Red's favorite white-iced devil's-food cake. She could have joined them and conspired with them, and it would all have been safe and companionable and happy. If Kent evaded them all three, then they would have company in misery at least; then they would have been able to criticize him, to wonder what was the matter with him, to say how changed he was.

AS IT was, she walked home from the office nervously, restlessly, feeling that unless something happened to bring him into the scene during the next two days she would go out of her senses. She stayed in her room, lying on her bed and reading, waiting for a telephone call. It did not come, and at four o'clock, feeling faint and weary and desolate, and having had no lunch, she followed a sudden impulse, dressed herself and started to walk to the Booths' studio. She would go in on them carelessly, explain that she had an errand in their neighborhood to do, for—well, for Mr. Phil Fordyce. His daughter wanted—wanted her to find her a wig at the costumer's on Market Street—and so she thought she'd drop in. Kent might be there.

The sudden thought that Kent might be there made her heart jump with fear and joy and brought color to her cheeks. She felt a little dizzy now, and the streets reeled by her unseen. Kent might be stretched in his favorite chair. He would be smoking his pipe; blue haze would circle the cold, shadowed studio in wheeling disks of smoke. Una would say: "It's freezing here!" and Red, fat and bald and good-natured in his spattered smock, would clank open the airtight stove to throw in a few chunky logs.

Then everything would be heaven; everything would be utterly blissful and right. Whatever they did would be of all things in the world just what she wanted to do. Kent might look up with his lazy smile and say: "We needed you, Joy. We're all going over to Covey's to cook supper."

Or he might say that they would have to dine in town; he could not get away in time to go to Piedmont. Suppose they dined at some Italian place on Columbus Avenue, and afterward wandered through Chinatown and bought each other goodby presents. Then tomorrow they could get an early start for Covey's, and have lunch there on the porch in the winter sunshine, looking down at the great panorama of the cities and the bay and the far blue mountains of Marin, pale under a pale sky toward the north.

It would be the last of Kent for a long time. The last of him for all time, in one way. When he had lived in Portland for a while with Lilian's people, Lilian's old friends, Lilian's influences continually about him, he would not be the same person any more. Kent was impressionable, emotional, changeable. No, she'd never have Kent back. But this goodby time with him she must have, and then she could be good, then she could go on.

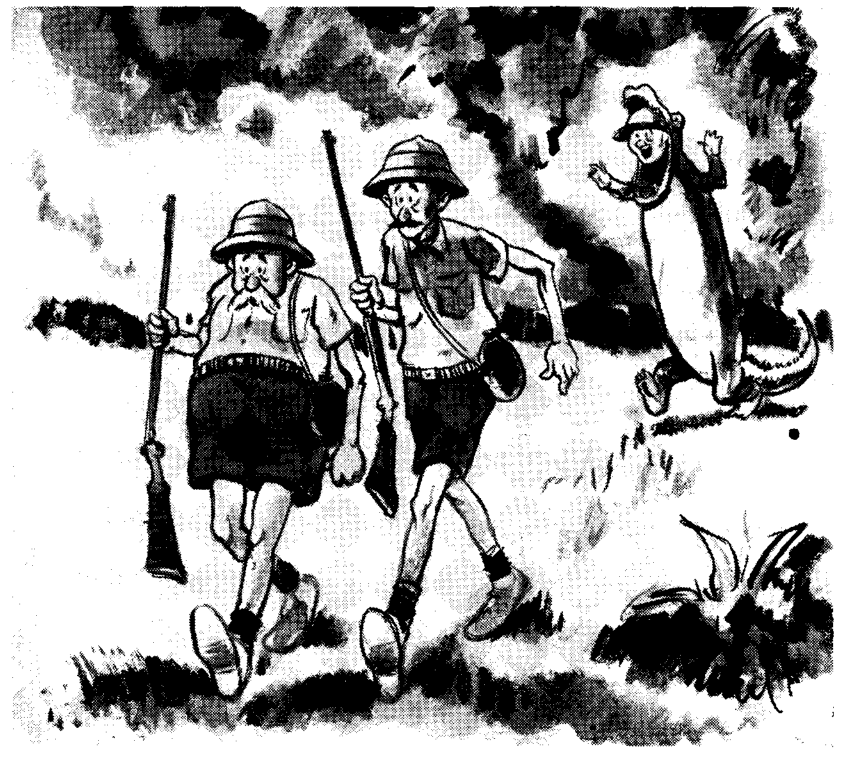
"We've never done anything wrong. Let it go right just this one time, God," she prayed, as she walked along.

There was nobody at the studio. The shock of it stunned Jocelyn, and for a few minutes she could not believe the evidence of the deserted great chill room. For after her unanswered knock she went familiarly around through the French laundry passage and up the outside stairs and so unchallenged into the place. They never locked the passage door. Everything was quiet, empty, dreary. Una never dusted nor put things in place; socks and combs, plates and ends of loaves were left to lie where they naturally fell, and picked up again when next needed.

Jocelyn stood in the midst of the disorder and coldness, thinking for a long time. Then she quietly went away again by the way she had come.

But which way now, and why? It was twenty minutes before five o'clock. The day, which had been sticky and heavily overcast, was at its least cheerful moment; it was ebbing fast into dark; street lights were breaking out everywhere. Jocelyn, unconscious of where she walked or what she passed, went home again. When she got to Mrs. Buck's it was quite dark. The house smelled, as it always did, of boiling sprouts and furniture oil and furnace warmth.

"Jocelyn," said Phyllis Buck, in the



"Smithers sure put up a good fight, poor guy!" PAUL WEBB

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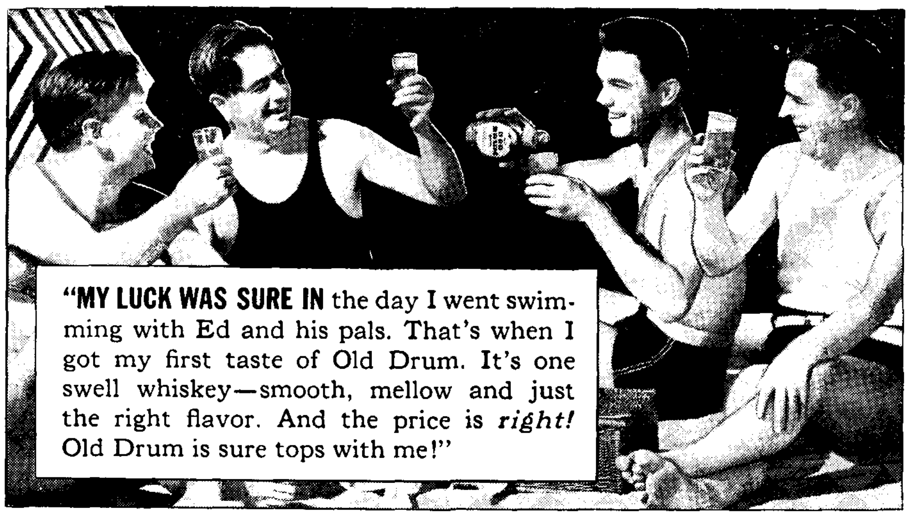

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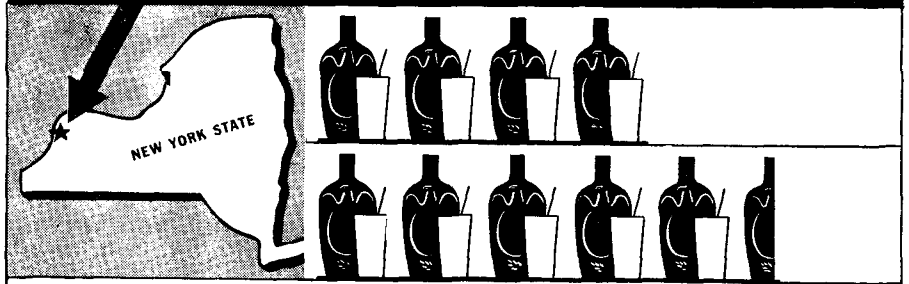

IN CITY AFTER CITY, in state after state, Old Drum is setting new sales records . . . with increases soaring in some cases over 100%. In Buffalo, for instance, a typical Eastern city, demand for this smooth, fine-tasting blend shot sales up 38.6%. Try Old Drum yourself. You'll know then why the big swing throughout the nation is to Old Drum.

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hall, "there was a telephone message for you."

Jocelyn stood quite still. Everything inside her—heart, mind and soul stood still.

"It was from Mrs. Johnson," said Phyllis. "They're away this week end and if you're going to Sausalito you can have their car. It's in the garage."

"Oh. Thanks."

"Are you going to Sausalito, Jocelyn?"

"Not tonight, I think; it's too late. I'll probably go over for lunch tomorrow."

"Phyllis!" called her mother. "Did you give Jocelyn her message?"

"I just did, Mom."

"I mean the one that came just after she went out. From that Mrs. Booth."

JOCELYN, halfway up the stairs, stood stricken to stone again. There had been a message from Una, then? What?

"Your friend Mrs. Booth telephoned," Mrs. Buck said heavily, "and said—I've written it here. They were going out of town and she would telephone you tomorrow afternoon or Monday."

"Thanks," Jocelyn said, proceeding upward to her room. She could not analyze the meaning of it; she was too confused. She went in and shut her door and sat on her bed. They had gone to Piedmont, then, to Covey's? Hadn't they tried for her? Hadn't they wanted her? The message did not say. If she had been here Una hardly could have telephoned her without including her in the plan. Why telephone at all if not to do that?

They'd gone over to Piedmont, and she'd missed them. The bitterness of it swept over her like a vertigo, and for a few minutes she could not seem to collect her thoughts at all, or move hand or foot. When she did heavily begin to prepare for dinner, it was apathetically. She wished it was not too late to go across the bay to her aunt; the distraction of the big family, however unsympathetic to her mood, would still have been a tonic.

Quite suddenly she began to pack an overnight bag; there was a twenty-minute ferry service to Piedmont, and she could get a taxi to take her up to Covey's. She would find them all there, with a big fire of logs blazing in the low cabin room, and dinner not half ready. Una was always dilatory, and in the end the men would have to finish up preparations for the meal themselves. She could go in, laughing triumphantly: "I had your message, Una, and decided, since this devil is really leaving us Monday—"

The joy of getting there, of really seeing him and hearing his voice and answering his nonsense! She had been following him, hungering for him for so long!

Quickly, calmly, she packed. It was good to be determined, to know exactly what she was going to do. Phyllis, seventeen, and a great admirer of the beautiful older girl, came into the room.

"Oh, you are going across the bay?"

"I thought I would."

"Is your cousin engaged?"

"I think so."

"And is he nice? Mr. Livermore?"

"He's a darling. He and Tots have been friends since she was a baby. They know him, at least."

"What kind of a car is it?" asked Phyllis.

Jocelyn looked at her, not comprehending.

"I mean the Johnsons' car, that they said you could have."

"Oh!" Jocelyn had forgotten that detail. Of course, she had a car. She could drive straight from Bush Street over the bridge to the cabin in Piedmont; that made it all the more explainable, all the simpler. "I had Ann Johnson's car, and I thought I'd come over and see what you all were up to."

It was all plain sailing now. Fifteen minutes later she was on her way. She stopped at a big market, bought a dozen doughnuts—dark rich doughnuts, chocolate bars, a dozen enormous golden oranges. She bought an evening paper, and hummed with delight and triumph as the little car crossed the gigantic bridge across the dark waters of the bay.

Once on the other side she had merely to drive steadily along the brightly lighted magnificent roads to Oakland, through Oakland's blazing theater and restaurant district, on toward the Piedmont hills. Undulating Oakland Avenue, straight ahead, and then Coolidge until you came to the school, then past the Tunnel Road and up a slanting cut.

She leaned from the car under the bright lights of an oil station.

"I think I'm off my road. Which way is Wickson Street?"

The white-clad, nice young man got out a map, after observing: "You have me there." They looked at it together.

"You'll get wet!" Jocelyn said, for it had begun softly, warmly to rain. He smiled, spattered and cheerful.

"Here you are. You've got to go back to—well, almost to the Tunnel Road, see? They changed it in there, that's what threw you off. Slant through Hodgson Place, see? You cut into Wickson there. What's your number?"

"No number. It's up at the end of Wickson, and over a little crest; there's no real road up there. It's an artist's studio; he's been there since long before the road was put through."

"May find those roads pretty muddy. We had a cloudburst here today."

"We didn't have any rain in the city at all. But it felt heavy and muggy. Like rain."

THE car clock said five minutes of seven. It would take her only twenty minutes to get up the grade; she would arrive at exactly the right minute. Jocelyn set her windshield wipers to working, and drove on into the dark to the tune of their brisk creaking. Rain was falling steadily; her lights bored into a crisscross pattern of silver and black.

She knew this road. It was fun to follow it up and up, finding fewer and fewer houses as the hill rose, finally coming out on the ridge, and seeing the warm squares of light that were Covey's windows. The lane that led from the broader road in to his place was indeed soft and muddy; the car lurched and bumped on holes; Jocelyn turned it about in workmanlike fashion and backed it into the empty shed that served as a garage. Her heart rose on a wave of deep thankfulness and joy; Kent's blue car was already there. They were here, no question of that now!

She picked her way in almost pitch blackness to the front door; carrying her bag and her packages. Rain fell thickly; the windows gave her the only light she had now; it was not bright enough to save her stepping into a pool of ice-cold water here, or into the soft, sinking earth of a flower bed there. Covey had done little in the matter of cultivation, but there was a path, and there were finally firm, wooden steps under her wet feet, the doorknob in her wet glove.

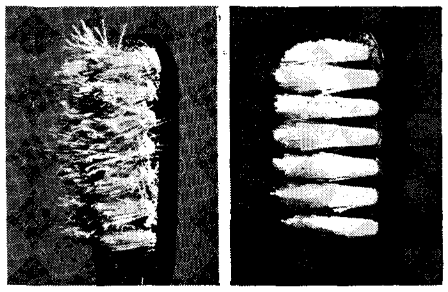
She dropped her bundles in the dark hallway; shed her hat and gloves. Pushing her bright hair into a damp cap as she opened the door of the cabin's one big room she called challengingly: "Hello, everyone!"

There was a good fire roaring on the open hearth, and an oil lamp was lighted. The dear shabby chairs, the long table, the curtained bunks, the lines of books were all half revealed; she loved every inch of the place. The warmth of it was delicious after the bleakness and darkness and wetness outside.

No one was in sight. The rest of the house consisted merely of a small piny kitchen, walled, as this room was walled,

Now one tooth brush outlasts 6

"What's this," you say, "Magic? *Six times* longer life from a tooth brush? *Six times* longer cleaning for my teeth and gums? Why—that's almost like getting six new brushes for the price of one!"



HERE'S THE PROOF *Left:* Old-style* brush with ordinary natural bristles worn out by our laboratory test. *Right:* The new Tek, still full of life after *six times more wear.* With new, long-life natural bristles—Tek 50¢, Tek Jr. 25¢. Double Tek (morning and night brushes) special value.

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TOOTH BRUSH

*Natural bristle brushes without the benefit of Tek's exclusive new process.

in raw pine, and a bathroom. In summer weather a canvased back porch could be used as an additional bedroom; in winter Covey merely drew an old corduroy curtain across the center of this room. Women took the berths on one side; men those on the other, and if a good deal of hilarious conversation went on across the curtain, it did not tend to make visits to the place less enjoyable to the artist's lighthearted friends. Tonight, Jocelyn reflected, she and Una would take their turn at the bathroom, washing shudderingly in its icy chill, but with hot water and fragrant soap and Covey's mismated towels to aid them, and then snuggle under their warm blankets and watch lamplight and firelight shine on walls and faded rugs and the backs of books, and listen to the rain on the low roof.

When the men returned from their ablutions there would be the usual nonsense: "Girls, don't hesitate to call us at the least alarm in the night." "Don't worry, we won't." "Anything alarming you, Jocelyn?" "Only you, Kent." "This is very distressing to me, Jocelyn, you know what a stickler I am for the conventions." "I know, Red. We both feel for you deeply, don't we, Una?"

Then laughter, and their light out, and the men's light out, and finally, "Oh, hush up, both of you! We're sleepy!" and then the silence, and once again the soft patter of the rain overhead.

Jocelyn had stayed here several times under those conditions. They were perhaps the happiest times that she and Kent had ever had together. They had expressed wonder sometimes, that those who loved each other did not find some such place as this in which to be happy. So little money was needed, and so many persons had that much money! A garden, trees, a wide, glorious view, wild poppies spangling the hills in May, Michaelmas daisies thick beside the lanes in autumn. And French bread and cheese and good hot coffee, and the utter peace of dreamless sleep and quiet days—

And love, they had always said. A man and a woman loving each other desperately, completely, gloriously. She in faded Chinese coolie smocks; he in a daubed shabby jacket and worn cords, and sunrises and sunsets and the whitewash of summer moons and the delicate frosts of winter mornings, theirs forever and forever!

Just to be back in the beloved room brought back the old dream, and it was as if he loved her as much as ever he had, as if she were happy again. She turned from where she was standing, rain-spattered, when he came in from the kitchen, and the light made an aureole of her gold hair and shadowed her eyes as she laughed at him.

"I had to come! I had Una's message, and I knew it was my last chance. But what a night! I went up to Red's and no one was there, and I'd telephoned and everything was all mixed up. But when I got back to the house Una's message was there, and a message that I could have the Johnsons' car. It all seemed to fit too nicely. Instead of going to Aunt Nell's, I came over here."

HE CAME over to her, and the look she loved was in his eyes. Kent smiled, and for a moment his arms were about her, and heaven was in her heart. He did not have to speak, and there was a moment of silence.

When he did speak it was amusedly, tenderly, as she had feared never to hear him speak to her again.

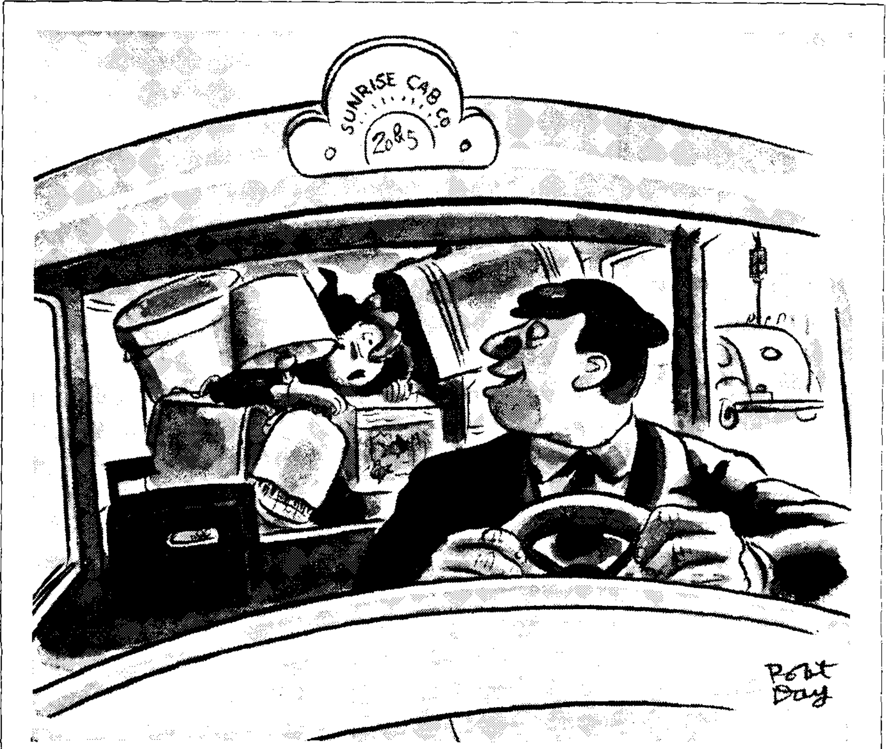
"What are you apologizing for?" he demanded. The tone rather than the words caressed her; seemed to enclose her in sweetness and warmth and safety again. She drew back from him laughing, bewildered, her soft gold hair still disordered and damp, her cheeks still fresh and chilly from the cold and storm. "When have you had to apologize for coming where I am?" he asked.

All so much better than her most radiant dream! Jocelyn's face bloomed into sudden radiance.

"But I couldn't get hold of Una, I wasn't sure they were here!" she explained. And as his expression, still amused and tender, took on a new note of mischief and triumph she added, in dawning surprise: "Why, *aren't* they here?" And then with a shocked and half-delighted laugh: "They *aren't?* Oh, Kent!"

"Oh, Jocelyn!" he returned, in the same tone. And again she was jumbled against his heart, and she felt his kisses on her hair and her temples. Outside, high above the low roof, the wind roared, and branches creaked and swished, and on the shingles and dripping from the eaves they could hear the steady pattering and splashing of the rain.

(To be continued next week)



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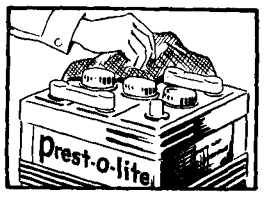

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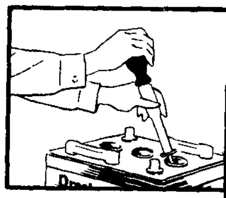

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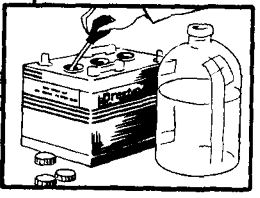

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No Private Lives

Continued from page 15

I think you should wait. For the moment you must give everything to your career."

"But Betty helps me," Joel insisted.

"I'm sure of that. But what will a few months matter?"

IT WAS hard to tell Betty about that interview. It was difficult to answer her, "But I can't see what possible difference our getting married now or in a few months could make." He wished Betty could talk to Mrs. Fletcher. When he quoted her it was rather silly.

"I don't know, darling," Joel said. "I want to marry you this minute but Mrs. Fletcher ought to know what's best."

Betty shook her head, puzzled. "Look, Joel," she said suddenly, "I've just thought of something. Do you suppose . . . do you suppose by any chance she doesn't want us to marry at all because I'm a nobody and you're going to be a big star?"

Joel was shocked. "Oh, no, Mrs. Fletcher isn't like that. She's wonderful."

Betty and Joel had planned to celebrate his new contract by going to a play in Los Angeles. Betty was pressing her white chiffon evening dress when he telephoned: "Mrs. Fletcher asked me to take a girl they've just brought on from the stage to the Trocadero. Mrs. Fletcher says it would help the girl. I'm getting so much publicity now that if she is seen with me she'll get publicity, too."

"But, Joel, we have the tickets. I'm getting dressed now."

"It makes me sick, darling, but Mrs. Fletcher has been so darn' nice to me. If she asked me to do her a favor I can't see how I can refuse."

"But I don't understand how your taking a girl to the Troc can be a favor to Mrs. Fletcher."

"I don't either," said Joel. "I think it's all crazy."

The night they were going to the symphony concert it was: "I don't know how to say this, Betty, but Mrs. Fletcher has arranged for me to make a personal appearance at the Alexandria. She says it will introduce me to the public."

And then there was Therese Service. "Mrs. Fletcher says it would be a fine thing if I'd take Miss Service to her preview. She says Miss Service is the most glamorous star on the lot and if the public thinks she's interested in me it will give me glamor, too."

Betty felt now that it was no Therese Service who was her enemy but suave, charming, motherly Mrs. Fletcher. And it was not even Mrs. Fletcher, the person, she feared, but what she symbolized. It was the studio—whatever the studio was—that great advancing robot that, for some reason she could not understand, was trying to take Joel away from her.

BETTY met Helen West one day on the lot. Helen was no longer with Mr. Lawrence but was playing a part in a Mort Donahue production. Helen, superior in make-up and costume, stopped Betty to say, "Take a tip from an old hand, Toots. That boy of yours is going Hollywood. He's out with a different girl every night—what time he isn't out with Service. If you want him you'd better do something about it."

Betty spoke with dignity: "Joel and I have a complete understanding. He doesn't want to be with these women. The studio makes him do it."

"Oh, yeah?" said Helen with cutting sarcasm. "Well, it looked like he was having a hell of a good time at La Maze last night."

She wanted to talk to Joel at once. She wanted to hear him say again that he hated his off-screen role as much as she. But Joel was tied up with a publicity man and he left the lot before she did. He wasn't at home when she telephoned that night.

The next day she could not see him because he was wardrobe-testing for a new picture, Bells of Glory, in which he had the lead opposite Muriel Banning. It was, she knew, the best break a young man could have and it showed the studio's faith in him. So by the time she had a chance to talk to him Helen West's warning seemed too trivial to repeat.

During the making of Bells of Glory she saw him only occasionally. When they did have a date they had to part early so that Joel would look rested for the next day's grind.

And then Betty got a part. Well, it was really only a bit although she did have a few lines to speak. It wasn't that she was discovered or even ready. It was just that Mr. Morris called Mr. Lawrence and asked him if he had a kid who could read a couple of lines. Mr. Lawrence sent her around to the director.

A few months ago she would have burned with excitement at being on a real set with real actors. Yet when she finished her scene all she thought was, "This isn't what I want. This isn't me. I was just meant to be Joel's wife."

She saw Joel that night and they drove down Malibu way. He told her it was great that she had actually appeared before the cameras. She told him how she felt about it and he took her in his arms and held her very close.

"That's what you were meant to be—my wife."

"Then let's get married now. Can't you see if we go on like this we'll never be together? They don't want us to get married."

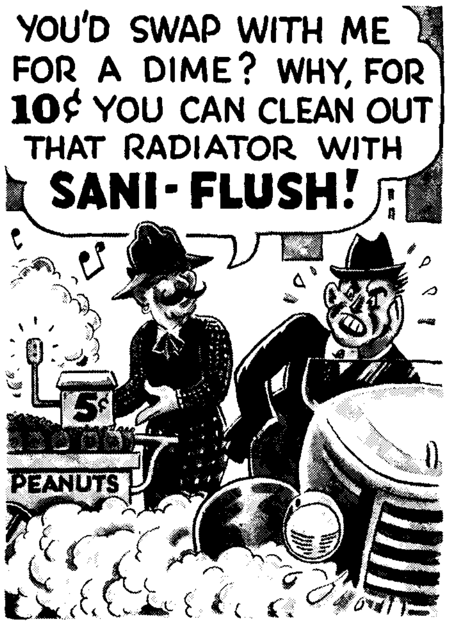
He said maybe she was right, yet it wouldn't be fair unless he told Mrs. Fletcher. But, he promised, he would not let her bully him again.

THE next day he stormed into Mrs. Fletcher's office and said all in one breath: "Look, Mrs. Fletcher, Betty and I are going to be married right away. And if the reason you don't want me to marry her is because she isn't a big shot then to *hell* with it. We're *not* going to wait any longer."

But that wasn't the reason, Mrs. Fletcher insisted. She was eager to have him marry. But he must wait. She had seen great stars born and great stars die. She knew this business. And, she added, if Betty were the right sort she would wait for him, only a little while, only until after Bells of Glory was released.

He couldn't tell Betty about that. He just couldn't face her and say he had agreed, under Mrs. Fletcher's charming influence, to wait. So he did something he had never done before. He went out and got drunk. He had wanted to get plastered with a bunch of men. But he didn't know any men. So he went to Therese Service's house and got roaring drunk with her and the next day Helen West, who had it from Therese Service's maid, told Betty all about it.

Because Betty had appeared in a film a publicity man named Pete told her to come to Bowers' still studio for "leg art." He gave her a bathing suit made of feathers. Before Bowers' camera was a small set that represented a beach with real sand on the floor and the ocean painted on a backdrop. Bowers lined up on her and Pete told her to lie on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her stomach with her legs bent at the knees, crossed at the ankles like a child reading a book on the floor.

"Come on, Betty Boop," Pete said, "peel the old ivories. You're not giving that smile any stuff."

She tried but the smile wouldn't come. Instead great tears poured out of her eyes and ran down her cheeks.

"Oh, nix," said Pete. "I didn't mean anything."

"It isn't that," said Betty as Bowers lent her his handkerchief.

THEY tried again but there seemed to be more tears where those came from. Pete said, "Never mind, Bowers," and the photographer switched off the lights and left the studio. Betty sank down on the sand as Pete called out, "Hey, mind your feathers. Wardrobe will charge the damage to publicity." But he went over to her and took her hand in his.

"I'm sorry about ruining the sitting," she said, sobbing.

"Skip it," the press agent said, "and tell your Uncle Pete all about it."

His face was like a bulldog's she had when she was a child. His eyes were bloodshot just like Mickey's and had the same gentle expression. When she was a little girl she had always told Mickey her troubles. That was why she confided in Pete.

"It's about Joel," she said. "We're engaged, you know."

"Joel?" Pete repeated. "You mean Joel Craine?"

"He was Joel Mauks but that's who I mean."

Pete whistled. "The glamor boy wants to marry *you?*" The accent on the pronoun was not flattering but Betty did not hear it.

"I know it seems as if he's showing his love rather strangely. But it's not his fault!" she said passionately. "They're making him do it. The studio is making him be seen with these women. He doesn't want to, honestly. He doesn't like that sort of life. Besides he's just a kid and he doesn't know an awful lot. Last night he got drunk and he hates that. If it keeps on they'll just ruin Joel—that's what they'll do. And I love him and I can straighten him out. They're always telling him not to go Hollywood. Well, he's going Hollywood and they won't let me keep him from it. He needs me but they won't let him marry me." The passion died out of her voice. She looked into Pete's kind eyes. "Why?"

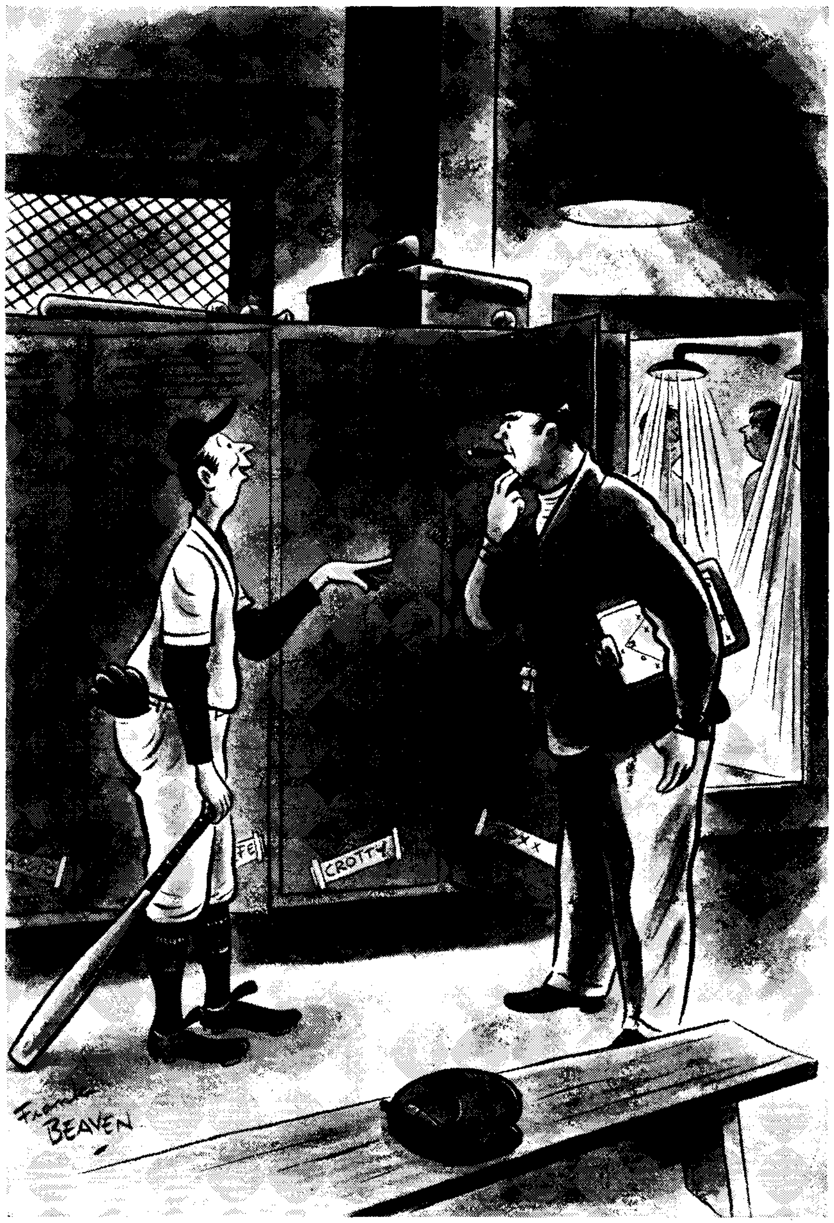
Pete lit a cigarette. "You poor kids. You just don't know nothing."

"I know I love Joel and he loves me, he really does."

"Look," said Pete. "Let me give you the slant. This kid of yours is going places, but not because he's a good actor."

"He is a good actor," Betty defended stoutly.

Pete plucked a feather from Betty's bathing suit and blew it in the air. "Maybe he'll learn but right now he's a glamor boy. The dames are going to fall for him personally. They're going to read everything about his private life and want him to be as exciting as the parts he plays. Well, how's it going to look to those girls if he marries a nice



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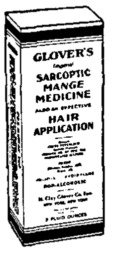

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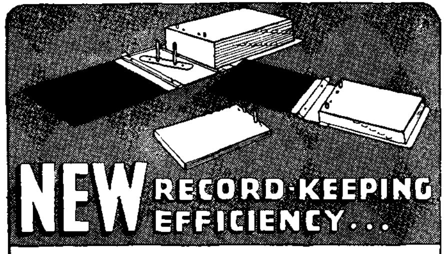

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little kid like you from—where are you from?"

"Wisconsin," said Betty.

"Wisconsin." Pete gave the Badger State his bitterest disdain.

"Joel's from Iowa," said Betty.

"They've forgotten that. He's Hollywood now. The Trocadero, La Maze, the Beachcombers—different glamorous women every night—Therese Service, are they that way or aren't they?—Muriel Banning, were those love scenes real? Gee, kid, that's the old stuff. So why don't you forget about it and go on back home? You can tell your grandchildren Joel Craine was nuts for you once."

"Listen," she said seriously. "The studio isn't going to have their old glamor boy without me. He'll be miserable. He'll crack up. He'll just drink himself to death, that's what he'll do."

Pete stood up and brushed sand from his unpressed trousers. "If you're so nuts for him and if you think you can save him why don't you just live with the guy—but keep it nice and quiet."

Betty stood up too. "The studio wouldn't mind *that?*"

"Not if there don't any scandals break, and I think you're the kind of kid who'd see they didn't."

JOEL found her in his bungalow when he came home that night. She was wearing a blue house coat. He saw that there were knickknacks in the living room that had not been there before—a silver cigarette box, a crystal ash tray, books on the mantel. She smiled nervously and before he had a chance to speak she said, "Now listen, Joel. Pete—he's the publicity man—he said the studio didn't mind if I just—if we—well, lived together as long as there wasn't a scandal. And I couldn't see you going on like this, so," she made a gesture to include the room, "so I just moved in."

He stood still for a moment, his eyes puzzled. "I don't believe it. This isn't like you."

"It really isn't much like me," she said quickly, "but I couldn't let you go on as you were. The studio won't let us marry and I couldn't stand not being with you. They will let me live here."

"I don't believe that either," he said. "All Mrs. Fletcher wanted us to do was wait. Mrs. Fletcher never meant anything like this. Maybe your Pete sees it that way but not Mrs. Fletcher."

She went to him and took his hands in hers. "Mrs. Fletcher sees it that I just step out of your life, but if I won't then she sees it like this."

He sat down on the arm of a chair and ran his hands through his hair. "But she was so nice, Betty. They've all been so nice. I can't figure it out."

"Call her up," said Betty. "Ask her."

"I can't do that," he said, his confusion growing. "It wouldn't look right."

"If you love me you'll call her."

"How can I ask her a question like that?"

She went to the phone and dialed the studio number. "Joel Craine calling Mrs. Fletcher," she said and handed the boy the instrument.

"Yes, Joel?" he heard Mrs. Fletcher's sweet voice and decided simply to ask some question about the picture and hang up. But Betty was standing over him. "Go on," she whispered, "tell her if you can't marry me we'll do it this way."

"Look, Mrs. Fletcher," he hesitated. "I can't stand not seeing Betty. How would it be . . . well, instead of getting married we just saw each other all the time and I still went around publicly with Therese and Muriel and those girls?"

"Oh, I see," said Mrs. Fletcher and Joel felt sure she was going to be disappointed in him for suggesting such a thing. Instead she said, "Well, dear boy, I would prefer it otherwise but if this way lies your happiness then I would not want to stand in your way. I'll see you at the Bells of Glory preview tonight. *Your* preview, Joel."

He sat for a moment with the telephone receiver dangling from his hand. And then in a daze he put the instrument back on the table. Slowly, like a sleepwalker, he went to Betty and, pushing her hair back from her face, looked deep into her blue eyes. Her eyes met his, straight and clear. "I'm just the biggest dope in the world," he said, "and somebody should kick me right in the seat of the pants. Gee, you're a swell girl, Betty. Why would you look at me twice?"

"Then it's all right with you?" Betty asked.

"No," he said earnestly without taking his hands from her hair. "No, it isn't all right for me or for you. It may be all right for some but we're just plain ordinary people. We can't live like this. I won't let us live like this."

ALL the next day the small neighborhood theater had worn on its marquee a broach of lights announcing, "Big Studio Preview Tonight." Now it opened its doors and studio executives, directors, cutters and performers along with the gawking audience, which had already given a cheering reaction to the film, poured out. The lobby became bedlam. A group of pushing, squealing fans surrounded Muriel Banning, shoving autograph books and leaky pens under her nose. Another group surrounded Joel and, in this moment, he knew his first audience acclaim. His heart pounded. His hand shook as he wrote "Joel Craine, Joel Craine, Joel Craine" hundreds of times.

Through the din he heard someone calling him. He looked up and saw Mrs. Fletcher by the door with the theater manager and a press agent. She was beckoning to him and, followed by his chattering admirers, he made his way to her.

"Oh, Joel, you were wonderful," she said. "Nothing can stop you now, my boy. Nothing!"

"I'm glad you think so," Joel said.

Betty had cut a path through the crowds and took his arm with pride.

Joel said, "Mrs. Fletcher, this is Betty. I want you to . . ."

And then a tidal wave of screaming girls came between them and Betty was swept to the opposite end of the lobby while Joel was pushed against Mrs. Fletcher. Her mouth was close to his ear. She whispered, "I'm disappointed in you, Joel. Your happiness is one thing, but do you think it wise to bring *her* to your preview? Wouldn't it be much better if you and Muriel Banning were seen . . ."

THREE autograph books came between them and it was ten minutes before Betty stood beside him again. By now Mrs. Fletcher was trying to find her chauffeur, but somehow Joel and Betty managed to get to her. Above the confusion he managed to say, "It's all right for me to bring Betty here. I'll be taking her everywhere from now on. You see, Mrs. Fletcher, we were married this afternoon in Yuma."

"Married!"

Betty spoke, "I didn't want to. Joel's career . . ."

"But nothing can stop me now," Joel quoted triumphantly.

Mrs. Fletcher's face was hard and cold. "I wish you every happiness." She had to raise her voice to make herself heard. "Come to see me soon, Betty. You and I must decide what is best for this impetuous boy." She was swept into her car.

And there in the fan-infested lobby he took Betty in his arms. "Nuts," he said quietly. "Nuts to Mrs. Fletcher. It's our life from here on out."

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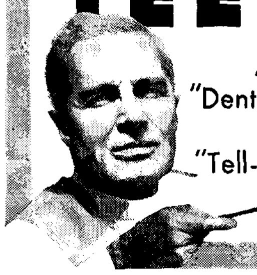

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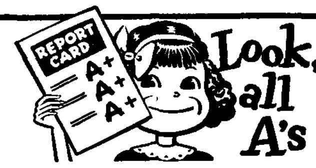

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Interrupted Honeymoon

Continued from page 21

The punk grabbed the wheel. Louis shoved me into the back seat and climbed in the front. He said, "Now you're in this too, see?"

On the edge of town they pulled into a gas station and got the tank filled. Louis followed the attendant into the station and smacked him over the head. The big kid went down like a flag. The punk was still at the wheel and I knew I had to make my move. I hit him on his ear so hard it almost cauliflowered my hand. Louis was coming back. I went for him headfirst. There is a place on my head where no hair grows. That's where Louis' bullet made a long furrow.

But a miss is as good as the Grand Canyon. We both went down into the gravel and the gun flew from his hand. I sat on him and just shook him until he was unconscious. Then I tossed him into the car.

[illegible]

I was just pulling away, trying to decide whether I'd turn them over to Tobias or to the cops, when around the corner comes two radio cruisers loaded with dicks. One of them jams in across the radiator and the other scrapes the running board. I climbed out into a circle of revolvers and a handcuff rapped my wrist so hard I thought it was broken off.

There are more thieves who yell "Frame!" than there are dandelions in June, and I knew I was a dead pigeon by the look on the cops' faces.

It was Tobias who really turned the trick. He said it was me lured him into bringing out the ice.

That night I sat in the clink and read the story in the newspapers, how Tobias waged a desperate battle against three armed bandits, knocking one of them cold and badly shaking up the other. Nobody asked me how I got the groove in my scalp. Nobody but Queenie.

She came in with Rock Florio.

I started to tell how it happened, but when I heard myself telling it I knew that no lawyer could tout a jury onto a yarn like that one. Only the old woman would ever have believed it. I knew Vincenzo would never sing. My luck had gone around the clock, and I didn't want Queenie waiting around five years for a guy who was tabbed a thief because I could tell by her eyes how she hated it.

"Forget it," I told her. "There's six grand out in the desk there. You take it and blow town."

She stood there, but she couldn't say anything and I'd rather have had her think I was a thief than think I'd lie to her. So I called Rock over and he led her out of the room.

I told my story to a lawyer and he laughed in my face, so I threw him out of the cell. And Vincenzo didn't sing. Neither did the punk. The punk even made it worse. He said that I planned the job, so because I was two years older than either one of them, the judge gave me two years more than they got.

TWO years is seven hundred and thirty days. That's seven hundred and thirty nights I had in which to lie awake thinking about Queenie. Once Rock came to visit and said she'd left town and refused any part of the six grand. He didn't know where she'd gone.

Every chance I had I studied veterinary. The warden caught on and gave me a job in the prison hospital. But all the time I had a feeling that my luck would switch. And it did. After seven hundred and twenty-three days they brought me a new cellmate, and he was Louis Vincenzo.

He was scared to death. I never talked to him for a week, never looked at him, except when he wasn't looking, so every once in a while he'd catch me giving him that dead-pan stare. Then I'd look away. He couldn't sleep. He could feel me staring at him in the dark. And finally he cracked. Once he started to crack I beat it all out of him. He was so glad to tell the warden the works that he cried. He had the punk brought in and after one look at Louis the punk began to talk and corroborated Louis' confession.

A MONTH later the governor's pardon came down and I walked out of the big gate. I didn't lose much time getting to the Wild Oats Club. Rock was in his office in the back. He was sampling Scotch for the bar.

"Hello, Rock," I said. "Have you heard from her?"

First he shook his head, then he started to laugh. "Hell, yes," he said; "I heard something about her. Boo-boo Bill Grief said she took a kid to an orphanage."

"Whose kid?"

"Boo-boo said it was hers. It wasn't no snatch."

I stared at him.

"Maybe it's yours, Jess," he said. "You better sneak over there to the county home and see if one of those tykes has big ears." He swiveled around in the chair, opened the safe and got out a fat envelope. "Here's your roll," he said.

I went straight out to the home. The boss was a big lady with a nose like a blackjack. I gave her the dope and it checked with the records.

"Okay," I said, "it's my kid. Wrap it up and I'll take it home with me."

She looked at me as though I'd kicked her shin.

"That's too bad," she said. "That child

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●

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Bostonians

FIT RIGHT-FEEL RIGHT

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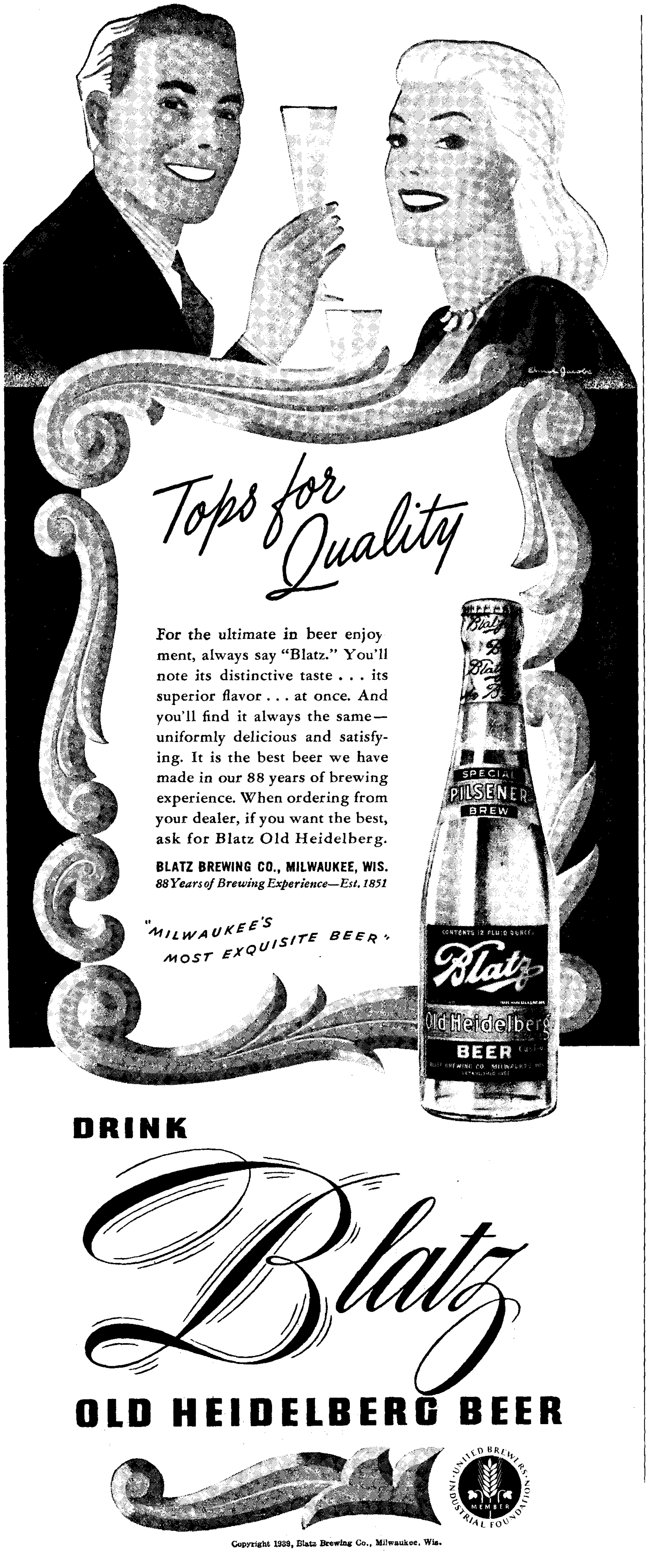

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was adopted over a year ago by Miss Jacqueline Grant."

"Where can I find this lady?"

"Since Miss Grant happens to be a famous movie actress, I'd imagine you'd find her in Hollywood," she said very sarcastically.

I went out and back to town and bought a round-trip ticket to Hollywood, California.

I was lucky. I walked down Hollywood Boulevard, thinking I was the only chump on the street with a derby, when outside a big movie theater is a mob of people. "What goes on here?" I said to a fat woman.

"Preview," she said, "see there! That's Nelson Eddy! And there's Jacqueline Grant!" she said hoarsely. "Look at that sable!"

I stared at the Grant harder than the fat lady. She was a peach.

I figured the show would last two hours, so I took a walk.

When I got back to the theater, the mob was still out in front and the actors were coming out again. I went over to a parked cab. "Bud," I said to the cab driver, "when they call out for Jacqueline Grant's limousine, you tail it."

He nodded and I climbed in.

In a couple of minutes she came out. A guy in a silk hat was with her.

"Follow 'em home," I told the driver. We followed them to a big yellow house draped down the side of a mountain. It was as big as a sanitarium. I climbed out. The cab driver said, "You can't crash that joint. Who the hell do you think you are?"

I said, "Maybe I'm Rumpelstiltskin."

A big man in a braided coat looked at me like I was a process server. "I'm Jess Rumpel," I told him. "You tell Miss Grant I gotta see her right away on urgent private business."

He went back in and a couple of minutes later opened the door again and said, "Come inside, sir." The hall looked like a courthouse lobby. I was just about to light a cigar when I smelled roses. I turned around to meet Jacqueline Grant, but it wasn't her. It was Queenie.

I might just as well have been struck by lightning. She was more beautiful than I remembered her.

"How much do you want?" she said.

That stopped me. Before I could even ask her what she was doing there.

"What's your hotel?" she asked.

I said, "It's spic for a good view."

"Alta Vista?"

"Yeah."

"All right, Jess. Someone will call on you tomorrow." She turned and started to walk out.

"Queenie," I said, "wait a minute!"

SHE was gone. I caught up with her in the hall. I started to talk but she made a quick little signal to Braided Coat and he came across fast and hooked my arm. "This way," he said, heading for the door. I was just about to clip him when I changed my mind. Two other braided coats came alongside from nowhere. So I jerked myself loose and walked out with the three of them tailing. I heard the door slam behind me and went down the steps to the cab like a guy in a dream.

I sat and stared around that hotel room all day and I still don't know what was in it. I couldn't figure it out. I couldn't figure where Queenie came in. I only knew one thing was a cinch: she was washed up with me and had me doped for a blackmailer. She was doing all right now and I was just a punk in her scrapbook.

I was just reaching for the phone to try calling her again when a guy came in the room without knocking. He handed me a card that said he was Hugo Slickenmeyer from the National Detective Bureau.

"So what?" I said.

He was fat and he was the other guy in town who owned a derby.

"Rumpel," he said, "we're representing Jacqueline Grant. We've checked up on you and we know your record up to here. Okay, it was a bum rap, but it's still cop trouble and we can get you kicked over the state line but Miss Grant is a sucker so here is five grand worth of railroad fare." He tossed a wad of bills on the table. The sticker broke and the bills floated around in the breeze coming through the window.

I said, "Okay, you said your piece, now tell me something. Who is this Queenie?"

"That would be her secretary," the dick said. "She's been with La Grant quite a while."

"Yeah, and that would also be the kid's mother. Does this Jacqueline Grant know that?"

Slickenmeyer bit off a cigar end and nodded. "She didn't, but she knows it now," he said.

"Okay, does she know that I'm that kid's old man?"

"This kid ain't gonna have no old man," he said. "Catch on?"

I picked up the bills and slammed them in his face. He lit the cigar and walked out.

I SAT there in the middle of five grand until long past dinnertime. I was just waiting to cool off before I went to see Queenie. Then I picked up the bills, rolled them in a rubber band and got a cab back to Beverly Hills.

When I rang the bell and the door opened I expected to see Braided Coat again, but instead there was the guy in the silk hat.

"I want to see Miss Queen," I said. "Is she here?"

He started to ask something but I shoved past him and walked into a room that looked like a hunting lodge. Silk Hat followed me in. I was pretty sore. I said, "Take a powder, sucker."

He didn't budge.

I walked over to the fireplace and he walked after me. He had his lips pressed hard together and I knew he was getting ready to throw me out of the place. I picked up the poker and bent it double. "You think that's tough?" I said. I took it in both hands again and straightened it out. He just took out a stick of gum and began chewing it.

Just as he reached out to grab me I closed with him and saw Queenie standing in the doorway. I heard her yell "Jess!" But I didn't stop. Because he was tall, I drove in low to bowl him off his feet. His left barely flicked my jaw. His right hand came in so fast I didn't see it or even feel it.

When I came to, I was lying on the big brown couch in Queenie's arms. There was a big sirloin steak on the side of my face and I smelled roses.

She must have seen me coming out of it because she began to whisper in my ear, that old D-string music. "Jess, darling," she said, "why didn't you tell me? I didn't know you were framed, darling. I didn't know it till the detectives told me today. You're all right, now, aren't you, darling?"

I lay there and drank it in.

"The kid?" I said, and it hurt my jaw.

"He's all right," she said. "She knows about us now. I had to tell her. That's why I came here, darling. I had to be near little Jess. We can have him now, darling. Oh, you don't know how I've loved you—" And she went on talking.

It was a long time before I remembered. Then I said, "Honey, where is that guy?"

"Gone with Miss Grant, darling."

"Honey—who in the hell is he—Rosenbloom?"

She laughed softly and kissed my nose. "No, darling," she said, "but he fights Maxie next Friday night."

Foot Free

Continued from page 17

why the prize fighter's cauliflower ear and broken nose have nothing on feminine feet for misshapen ugliness. If your feet had to appear in public as openly as your hands, you'd be ashamed.

Your feet have to take a prize fighter's beating anyway. Multiply your weight by the number of steps you take, and you'll see how many tons come crashing down on them every day. Made up of intricately meshed bones and muscles and ligaments and tiny nerves as they are, it's no wonder that they swell and ache and grow weary when they have also to combat badly fitted shoes. It's no wonder they can make your whole body and your face and your outlook on life suffer. We've heard of a doctor who, when a man came to him with a pain at the back of his neck, started his examination with the feet. They're that important to the rest of you. You ought to help them out. How can you do it?

What to Do

You can shop and shop until you find your proper last. The last is actually the wooden mold over which a shoe is built, and on its similarity to your own foot depends the fit of that shoe for you. Each manufacturer develops his own lasts, and each style must be lasted individually. Each store stocks the shoes of a number of manufacturers. So you have quite a haystack to look through.

Never demand a certain size, for sizes mean not a thing with all these variations in lasts.

In your search for the right last, check these things: The elasticity and shape of your foot. Some feet stretch more in movement than others (the open toe was an easy out). Some flare more. See that the basic cut of the last meets your particular needs. Shoes can be too long as well as too short. See that the ball of your foot fits the outcurve at the end of the bridge. The first feel of a shoe is important. Make sure it feels snug enough through the arch. Proper balance is vital to comfort. Your foot normally swings your weight from heel to base of little toe to base of the big toe. Make sure your shoe allows it to do this. Besides the feel of them, you can check shoes you have worn by looking at the bottoms. If the whole surface of the sole is worn evenly, you're doing all right. Heavier wear in one spot is a warning signal.

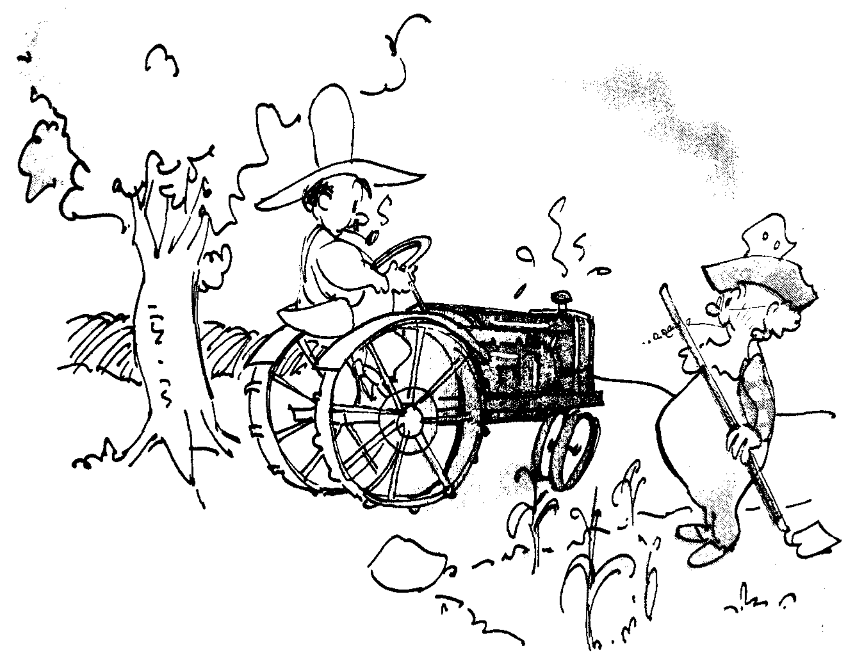
Don't, says Mr. Dominic La Valle, be misled by this narrow-heel and narrow-foot business. And when Mr. La Valle talks about shoes you'd better listen, for he knows shoemaking, from studying cobbling and benching under the masters of the trade in Italy thirty years ago, to his present enviable position as one of the finest custom shoemakers in this country. He's a style leader. But he'd rather talk about the fit of your shoes.

You've got to have a broad enough foundation, he says, to come down on. Would you put a big building on narrow underpinnings? Be sure the bottom of your last is wide enough for your foot. And don't think, if your heel slips up and down in your shoe, it's all right just to haul the shoe in some more around the top. Your shoe shouldn't be kept on your foot by main force. It should be built to fit and follow your foot.

He demonstrates by asking a model to walk in one of his open-heeled shoes, with the ankle strap undone. No flapping at all. Her heel leaves the shoe by a bare quarter of an inch. The heel seats are broad enough, too, for a solid landing, and cupped to fit the natural curve of the heel. It took him a year to perfect this last, refusing orders until he had it; that's what expert shoemaking means.

In fact, one of the biggest grudges shoemakers have against you is that you don't appreciate good shoes. You don't realize that they cost more for the very good reason that they are worth more. They fit better, wear better, look better. The shoemen think your feet should be worth to you a bigger part of your budget than they get.

But the fine shoemakers are getting a break with the simple styles of today, for there is no mistaking perfect quality and trim fit when there's nothing around to clutter up the picture. And you're getting a break, too, with all the care that's going into shoe-fitting today. It's actually the fashion now for shoes to look comfortable—a long step from the foibles of yesterday. Make the most of it.



"That's soup you smell, Hannibal—Bessie puts it in the radiator to keep it warm for me" REAMER KELLER

Aunt Beulah is a pioneer woman...

Yessir, it's only the last few years the sheriff could persuade Auntie not to carry a gun.

She came to our town in '91. Raised nine kids and run a cow ranch after Uncle Alf left 'em an' went off with the circus.

Well, Aunt Beulah still yells "whoa" and pulls back on the steerin' wheel when she stops her car, like she did this p.m. in front o' my pumps.

"Evenin', Gus," Auntie roars at me. "Git out here an' doctor up this evil-eyed monster I'm a-herdin'!"

So I fill th' tank with Super-Shell and give the oil a look.

"Your oil's low an' dirty," I says.

"One o' them kids musta poured sand—" she starts, but I shake my head.

"No, Auntie, now calm yourself . . . you do a lot of stoppin' and startin' an' jammin' around in traffic. You need a *tough* oil to stand all the strains of your hard drivin'. And yet you got to have a fast-flowin' oil, too, to get up into those movin' parts *instantly* on cold starts."

"Can't afford none of them fancy ideas," Auntie sniffs. "Gimme some good plain two-bit oil."

"But, Auntie—this *Golden Shell Oil* I'm describin' costs only 25¢ a quart. Shall I drain the crankcase?"

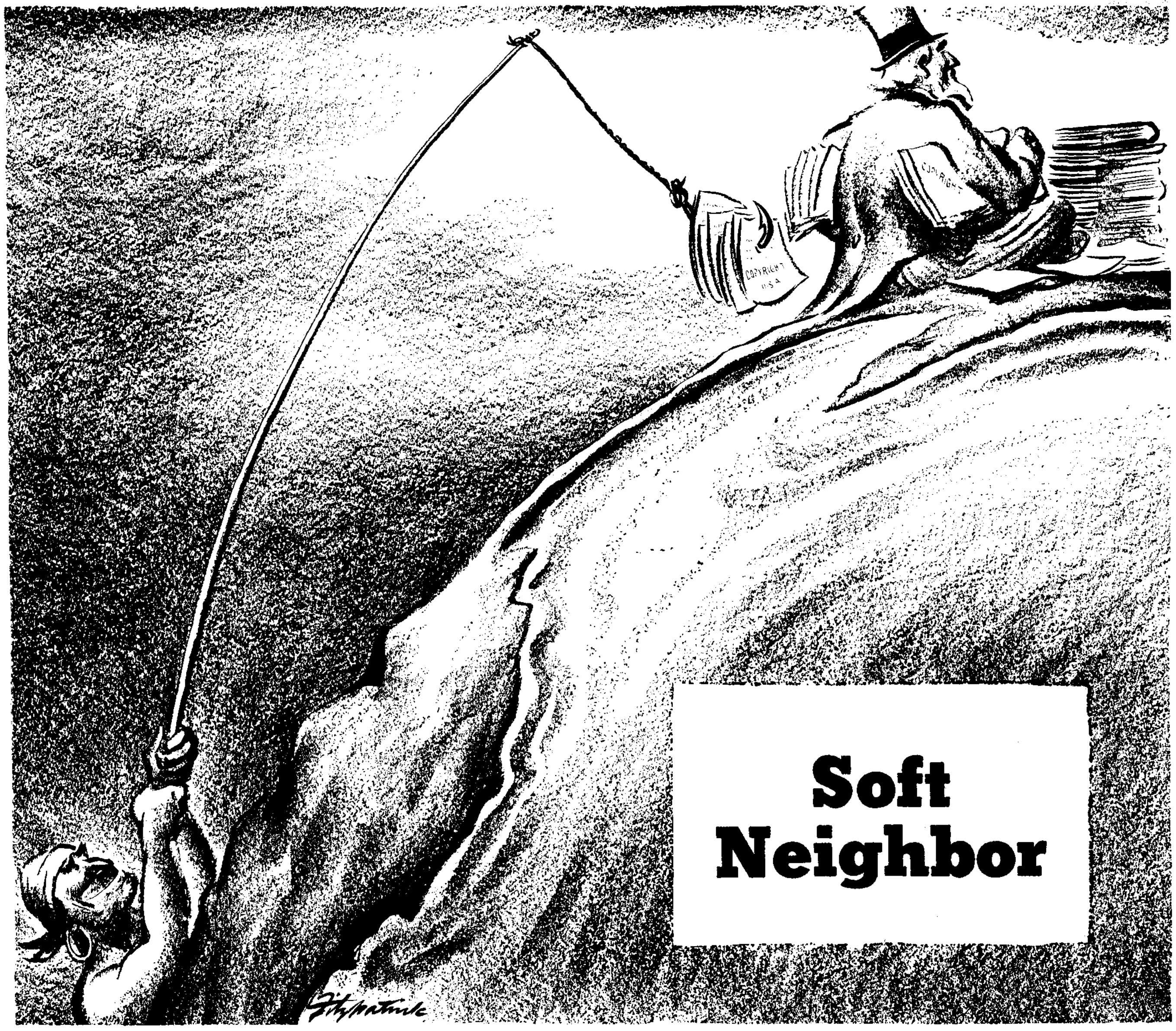
"Go ahead—an' give me some of your Golden Shell Oil. But if you're *lying* to me about it, I'll turn you over my knee like I used to."

She *would*, too.

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer

Collier's • WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor • CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor • THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director



Soft Neighbor

THE ancient muddle concerning copyrights in South America has boiled up again.

Copyrights on literary, artistic and scientific printed stuff always have been "confused" in those parts—"confused" being a polite way of stating that many South American publishers have long had a habit of snitching prime reading matter from North American publishers and printing it without paying for it.

Lately something called the Inter-American Conference of Jurisconsults, which busies itself with such Pan-American matters, suggests that the governments of North and South America "modernize" the copyright muddle. "Modernize" is another polite term in this case. It means that these governments would put a general okay on South American literary piracy; that this form of thievery would be declared legitimate, just so the pirate in each case mentioned the name of the publication from which he stole the stuff.

The suggestion about "modernizing" copyrights is to be acted on next February at a Pan-American conference in Montevideo, Uruguay. Interested governments have until that time to file their views.

We move that the United States and Canadian governments protest this proposal with all the vigor they can transmit to paper.

We're selfishly interested, certainly, because Collier's will be among the victims if literary piracy is thus legalized in this hemisphere. Of course we favor laws to keep people from lifting and reprinting, gratis, material that has been written, printed and circulated at somebody else's expense.

But that is not our only interest in the matter. We are seriously worried over the fact that Uncle Sam is being looked upon more and more throughout the Western Hemisphere as Uncle Santa Claus or Uncle Sap, the one-time "Colossus of the North" who has now gone so soft that he loves to have his pockets picked.

The Mexicans in March, 1938, grabbed the principal American-owned oil properties in Mexico. Our State Department is still mumbling in its beard about that snatch as we write these lines; has failed up to now to take certain simple and nonwarlike but drastic steps which in all likelihood would make President Cardenas of Mexico pull in his predatory claws in a hurry. Bolivia did the same thing before Mexico did it, and at this writing our government has yet to call Bolivia to account.

This kind of thing spreads. The above outlined attempt to legalize literary piracy all over Latin America is only another symptom of this growing Latin-American tendency to play Uncle Sam for a sucker because he remarked a few years ago that he wanted thenceforth to be a Good Neighbor.

The thing has got to be halted somewhere, if our Western Hemisphere prestige isn't to be leeched away, along with a lot of our substance, by Latin-American politicos and racketeers who don't understand good neighborliness as we understand it.

When the Eagle began to soft-pedal his erstwhile imperialistic, Monroe Doctrinaire screams, he didn't mean to invite the neighbors to step up and jerk out his tail feathers. The Eagle had better show a few claws pretty soon now, unless he wants the neighbors to go to work on them, too.

Costly Privilege

DEPARTMENT stores large and small, we imagine, would like to tell their lady customers a few things about overuse of the returned-goods privilege, but it's hard to picture them obeying that impulse. So, for the general welfare, we thought we'd unveil a few returned-goods truths here.

These remarks are based on facts and figures dug up by the Twentieth Century Fund, impartial economic research group founded by the late Edward A. Filene.

It seems that it's a very infrequent lady who understands that it costs her or her husband money for her to tell the store to send over four or five pieces of merchandise, and for her to send all but one or two of them back a day or so later. It's free, isn't it, this privilege of having a little private sales counter extended by truck or messenger right into your home? You pay only for the things that you decide to keep, no?

No. It isn't as simple as that. You don't see the charges for this service on your bills. But like the overcoat, or maybe it was the blonde, in the legendary salesman's expense account, those charges will appear on those bills all the same.

They are there in the form of higher prices than you would otherwise pay for the goods you keep.

It costs the store money to send you the goods, leave them with you for a while, then call for them and take them back. If the store isn't to go broke gradually, it has to load these expenses onto the prices of the goods it actually sells.

Some figures: In the larger department stores, returns and allowances average 14.5% of all sales. In the smaller stores, the percentage gets as low as 7.7. And in some stores as many as twenty-three employees take part in every returned-goods transaction.

The return privilege ought *not* to be abolished. It's useful and justifiable in many cases.

But every time one of the ladies resists that urge to have the store send over a lot of things that she really wants only to look at instead of buy, she does her bit toward keeping down the costs of distribution which do so much to boost goods prices. If that isn't a patriotic act, name us one.

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY

Time was when even Old Grand-Dad was a name new to whiskeydom. That was generations ago, and the glorious good taste of this noble bourbon won instant acclaim.

Today, the lengthened popularity of that distinctive taste has won Old Grand-Dad its proud place as Head of the Bourbon Family.

And—today—the full, round richness of this fine old whiskey is yours at a price comparable with what you're asked to pay for many a brand of unknown quality!

OLD GRAND-DAD
Head of the Bourbon Family
OLD GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
REGISTERED
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

OLD GRAND-DAD

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON

Whiskey

100 PROOF

U.S. BOTTLED IN BOND

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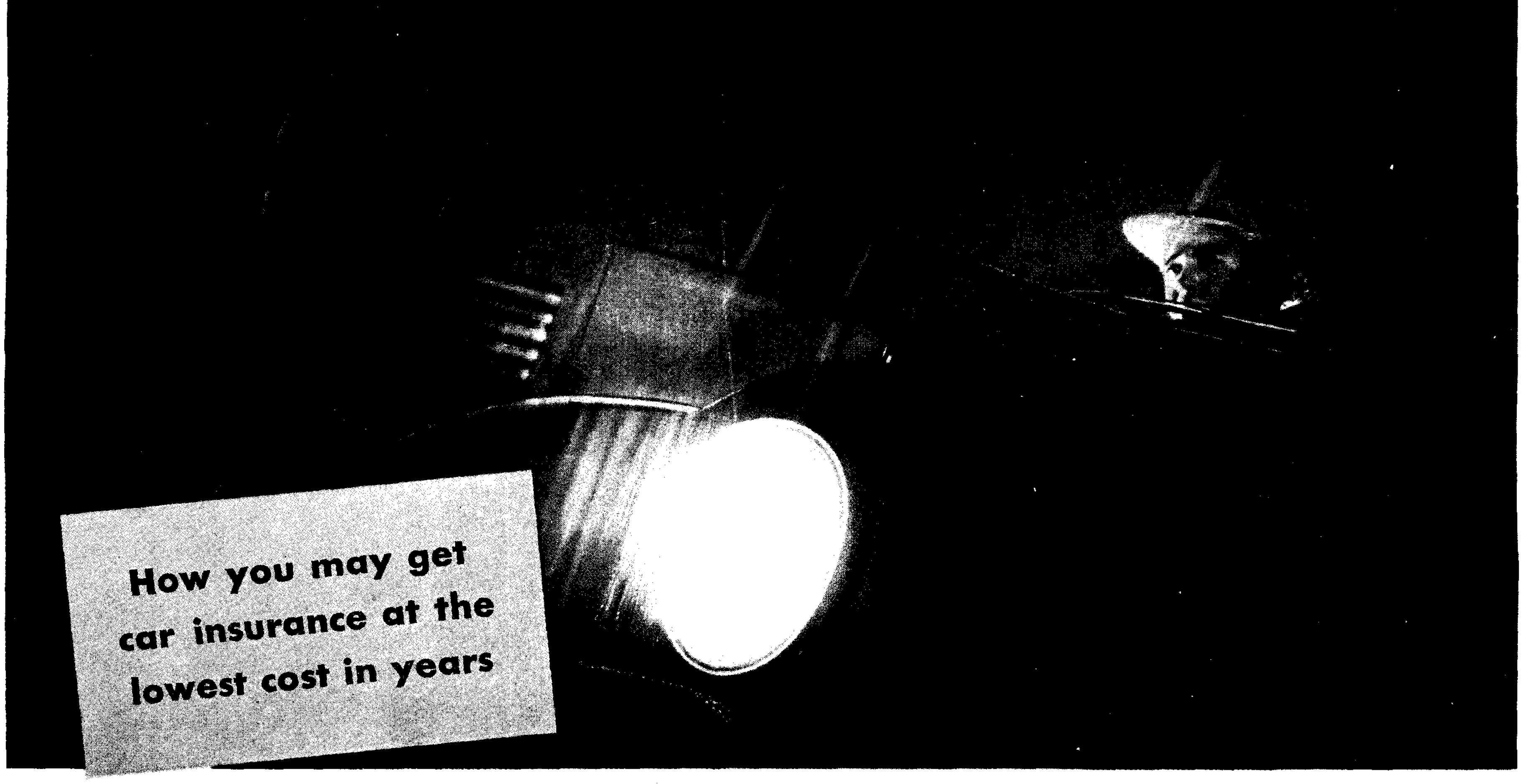

How you may get car insurance at the lowest cost in years

NO LONGER do you need to risk the loss of your home or savings by driving without complete insurance protection. To a selected group, we offer complete coverage with preferred service at amazingly low cost.

Here's how the Plan works for your benefit:

- **New Low Rates** — Automobile insurance rates are generally lower than in many years; and from these low basic rates, in all states where permitted, Liberty Mutual allows special discounts to car owners not using their cars for business purposes.
- **Safe Driving Rate Credits**—In addition, in those states whose laws permit, Liberty Mutual offers special rate credits to car owners who have driven without accident for two years. This saving, which you earn by driving safely, will be deducted from your initial premium.
- **Dividends**—And, in all states, Liberty Mutual has returned cash dividends every year to policyholders. These dividends result from our economical direct-dealing method of doing business. Since 1912, more than $72,000,000 in dividends has been returned to policyholders.

Thus, for a fraction of a cent a mile you can protect yourself against the risks of owning and operating your car. It's no wonder over 175,000 careful drivers use this Plan.

IF YOU HAVE AN ACCIDENT

More than 500 adjusters and investigators, working from 81 offices in principal cities throughout the country, stand ready to serve you anywhere at any time. These men interview claimants and witnesses for you, and handle all the troublesome complications which accompany even minor accidents. You will be fully protected against fraudulent or exaggerated claims—against accidents for which you may be blameless, but helpless to prove it.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

The booklet below should be read by every car owner. In 16 pages, with 11 full-color illustrations, this booklet explains the Liberty Mutual Plan. It describes coverages you need—tells how to get them at low cost—how to pay for them on easy terms. With the booklet, we will send an estimate of the exact cost of insuring your car by this Plan. Mail the coupon or, if you prefer, send a penny postcard. No obligation.

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HOW to SAVE MONEY on CAR INSURANCE

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Home Office: Boston
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Without obligation, please send me free illustrated booklet showing how careful drivers get car insurance at lower cost.

*Name*__________
*Business Address*__________
Town where car is kept__________
Make of Car__________No. of Cyls._____
Body Type__________Model No._____Year_____

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